PICTURESQUE AUSTRALASIA

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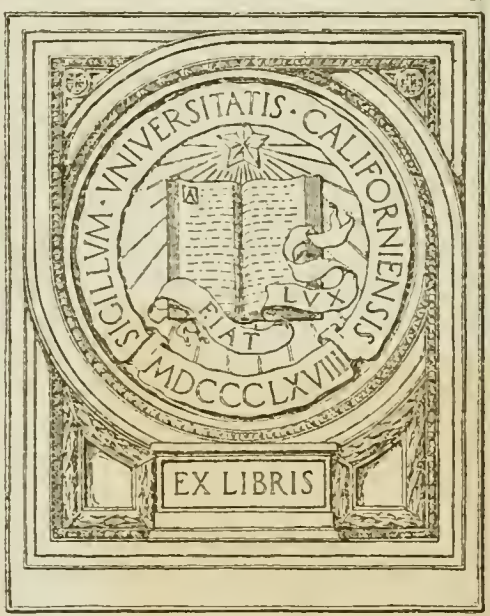

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LAKE WANAKA, FROM THE EAST.

CASSELL'S

PICTURESQUE AUSTRALASIA.

EDITED BY

E. E. MORRIS, M.A. Oxon.,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, ETC., IN MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.

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DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT COOK.

CASSELL'S
PICTURESQUE AUSTRALASIA.

A TRIP TO MOUNT COOK.

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A TOUR in New Zealand is becoming for the Australian in need of a holiday as much a matter of course as "the regular Swiss round" for the English professional man. At the end of December, and in the months of January and February, the New Zealand steamers are crowded with tourists. To some it is a drawback, to others a positive advantage, that a rather rough sea-voyage of about five days is required to reach our playground. The ordinary New Zealand round is coming to be a very beaten track, and tourists, like less noble animals, are fond of following each other. But the traveller in New Zealand may, if he have a taste for pioneering, find out new routes and new beauties for himself; and I, as one of a small party that once achieved a new route, am inclined to sing the praises of the journey to Mount Cook. The feeling that it was better to cover less ground, and to see more thoroughly what we did see, led our party to confine itself to the

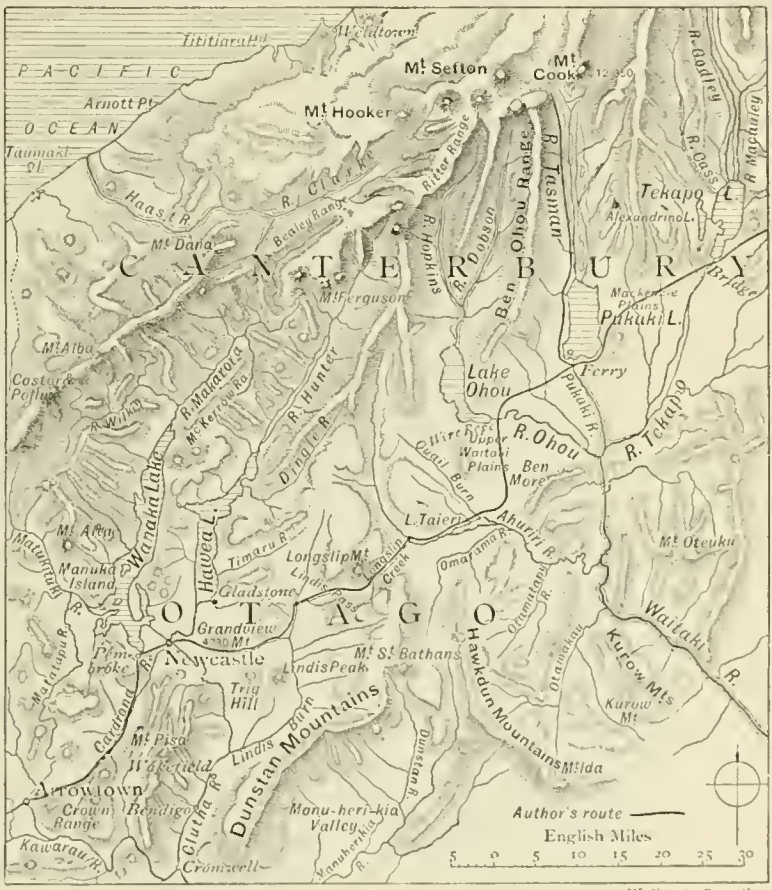
southern half of the Southern Island. We flatter ourselves that, though we saw less of the towns, we saw more of the natural beauties of the country. The trip to the West Coast Sounds fell conveniently within our time of travel. We were able to visit five of the larger lakes, and we reached the glaciers on Mount Cook.

Mount Cook is surely the centre and the glory of New Zealand's natural beauties, but until lately it has been practically inaccessible, except at considerable trouble and expense. Camping-out used to be a regular feature of the trip, and camping-out, especially if you have ladies in the party, means no little paraphernalia. Mount Cook has, however, lately been opened up, chiefly through the praiseworthy exertions of a single enthusiast, of whom more presently; and travellers in New Zealand are now supplied with a very fascinating advertisement, which, on thick paper, and with every advantage of type, explains the facilities that are now offered—may the mild joke be excused?—to "Cook's" tourists. This advertisement, and the real facilities of the journey, have already attracted a stream of visitors, which will certainly increase as the years go on, until Mount Cook is included in the regular round.

But, according to this programme, Mount Cook is approached from Timaru, and we were at Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, having, moreover, made up our minds to see the sister lake Wanaka. From Queenstown to Timaru means about two and a half hours in a steamer, followed by nineteen hours in a train—*i.e.*, two or three days, as New Zealand knows no night trains. Even at Timaru you are at least three days from the mountain. Whereas from Pembroke, which lies at the foot of Lake Wanaka, when a map was consulted it seemed only four days' drive; whilst the great circuit to Dunedin and to Timaru would be avoided, and it would not be necessary to set foot in any railway train. It was certainly shorter to go direct from Pembroke; but the question was—could the journey be done? The lakes of Otago—viz., Wakatipu, Wanaka, and Hawea—belong to a different system from the lakes of Canterbury—Ohou, Pukaki, and Tekapo. They are divided from them by a range of mountains, a spur from the Southern Alps, which with its continuations separates two great river basins. The first three lakes drain into the Clutha, and the second three drain into the Waitaki or Waitangi. The mouth of the Clutha (disguised down there under the *alias* Molyneux) lies far to the south of Dunedin; the mouth of the Waitaki is about half-way between Dunedin and Timaru, a little north of Oamaru. At Queenstown we at first found it difficult even to obtain information about the route to Mount Cook. The guide-book does not help, or rather says that the journey is very difficult, and must be made on foot or on horseback; ordinary advisers were ignorant. But at length we found a well-informed gentleman in Queenstown who knew all about the way, who lent us a map and gave us instructions—nay, more, who smoothed our path by means of introductions. To him we had every reason to be thankful. We found the route not only practicable, but in many respects easy; and I am inclined to believe that in the days hereafter, in no "dim and distant future," indeed, it will become a favourite tourist-journey.

The summer road from Timaru and our road from Lake Wanaka join at Pukaki Ferry. To reach Pukaki the former takes fifty-six miles of driving, the latter is rather

under one hundred—that is to say, is one long day's drive the more; whereas the advantage is that the traveller sees Lake Wanaka, and avoids an enormous and expensive circuit. The question naturally arises, Is the road difficult? And the answer is, Not as bush-roads go. The Australian habit is here followed of using "bush" for country, but no word could be more ludicrously inapplicable, for there is hardly anything on the way that can really be called a bush. At present there is some deficiency in the matter of hotel accommodation; but there are two hotels at convenient stages—one at the foot of the Lindis Gorge, and the other at Omarama—which could easily be improved if this line should ever come to be frequented. We did not suffer from any want of accommodation, because of the kindness of station-managers; but there would naturally be a hardening of hearts were a regular stream of travellers to turn that way. Moreover, it may as well be mentioned that there is another drawback to the route. The River Ohou has to be crossed by a wire rope. This takes time, and it is quite possible to imagine that some nervous people would not like it. If a Cobb's coach ran this way, as it some day will, a fresh coach would probably meet passengers on the further side of the Ohou, and no great delay would ensue. The timid might shut their eyes, or even be blindfolded, before they were hauled across. Ladies told us that they would travel a hundred miles rather than trust themselves in the well-balanced box which is by courtesy called a chair. But the New Zealand Government seems always willing to spend money on public works, and probably before many years have passed there will be either a bridge or a ferry across the River Ohou. It is said that the squatters don't want a bridge, because it is more than suspected that the rabbits would cross.



MAP SHOWING AUTHOR'S ROUTE FROM ARROWTOWN.

Well, it can hardly be expected that these little plagues would cross in a ferry-boat, though they do seem to come everywhere, and there are those who answer that the rabbits have already put in an appearance upon the further side.

Another objection to the route is one that can easily be removed. We hired at Pembroke the only buggy that was to be chartered, and we might write a companion volume to that by Mr. Black, the novelist, calling it "Strange Adventures of a Buggy." In the first place, we had to wait a day for it at Wanaka, as it was out. When it appeared, it hardly seemed capable of holding a party of four, with the baggage appertaining thereto. You cannot travel without some change of raiment, and if you expect cold weather, wraps are needful. Before we parted from that buggy we had conceived quite an affection for it, and I hesitate to take away its character; yet truth compels me to add that my legs were so shockingly cramped therein that a walk was great relief. We lost all confidence in our conveyance when on the first day, in the course of a couple of hours, a spring, a bolt, and a fastening broke; but we patched things up with various ingenious contrivances. When the brake ceased to work, we strapped the wheel with a portmanteau-strap; when a bolt went, we used some wire kindly provided by an obliging fence. Divers smiths along the road helped us. On the last day, as we were drawing near to the mountain, and as the road became rougher and rougher, a doubt found a lodgment in the mind of an occupant of the back seat whether the whole of the front seat was not going by the board. He prayed that the catastrophe might not happen in the middle of a river, and to this day he retains the belief that it was only avoided by the bolstering up of the seat by means of his own Gladstone bag. But alas for the poor "Gladstone!" The most vehement opponent of the statesman would have pitied it. Future tourists are advised to make due inquiry beforehand, or to take a trap from Queenstown, where they are stout though expensive. At any rate, arrangements should be made for one of the regular strong express waggons that make the journey by the other route to meet the wanderer from Wanaka, either at Pukaki or at the River Ohou.

It remains to be added that in our party of four there were two ladies, who to the last remained enthusiastic admirers of the route, and one of whom at least is ready on the shortest notice to undertake it again. Two years after the excursion it was regarded in the Queenstown district with mixed feelings, but it was not forgotten. There were those who spoke of the four as "mad;" others regarded them as plucky. I still retain my opinion that the route, though a little difficult, is perfectly feasible for the ordinary traveller. Some day it will be regularly used. And that our trip was regarded as in any way wonderful is only due to the complete separation effected between two districts by a moderate range of mountains.

From Queenstown to Arrowtown is a familiar road. Arrow (as, through the taste for shortening names, the town is now generally called) is a picturesque little mining township suggestive of tales in the style of Bret Harte. The guide-books say that from Arrow to Pembroke on Lake Wanaka there are two routes, but that the shorter is only a bridle-track. In a new and progressive country a guide-book must always be behind the time. It was by coach that we travelled along this shorter

route. The longer route goes round by Cromwell, which is a far more important township than either Arrow or Pembroke, and is naturally connected with both. The road by Cromwell travels down the Kawarau valley and up the Clutha. The shorter way lies

WATERFALL NEAR LAKE HAYES.

over a high range, known as the Crown Range, and then down the valley of the Cardrona, an affluent of the Clutha. In this part, indeed, all the water, both of lakes and rivers, drains into the Clutha. From Arrow the coach-road creeps sideways up a very steep hill. Very precipitous is the fall down to the River Arrow, which is

soon to lose itself in the Kawarau. In its early stages the road indulges in few of the curves that engineers delight in, when they make roads twist in and out and roundabout to ascend a mountain-pass. This is, for the most part, a straight road taken diagonally up the hillside. It is very narrow, and one of our party had just remarked how awkward it would be to meet a dray coming down, when we came upon a cart, which the coach had some difficulty in passing, everybody getting out by way of precaution. From the top of the Crown Range a wide view can be obtained, a small portion of Wakatipu, blue in the distance, being visible. Nearer in stands the picturesque Lake Hayes, a lake of dimensions smaller than its neighbours, but a large sheet of water, nevertheless. According to an Irishman quoted in the guide-book, it is "shtiff with fish," but it must be added that it is somewhat strictly preserved. The jagged crests of the Remarkables are very prominent in the landscape. Only three days earlier we had seen them powdered with snow, though it was January. The snow did not last, and their more general covering was a vest of fleecy cloud, though at intervals they can put on a thick cloth of impenetrable cloud. From the Crown Range could also be seen Ben Lomond, whilst beyond and to the side of it lay snow-covered hills belonging to the southern end of the Richardson Range.

When we had once crossed the Crown Range there came a sudden change over the scene. The view is hemmed in by a little narrow valley. By the side of the road runs the infant Cardrona, gathering strength as it proceeds. The little stream is now on one side of the road, and now on the other; the number of small fords is beyond count. The valley, picturesque at first, after a while becomes monotonous. The whole length of it has been the haunt of gold-diggers, now represented only by a few Chinamen, who, like industrious gleaners, seem to be making something out of "tailings." Deserted diggings are only picturesque to one who is very new to that feature of scenery. The township of Cardrona, where we changed horses, is like a Deserted Village. "Mine host of the inn," curiously enough, was an Italian-Swiss from the Grisons; his wife, a German-Swiss from a neighbouring canton. The advice of Mr. Green, the Alpine traveller, who wished to encourage Swiss settlers in New Zealand, has been carried out in this case; but either at Earnslaw, the mountain at the head of Wakatipu, where we had been, or at Cook, whither we were going, a settler from the Grisons would have been more at home. At the latter he could have heard the familiar sound of "the fearful avalanche." A few miles before Pembroke the Cardrona turns to the right, and the road to the left. Near the place of separation a bridle-track winds up a steep hill to the diggings known as Criffels, where the most successful yield of gold has been in a claim called "Salvation Army," which is said to belong to the Army as a whole, and to be worked by its members. Just before reaching Pembroke a passing view of Mount Aspiring can be caught; it cannot be seen again. "Maoriland" says this mountain can be seen from the lake; but those on the steamer said "Nay, only from the Matukituki valley."

Pembroke is probably called after Earl Pembroke, one of the name-givers to the book of South Sea travels known as "The Earl and the Doctor." It may be assumed that it is the earl and not the town in South Wales that lends the name, as

two neighbouring townships are labelled Newcastle and Gladstone, and were not the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Gladstone the two trustees of Lord Pembroke, son of their great friend, that distinguished statesman, Sidney Herbert? The town of Gladstone is, however, only a reserve and a name on the map. Not a house is built. Newcastle can hardly be said to enjoy its name, for the settlers call it Alberton. What a number of places in New Zealand have double names that struggle for existence. This is intelligible where one name is Maori and the other English; but it is simply silly when both are English, as Hector or Remarkables, Lumsden or Elbow. The residents have their name, upon which some Government official thinks that he can improve. His name henceforward figures in the map, and often only there. At Pembroke a resident somewhat pompously remarked to me, "Our scenery, sir, and our climate, are our only assets." We will hope things are not quite so bad as that, such assets not counting for much in a schedule; but Pembroke seems to have seen its best days, when the gold-diggings of the neighbourhood were more prosperous than they now are. There is no reason why it should ever be a large town, but there is plenty of reason why tourists should make a point of visiting it. The view from the hotel door is singularly beautiful; the tour of the lake on the little paddle-steamer *Theodore* is quite equal to the tour of Wakatipu, and from Pembroke as a centre many interesting trips could be made. Pembroke is young as a tourist resort, but year by year it will be more visited.

Lake Wakatipu has an article to itself,* and all that I need say of it here is that among the New Zealand lakes it has the great advantage of being the best known, for it is by far the most easily visited. It is the only lake touched by a railway. Fifty persons see Wakatipu for one who sees any other lake, and for most people a visit to the southern lakes means simply Wakatipu. Manapouri and Te Anau are difficult of access. To see them at all thoroughly you must camp out. Certainly the views at the head of the Wakatipu are magnificent. There is all that is wanted in lake scenery. You have snow-clad mountains, and in some variety; there are glaciers visible, and at no great distance; two glacier-fed rivers pour into the lake; above Kinloch there is the hillside covered with trees, and trees are an element too rarely present in New Zealand lake scenery. By way of contrast, the usual bleak, bare hills are within sight. Having seen some five of the larger New Zealand lakes, besides several smaller ones, I think the head of Wakatipu bears the palm; but, as a whole, Wanaka has even greater variety and charm.

Wakatipu is a little the larger of the two, and has perhaps a greater variety of shape. Wanaka also has plenty of curving and change in its coast-line, but its greatest charm is given by the many valleys that debouch into it. Two rather large rivers, with genuine Maori names, empty themselves into Wanaka—the Matukituki, which brings water down from both sides of Mount Aspiring, second highest of the mountains in the whole range; and the Makarora, which enters at the very head of the lake, and up the valley of which marches the traveller who is willing to try the Haast Pass, and perhaps penetrate to the West Coast. Either of these would be a capital touring-

* See Vol. III., pp. 242—253.

ground for an enterprising traveller, prepared to put up with things a little in the rough. They promise well, as from the deck of the steamer *Theodore* a glance up them is obtained. They promise scenery—there is plenty of foliage; and if you persevere, you will be led up to the eternal snow and to glaciers. But these chief valleys are well

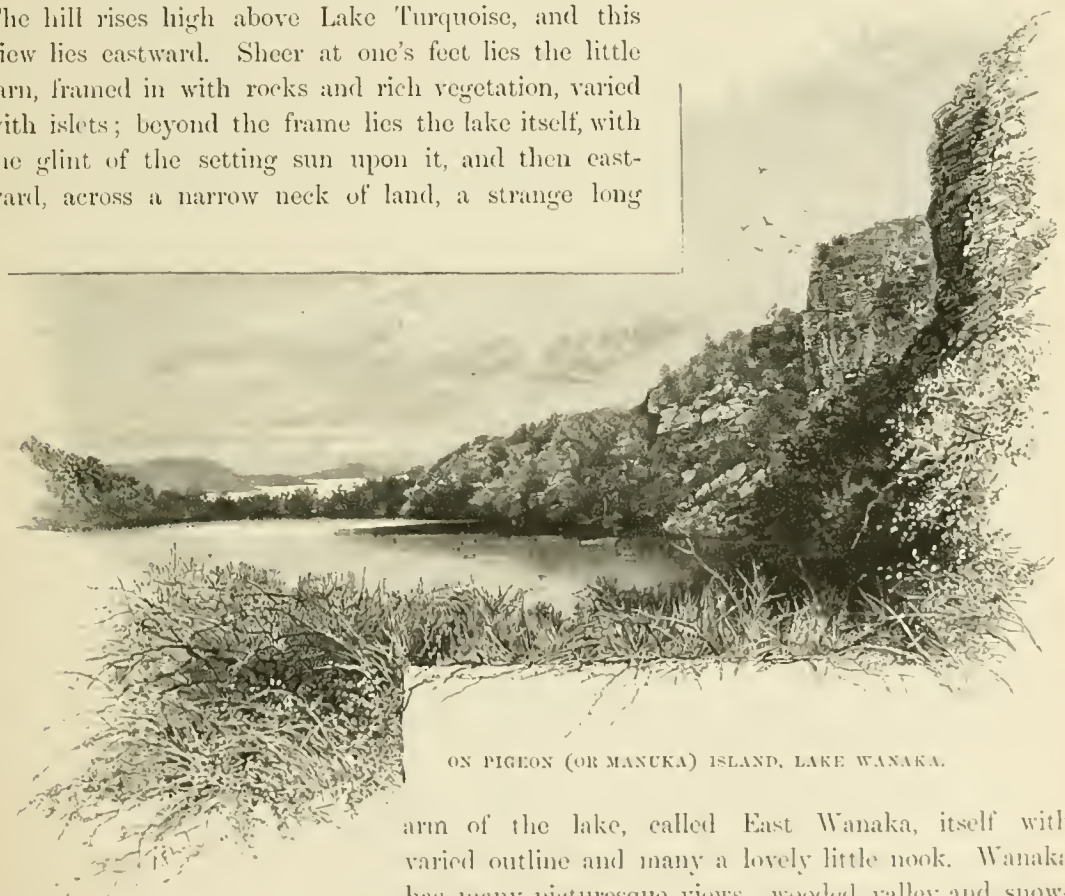
LAKE WANAKA.

supported by others. On the left side of the lake, as you face the head, valley follows valley. Here is one with the romantic name of Craigie Burn, the picturesqueness of which, as those who know it testify, is quite equal to the alluring promise of its mouth.

A little further on is a valley which deserves a less prosaic name than that of Wilkin. It is well timbered, and, alas! the fact is known to the lumberers, who send huge rafts of timber down the headlong stream, managing the rafts as on many German rivers—for instance, on branches of the Upper Rhine. Two bits of climbing every visitor to Wanaka should undertake. At one point Lakes Hawea and Wanaka approach very near to each other. The strip of land between the two is called Neck, and it is well worth while to cross it and see Hawea. The beginning of the climb is most formidable. It is a steep hillside, and the climber is knee-deep in ferns and other plants, which grow so thick together that it is difficult to find a footing. But to the climber who will persevere the difficulties soon cease. The rough scramble before long yields place to a good footpath or bridle-track, and within less than two miles a beautiful view of the sister lake is obtained. Everyone takes the other climb. In the lake there is an island which, after New Zealand fashion, has different names. Some call it Pigeon and some Mannka Island. The Government map gives the latter name, which has the advantage of avoiding confusion, for Wakatipu also has a Pigeon Island. High up on this island is a lake, or mountain tarn, which a visitor from Melbourne a few years since with all due formality and champagne christened "Paradise," but residents say that many years before the artist Chevalier had given it the most appropriate name of "Turquoise." The joke runs that there is a lake in an island and an island in the lake, and a lake in the island

and an island in the lake. Wanaka is in the southern island of New Zealand, Manuka in Wanaka, Turquoise in Manuka, and a nameless little islet in the little tarn—a sort of special facet in the jewel. One informant assured me that in this tiny island also there was a lake; but, if so, it was not apparent to the ordinary observer, and would better deserve the name of puddle.

A curious phenomenon is this tarn, fully five hundred feet above the level of Lake Wanaka. It is said to be fed by springs high up on the side of the mountains that lie to the west of Wanaka, Nature bringing her own water-pipes under the bed of the lake, along which the water finds its own level in the heart of the island. Lake Wanaka, like its neighbour lakes, is very deep—1,200 feet, and the surface is about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. This requires the natural conduit that feeds Lake Turquoise to dip pretty far down, and yet it must be guarded from outlets into or contact with the lake under which it is passing. The natural phenomenon is wonderful, and its effect beautiful. If the head of Wakatipu is the cream of the scenery of that lake, high up on Manuka Island you will find the best view on Wanaka. The hill rises high above Lake Turquoise, and this view lies eastward. Sheer at one's feet lies the little tarn, framed in with rocks and rich vegetation, varied with islets; beyond the frame lies the lake itself, with the glint of the setting sun upon it, and then eastward, across a narrow neck of land, a strange long



ON PIGEON (OR MANUKA) ISLAND, LAKE WANAKA.

arm of the lake, called East Wanaka, itself with varied outline and many a lovely little nook. Wanaka has many picturesque views—wooded valley and snow-sprinkled mountain-top, but the prospect from the crown of Manuka Island captivated our fancy the most.

In the visitors' book at the Fish River or Binda Caves, in New South Wales, at the end of a little poem stands written the advice—

"If you stay at this Binda Hotel,
Be sure that you're early in starting,
Or else you will find it a sell."

What a revelation of disturbance is implied in a verse that was annexed by another hand!

"And when you are leaving the mysteries,
If you start in the morning at four,
The best way to wake up your sister is
To hammer at everyone's door."

This little joke is, however, only quoted for the sake of the advice. When the tourist leaves Pembroke with face set Cook-wards he should be sure that he's early in starting, and is well fortified with provisions. There lies a long day's work before him and his horses. At first it is tolerably plain sailing. The River Clutha is crossed on a punt at Alberton or Newcastle. The ferry is worked by a wire rope, but the current takes the boat across. There is no toll to pay: a kind county council undertakes all the expense, which is very good of it! If a road is toll free, why not a bridge? If a bridge, why not a ferry? Yet somehow one always expects to pay at a ferry. Our journey then lay down the Clutha valley, until that was joined by the valley of the Lindis Burn, up which we turned. The Clutha is sometimes, and especially lower down, called the Molyneux, but it seems a pity that it should have two names. It is formed by the outflow of Lake Wanaka, joined within a few miles by the River Hawea, draining the lake of the same name. Thus a large body of water is gathered, making the strong current that works the ferry at Alberton, and dashes onwards to Cromwell, where it is joined by the Kawarau, the overflow of Lake Wakatipu, further increased below the lake by the Rivers Shotover and Arrow. The Clutha, thus begun and thus fed, and afterwards augmented by many a mountain burn, creek, and river, is the biggest of all the rivers in New Zealand—biggest both for drainage area and for volume of water, though the Waitaki, acquaintance with whose head-waters we were about to make, must run it close.

It is a little difficult to find facts and figures, for the authorities differ. "The Clutha is the largest river, and its drainage area is over 8,000 square miles, whereas that of the Thames in England is only 5,162." Thus far Mr. Green. Now "Maoriland" says that the Waitaki is "a river five times as large as the Thames." This cannot refer to the breadth of the river, for the railway line crosses it not far from its mouth, and we had ocular demonstration that, so interpreted, the statement is not true. There is a considerable difficulty, however, in speaking of the size of a New Zealand river. They seem all alike in having beds too big for them, and as they try to spread themselves over the beds, they break up into a great many little arms, which are constantly changing both course and volume. Probably at times the whole bed is filled with a body of water, but if a river is to be taken at its flood breadth, then Port Meadow above and the broad fields below Oxford have a perfect right to be included in a

measurement of the English Thames. The nature of New Zealand rivers is a fertile subject on which to enlarge, and one may be tempted to say something later with respect to the Tasman. At present one must hark back to the spot where the Lindis Burn joins the River Clutha.

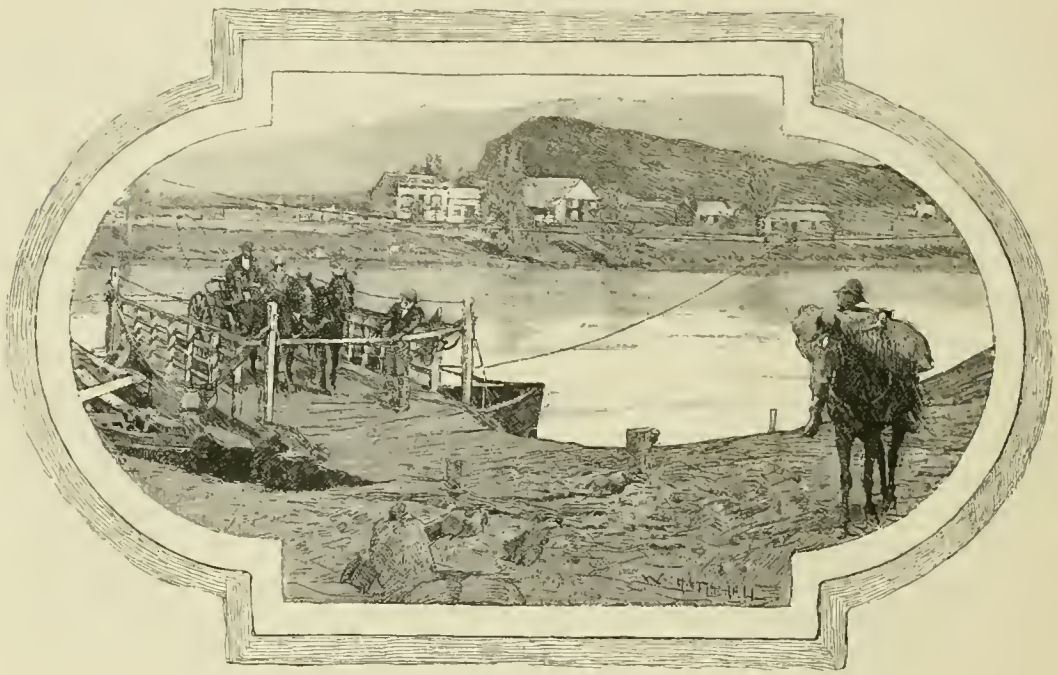
The basin of the Clutha is separated from that of the Waitaki by a formidable range of hills, known to the north of the Lindis Burn as the Grandview Range. Grandview, the highest of these hills, is not far short of five thousand feet above the sea-level. The Lindis Peak lies further to the south. In order to reach the Canterbury lakes—Ohou, Pukaki, and Tekapo—we have to track the Lindis Burn from its mouth to its source, and then go over the Lindis Pass. This was a matter of some thirty-five miles, not by any means one continuous ascent. The ascent might be divided into three parts. The first seemed featureless, but was a good pull up the side of large open downs, which we found very breezy. The second, after an interval of tolerably level country, is the Lindis Gorge, a very pretty and picturesque road; then, after another break, in which the Morven Hills station is situated, comes the Lindis Pass proper, a tolerably continuous climb of about nine miles, during which the character of the scenery changes from the pretty to the grand. The whole ascent is far too treeless for perfect beauty of scenery. "Where are the trees?" is the constant demand in travelling through all this part of New Zealand. The approach to a station or homestead of any kind is made evident by the sight of trees, but they are trees that have been planted by the settler's hand for purposes of shelter. There are forests of trees somewhere within the area of the Morven Hills Run, but hardly any are visible from the road. The Run has red deer, let loose by the New Zealand Acclimatisation Society, and thriving on the high hillsides. We heard that one of the owners, a well-known and highly-honoured Melbourne merchant, was soon coming over to the station for a few days' deer-stalking. Here we have one of the pleasures of Scotland brought within reach. It need hardly be added we wished him good sport, while we were hospitably and kindly entertained by his manager. This route is not at present frequented by travellers, and we seem to be making a poor return for our hospitable treatment by suggesting its being opened up; but when the road comes to be generally used it will no longer be possible for the squatters to continue their generous hospitality to strangers—hotels must be provided for the refreshment of man and beast, as now at Tekapo and Pukaki.

The last nine miles of our upward journey fell to be done in the morning after our pleasant sojourn at Morven Hills. From the top we gained a most beautiful view. Five ranges of hills rose with their different shaped peaks, one behind the other, all the lower seeming to lead up to the furthermost range, which was snow-sprinkled. The range on which we ourselves were is singularly bare and bleak-looking. Suddenly the road turned a corner, and there came the complete change which is so frequent on a pass. It was what we had experienced previously on the Crown Range. The glory had gone from the view.

The road travels by the side of a little creek called the Longslip, which is also the name of the accompanying spur of the mountains. The Longslip is a tributary of the Ahuriri, which passes into the Waitaki some way beyond the township of Omarama,

which we reached late in the afternoon. From Omarama a coach runs to a little place called Kurow, where the Waitaki Valley railway begins, ending at Oamaru on the coast. This is one of the railway lines constructed to open up the country, because the trunk line has perforce to run from town to town along the coast. The little spur to Fairlie Creek is another, and a very short study of the map in the New Zealand "Bradshaw" will show several.

Omarama. There was the usual dispute about the pronunciation of this name. At a distance the accent was generally put on the third syllable, close by it was generally on the second. By a good authority I have been informed that properly in



FERRY AT ALBERTON.

Maori words there should be no accent on any particular syllable. The whole word should be pronounced as trippingly and musically as possible. But an English tongue finds it well-nigh impossible not to lay a stress somewhere. The name of the river that goes by the village is, perhaps, one of the easiest to rob of accent—Ahuriri. In Pukaki and Tekapo the English have made strong accents. In Pukaki the accent falls on the middle of the word, in the second there is no accent in the middle. Curiously enough, the first syllable is pronounced "tack," hence the name is Tàck-ă-pò. Another of the same group of lakes caused great dispute. It is generally spelt Ohau, but on the Government map is Ohou. Oh-how, O'hòw, O'hòo—these represent three different pronunciations; and on the Ben Ohou station at least two forms were employed, the two last. The hands on the station, and those who may be considered as giving the local usage, adopted a form best represented thus—Ben-a-hoo. The Maori vowel "au"

is not easily mastered. Some treat it like a German "au," but none like the French diphthong. In the name Te Anau there is a fine variety for each syllable: the first is either "tea" or "tay," the old pronunciation of "tea"; the second is like the article "an," or some made it "ahn"; the third syllable is sometimes Germanised, but more correctly a quickly pronounced "nur" or "ner." The Maori is a liquid and musical language, and it is fortunate for New Zealand that so many native names have been retained.

From Omarama our road turned northwards over a plain with big hills on the

BEN OHOU RANGE, MACKENZIE COUNTRY.

right. The chief of these was Ben More, which is more than six thousand feet high. There are some hills also on the left. One, under which is situated the homestead of the Ben More run, seems to shield it from the westerly and northerly winds, and separates it from Lake Ohou. At the Ben More station we were fortunate enough to obtain a night's lodging and a breakfast. The manager kindly let his smith patch up our trap, whilst he showed us his device for keeping down the rabbits. It is impossible to speak of this part of New Zealand without touching on the rabbit, though the members of our party, not having an interest in land, could not work up the full righteous hatred of the harmless-looking little beast whom we saw so frequently. There are stations, where the land is hilly and almost inaccessible, on which the rabbit has absolutely conquered the sheep, and the runs have been abandoned. On other

stations it is a constant struggle to keep them down, and yet it is not so many years since the champagne banquet and the general rejoicings over the turning loose of the first pair somewhere down between Invercargill and the Bluff! Rabbits are shot, they are poisoned, they are trapped, and yet they go on obeying the law to "increase and multiply." As you drive along the road skeletons are seen hanging in rows on wire fences, to show the rabbit inspector that the station or farm is doing its law-imposed duty and that the creatures are being killed. At Ben More the true idea is being acted on of introducing the natural enemies to keep "bunny" in order. We were shown from fifty to sixty ferrets gathering strength and getting themselves ready to be let loose in the more distant parts of the station. It has been suggested that the ferrets may attack and eat the young lambs, but it would not matter much if they did help themselves to a few joints of lamb. There is no fear that the ferrets will themselves multiply and be as great a nuisance as the rabbits, for the simple reason that they do not eat grass. It was interesting to see these ferrets, both the mothers of families and the young ferrets, who are actually trained to attack a rabbit before being let loose.

Whilst on this trip, I heard a suggestion made that the various Australian Governments should combine to offer an enormous reward (the sum suggested was £100,000) for any scientific man who would invent a disease from which the rabbits must die. In the interval between the trip and the publication of this account this idea has been acted upon, and no less eminent a man than M. Pasteur has suggested the disease—hen-cholera. Whether the remedy will succeed cannot yet be told, until due experiment has been made in islands set apart to see whether other animals will take the infection. But the rabbit-plague has grown to such a size in New Zealand and in parts of Australia that strong steps are necessary. It is curiously squeamish for humane people not to object to shooting, to trapping, to poisoning by phosphorised oats, all of which may be very cruel deaths, and yet to raise objections to disease that is quick in operation, but has the singular advantage of actively spreading the poison.

Between Ben More and Ben Ohou, the next station, came the crossing of the Ohou River by the wire rope. The Ohou is the first of the three great lake-rivers which go to form the Waitaki or Waitangi, the meaning of this latter name being the gathering of the waters. The current of the Ohou is very impetuous and headstrong. There is a ford near the wire rope, but our horses refused to use it, as it was so deep and the current so strong; they had therefore to swim across. The buggy itself was lashed up in place of the cage, which was taken off to make room for it; then luggage was drawn across in the cage, then passengers, then harness. Then a rope fastened round the neck of one of the horses was passed across, and, with a little gentle pulling, he plunged into the stream and swam over. Being pleased at reaching the further shore, he neighed aloud, and the other, who was younger and belonged to the gentler sex, gave a responsive neigh, and, without any guiding-rope, swam over to join him. The whole business at the wire rope lasted about two and a half hours. There is no danger, but only the appearance of danger. It is natural that some should feel a little giddy at being drawn across a bubbling torrent some twenty or thirty feet below; but the machine works quite smoothly, and accidents do not happen.

After crossing the Ohou, the country widens out into a broad plain, known as the Upper Waitaki Plains. Lake Ohou we did not see, though we heard so glowing an account of its beauties that we were almost persuaded to diverge from our course to pay it a visit.

If the weather be at all sunny, the view of Pukaki Lake is strikingly beautiful. My first thought was of Como or Maggiore. The beauty is chiefly due to the splendid background, the great range of snow-clad hills culminating in Mount Cook. Of all the views of Mount Cook this is the most impressive, and it has often been selected by artists for painting. The great mountain, towering to a height of 12,375 feet, stands a manifest monarch among its neighbours, and yet many of them are magnificent peaks. From the end of Pukaki you look up a clear avenue, with Cook at the close of the vista. This avenue is made up of lake and river, and on each side run ranges of lower hills, those on the western side being of the two much the higher. These hills are mostly bare of trees; but are rocky at the top, and grassed on the lower slopes. In the foreground is the lake, still and glassy, but not clear, for it is filled with glacier water. The well-known slatish or whity-blue tinge is present, which at once tells the story how the lake is fed. Lake Tekapo has exactly the same colour, for the same reason; and when the two rivers (each called after the lake from which it issues) have joined the main stream, the Waitaki, the colour is the same, and it is retained by the Waitaki until it finds its rest in the bosom of the sea. This is the colour of the Rhone before it falls into the Lake of Geneva, where it is purified in some amazing manner, issuing forth clear and in the mass looking a bright blue. This is the colour, too, of the Mont Blanc-fed Arve before its junction with "the arrowy Rhone;" but the Arve some miles below Geneva defiles the Rhone, which never grows clear again.

Lake Pukaki is fed by the River Tasman, which of course comes from the Great Tasman Glacier at the foot of Cook, the second largest glacier in the world, the first largest being in the Himalayas. The large glacier does not stand alone, and the Tasman is joined by the water from other glaciers. Upon the character of these rivers a striking passage is quoted in "Maoriland," from a lecture by Mr. W. N. Blair, C.E.:—"They have no childhood or youth, no struggle for existence. They are born with the full vigour of manhood, and at once proceed in a bee-line to their destination, defying every obstacle. The whole course of the Tasman, from the glacier to the lake—twenty-six miles—is perfectly straight." It is "divided into numerous channels, looped and interlaced in an extraordinary manner. Seen from the neighbouring heights, they resemble those curiously reticulated pieces of organic fibre we sometimes see under a microscope." The second part of this description seems to clash with the first, for interlacement and reticulation are not the same as a bee-line. The truth is that the bed of the river is "perfectly straight;" but, as was said of other New Zealand rivers, the river does not fill its bed, but is perpetually varying its course through the "numerous channels."

This Tasman River I came to hate for being so cruel, deceitful, and uncertain. It has hidden quicksands, which not long since claimed a victim, a fine young man recently from Scotland, who had been travelling round the world, and was staying with

his brother. From day to day the river was never the same. We had to pass through some of its channels. At one place the foreman of a gang of road-makers pointed out to us that we must leave our buggy and creep along the bank; whilst our luggage must be lashed on the seats of the buggy, which would pass into the river and out again. The water swirled through the bottom of the buggy and, to our great regret, carried away a "billy," which had been trusted to be heavy enough to withstand its violence. On our return journey, three days later, the same preparations were made, but were not found necessary; whilst at another place the stream, which

ANOTHER VIEW OF MOUNT COOK.

had there treated us well on the first day, came pouring into the carriage, rudely wetting our feet. From Tekapo Mr. Green took a direct road to Mount Cook; but this road is described as dependent on the River Tasman, and in summer the Tasman does not permit. Most rivers are more easily forded in the summer than in the winter, but it must be remembered that this is not the case with glacier-fed streams. In the winter their sources are bound and their streams scanty; hot summer weather and long drought produce greater melting of the ice, and the rivers are full. After a single hot day the Tasman was much more headlong and full.

The road from Pukaki Ferry to the Hermitage at the foot of Mount Cook is a hard day's journey, and in some parts, it must be confessed, a shockingly bad road. It is quite true that Mount Cook can be reached on wheels, as the advertisement promises, but the last part of the way was by no means easy. It must, however, be

THE GLACIER SYSTEM OF MOUNT COOK.

remembered that a better condition of things is being brought about, as the Government is spending £1,000 on the road. We saw the road-men and their camp; we met the surveyors. Already a cutting on the side of the hill has taken the place of one desperately bad swamp, and some of the bad fords also will be avoided by further cutting on the hillside. Tourists of this year are better off than those of last, and tourists of next year will find the road still better.

At Pukaki there is a pleasant little inn and a blacksmith's forge. The latter we found of great help for our shattered buggy; the former we welcomed more on our return journey, when we reached it after a long drive through drenching rain. The place was in a state of some excitement, on account of a contest between two parties of travellers. The leader of one was angry because, though the later arrival, he had not the accommodation for which he had telegraphed; but the carriage that brought him brought his telegram also. Travellers must not expect the comforts of Charing Cross, but they will find cleanliness and attention. The smith is the landlord, a half-caste Maori of great strength. A little way below the inn is a ferry across the River Pukaki worked by wire ropes. To work it requires both strength and skill, for the river dashes down with great force. It may be as well here to state that the name Pukaki is that of a bird, which is also known as the swamp turkey, and in India, where it is very common, as the purple coot. A boy who has shot and eaten the pukaki assured me that it was "grand eating." I have not tried it.

The Hermitage is a newly-built, comfortable house at the foot of Mount Sefton. It is situated in a broad green vale, with the picturesque background of a wooded slope, and in the midst of Alpine scenery. From Mount Cook it is separated both by the Müller Glacier and by the Hooker Glacier and River. It has before been said that from Mount Cook to Lake Pukaki the Tasman River bed leads in a straight line. The Tasman Glacier lies to the right as we face the great mountain. From this the Tasman River flows, joined at the base of the mountain by the Hooker River, which lies to the left. The Hooker River has but a short existence—is, perhaps, some three or four miles long—but the total length of the Müller, its tributary, is not more than a quarter of a mile. Each of these rivers receives its name from the glacier which gives it birth, and the two glaciers are called after the two eminent botanists—the one so well known to fame as Director of the Kew Gardens, the other the Baron von Müller, Government botanist in Victoria. Mount Sefton stands to these two glaciers as Mount Cook to the Tasman and the Hooker. The Hooker runs between Mount Sefton and Mount Cook, and the Müller is in front of Mount Sefton.

The Müller is the glacier with which visitors to the Hermitage make closest acquaintance, and we travelled over it from its terminal face upwards to the clear ice. We were able to see good instances of a terminal moraine and of lateral moraines—able to understand how a river starts clear from the melting of the ice. "One illusion more gone," was the feeling roused by the first sight of a glacier. These lower glaciers do not look like ice at all, but heaps upon heaps of stones in "most admired confusion." It is not easy walking, but you might go for a long time without slipping on the ice, for the simple reason that so many stones and so much *débris* are between

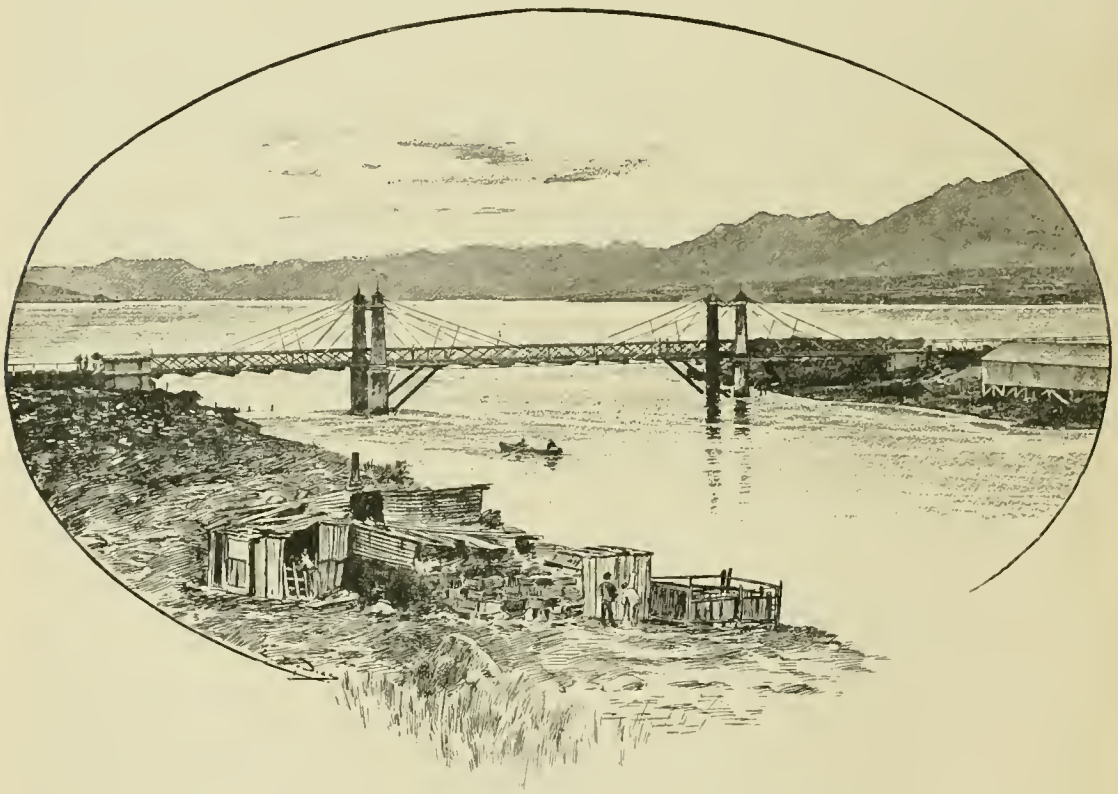
you and it. In parts, however, the ice is seen, and unless you proceed very carefully tumbles ensue. The whole surface of the glacier is constantly changing. The ice melts underneath, and the superstructure of stones tumbles into new position. One day there will be ice caves visible, or an ice bridge, a week later these will have disappeared. It may be thought that on this account there is some danger in crossing the glacier, but it is very slight. Of course, one must be careful and on the alert, but, though the changes are great, each step in the shifting is small, and generally gives some warning. The glacier was a very interesting study, but a very fatiguing scramble. When we reached the clear ice on Mount Sefton, that was found to be more in accordance with our original ideas of a glacier. Above, constant avalanches were falling. We came to a place where fragments had but recently—say, half an hour previously—fallen, and were only permitted to linger there a short time. The roar of the avalanches was a constant accompaniment to our whole sojourn at the Hermitage.

The Hermitage, though it is the property of a company "limited," has been built by the energy of a single individual, who manages the place. Mr. Huddleston is an enthusiast about Mount Cook. Great mountains have a way of rousing enthusiasm, and it may be doubted whether in the future Mount Cook will be more connected with the name of Mr. Green, who first scaled it, or of Mr. Huddleston, who is making its clear, health-giving air and beautiful views the common property of visitors. Mr. Green prophesied in his book that there would soon be a Mount Cook Hotel on the Birch Hill station, and within three years here, just beyond the boundaries of that run, stands the Hermitage, now a completed building. It is built in cob—that is, the clay of the place stamped and puddled into a building material. It is really a very comfortable house, and the tourist will find here everything which he has a right to expect, together with great kindness and attention from the manager, who is perfectly at home on the glacier, and is on speaking terms with the kea-parrots and other birds. In the cool of the evening he would call in their own language to the birds, who responded from the bush. There must be a big future before the Hermitage, because everyone who has been once will advise friends to go. The one thing needful in the way of clothing, it may be added, is a pair of very strong boots—all the better if they have hob-nails and are shod with iron.

The visitor to the Hermitage will find much to interest him in birds and flowers. Of the former, there is the weka or Maori-hen, the kea-parrot, and the little Alpine-wren. The weka is a bird with a bad reputation for pilfering. The kea is pretty to look at, having rich red and green plumage, but it is a cruel bird. It is said that it will fasten on the back of a living sheep and peck its way down to the kidney-fat, for which this parrot has a special fancy. No tourist need feel compunction about shooting a kea. The flora will interest a botanist, for there is a great variety of flowers, ferns, and mosses; but everyone is delighted to find the edelweiss, which grows here as it does in Switzerland, especially in inaccessible places. Perhaps some day the youths of New Zealand will be required by their lady-loves to climb into dangerous places to fetch them edelweiss for their wedding-morn; but it is to be hoped that visitors will

not denude the more accessible ground, gathering the flower by its roots. The edelweiss has a special charm for all lovers of romance.

The famous explorer, Captain Cook, holds such a high place in the estimation of all who know about him that it is hard to make objection to the use of his prosaic name for the grandest of New Zealand mountains. Yet it is a pity that the native name—Aorangi—has been changed. In the Maori language the name means the "sky-piercer," and in that name there is some poetical fancy worthy of the snowclad king of these Southern Alps. It is a noble range, taking it as a whole, and this is a very noble mountain, whether seen from close under by travellers staying at the Hermitage, or forty miles off from the further end of Lake Pukaki. It is said, also, that the view from the deck of a steamer passing also the west coast of New Zealand is the finest view of all. A glance at the map will show that the range lies close to the west coast. In most parts it is an absolute barrier. As time goes on other passes

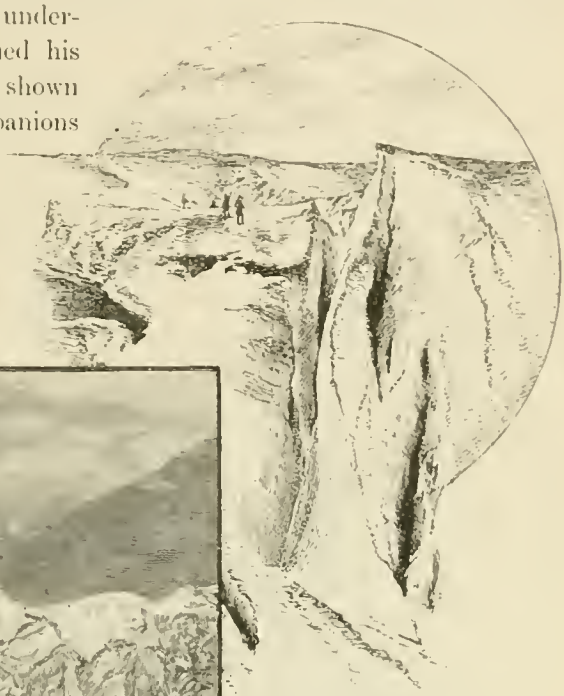


LAKE PUKAKI.

may perhaps be found: but at present, from the Otira Gorge to the south of the island, there are only two possible ways of reaching the west coast, and both are attended with danger as well as difficulty. The first to attempt to climb Mount Cook was the Mr. Green who has already been several times spoken of, an English, or rather an Irish, clergyman fond of Alpine travelling. He came out to New Zealand for the express purpose of ascending Mount Cook, and returned immediately that he had

accomplished his purpose. His adventures, and those of the two Swiss guides whom he brought with him, are written in an interesting volume called "The High Alps of New Zealand," quoted more than once in this chapter, and well worth reading. Great hardships and great exertions had to be undergone before the brave traveller accomplished his design. The visitor to the Hermitage is shown the ledge where Mr. Green and his companions had to stand a whole night waiting for the sunrise, the avalanches thundering over them. There are those who say that the climbers never reached the top —a statement which is so far true that

THE FRANCIS JOSEPH GLACIER, MOUNT COOK.



FISSURES IN THE FRANCIS JOSEPH GLACIER.

Mr. Green confesses in his book that there was a peak a few yards higher than that which they reached, but needing much longer time to reach it. There is, indeed, some wicked local chaff to the effect that, whilst the climbers were unfurling a flag or singing "Rule Britannia!" at the top, a voice, apparently from the clouds, was heard, saying, "Eh! mon, hae ye seen any sheep about?" But this is pure chaff, with this much of truth, however, that Mount Cook was well known to Scotch shepherds years ago. Since the days of Mr. Green, a German savant has also scaled the height, accompanied at least part of the way by his wife. No doubt, as time goes on, châlets will be built, and other help afforded. But the ascent of Mount Cook is not yet brought within the reach of the tourist.

From Pukaki we returned by way of Lake Tekapo and Burke's Pass to Fairlie Creek, where we met the Timaru railway, and so came again within the range of the daily papers, the post, and other attributes of civilisation. This is the route by which

most people approach Mount Cook, and they have to return the same way. Lake Tekapo is a very pretty lake; but it should be seen before and not after Pukaki, as it does not gain by the contrast. On this account I cut from a newspaper an account by a lady (a "bird of passage") who saw Tekapo first, and whose impressions are thus graphically recounted:—

"This is a lovely sheet of water of the purest blue, recalling the tints on the Lake of Geneva, and indescribably beautiful, as the rays of a westering sun rested upon it in streaks of turquoise sheen, deepening into sapphire in the shadows of the mountains. Tekapo is about sixteen miles long, and varies in width from two to four miles. It is a glacier-fed lake; the Rivers Godley and Macaulay, which drain the mountains to the north of Mount Cook, run into it, bringing down a vast amount of deposit. At the southern end, where the River Tekapo issues through a deep gorge, it is spanned by a handsome suspension-bridge, and a neat little inn, with verandah and flower-garden facing the lake, affords a most tempting retreat after the dusty ride. It would be difficult to imagine anything much more lovely than Tekapo on a sunny afternoon. The mountains on the left come down abruptly to the water's edge; on the opposite bank the hills slope down gently, and swell one above the other to a considerable height. On the shore and on a small island stand one or two prettily-built homesteads surrounded by trees: while at the upper end, the purple mountains, crowned by the snowy peaks of Mount Sinclair, form a fine background to the picture. The whole scene is bathed in a delicious rosy light; a slight breeze ruffling the water gives a touch of animation, and one would feel inclined to linger here, were not the greater attractions of Mount Cook in the future."

The country near Tekapo and Pukaki, and, indeed, for miles round, is known as the Mackenzie country. The name is not that of a distinguished Scotchman, an explorer, a governor, a great general; it is the name of a bushranger, a freebooter, who, like the borderers of old in his own country, stole or "lifted" cattle. Various legends are told of his daring, and of the method by which at length he was captured. Some say that the country was called after him because he hid in its fastnesses; some that when he took to clean living he lived there. The facts are not clearly ascertained about the eminent man. To me it is a wonder that the residents do not change the name. But perhaps they had better forbear: our countrymen are not happy in the giving of names.

One last word about the roads. Those from the railway to Pukaki are at present decidedly better than the road that leads from Pukaki to Mount Cook; perhaps the expenditure of the Government grants may improve the Mount Cook road. It must be remembered that it leads nowhither else. On the forty miles there are only two stations—Glentanner, with its out-station ten miles further on; and Birch Hill, about which Mr. Green speaks a good deal. On the other side of the Tasman River there are stations—one called Mount Cook station, and others with such attractive Scotch names as Braemar and Balmoral, the picturesque homestead of which lies near Tekapo. But as the Tasman River is often unfordable, these two stations would not be able to use the Mount Cook road even were it macadamised. If station-holders were consulted

thus: Will you have good roads and a stream of tourists, or will you have bad roads? —they would probably take the latter alternative. It is evident, therefore, that the Government made its grant in order to open up the natural beauties of the country, and it deserved a vote of thanks from all who use, or mean to use, New Zealand as a summer playground.

MAIN SOUTH SPUR, MOUNT COOK.

GOLDFIELDS AND SILVER STREAMS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The Onkaparinga—Clarendon—The Torrens and the Bremer—Mr. Chapman's Discovery—The New Era and Bird-in-the-Hand Mines—The Barossa Goldfield—The Lady Alice and other Mines—Angaston.

THOUGH this colony has but one stream whose size entitles it to be classed with the rivers of the world, yet near to Adelaide run many picturesque and beautiful brooks. Of these, the Onkaparinga takes first place. It rises at Mount Torrens, some forty miles east of the city, and thence flows in a south-westerly direction through the Mount Lofty ranges, falling into the sea at Noarlunga. Its course is rock-strewn and tortuous, and no boat can ply upon it except here and there, where a stretch of deep water may be found. On every side are hills, some treeless, others clothed with forests that resound to the whistle of the magpie and the shrill cry of parrots; but all are rocky and precipitous, lending to the scene an aspect of rugged grandeur. Many small towns stand upon the banks, adding beauty in that they relieve the sombre solitude of nature. Of these towns, or rather villages, Clarendon is most noticeable, for here the hills bordering the stream are vine-clad, and on the heights stands a cellar built after the fashion of a castle on the Rhine.

Unlike the brook sung by the Laureate, the Onkaparinga does not "go on for ever." In the summer, when no rain falls, the waters dry up until nothing remains but a succession of water-holes hardly linked together by an attenuated rill, yet in these pools lie hidden trout, and perch, and carp, and beneath the shade of frowning rocks or overhanging bough and bush the follower of the "gentle craft" may spend many happy hours. In the hot evenings the fish are forced to share the pool's cool depths with the village youths who come to swim and dive, and who wake the ready echo of the hills with laugh and uncouth jest. Or pleasanter still, in the musical lines of A. L. Gordon—

> "The bells on distant cattle
> Waft across the range,
> Through the golden tufted wattle,
> Music low and strange."

But in winter months there is no bathing for the boys; the floodgates have been loosed, and the sluggish current has become a raging flood, impetuous and uncontrollable.

From the neighbourhood of Mount Torrens two other small streams take their rise, viz., the Torrens, flowing westerly through Adelaide, and the Bremer, running directly south to Lake Alexandrina. The valley of each of these three rivers has been proved to be metalliferous. On the banks or in the bed of the Torrens, gold, both reef and alluvial, in varying quantities, has been obtained. The once celebrated Callington copper mines are on the Bremer, together with numerous argentiferous lodes, while the Onkaparinga valley, from source to mouth, is richly auriferous. The first recorded discovery of the precious metal on this river was made in 1852 by Mr. W. Chapman, who, when returning from the Victorian diggings, obtained a considerable quantity of gold from near the old Wheatsheaf Inn, on the Echinga road.

On the day following that upon which Mr. Chapman made known his discovery to the

Government, and claimed the reward, a party of from fifty to sixty horsemen, headed by Mr. B. T. Finniss (then Colonial Secretary), and a number of police troopers, visited the

LUCK AT LAST.

(After the Painting by G. R. Ashton, exhibited at the Colonial Exhibition.)

place. Mr. Chapman was ordered to wash out some gold in the presence of the Secretary, and in order to guard against fraud, he was told to take off his coat and roll up his shirt-sleeves. Mr. Chapman gathered up a dish of dirt and began to wash. Slowly the dirt was

poured off, but not a speck of gold was to be seen. The crowd became angry and impatient; they vowed that the whole thing was a swindle, and expressed a very strong desire to hang the prospector upon the limb of a neighbouring gum-tree.

Very possibly the man would have received ill-treatment at their hands, had it not been that, with a quick twist of the dish, the rest of the dirt was shot out, and gold was seen gleaming in the bottom of the pan. "Thereupon," says Mr. Chapman in his account of this scene, "great excitement ensued. The noise and shouting was so great that horses broke their fastenings and galloped away into the bush. Everybody began to wash for gold, and saucepan-lids, cans, and even hats were called into requisition. There could now be no doubt respecting the presence of gold, and the spot was duly proclaimed as a goldfield."

Many of the gullies were very rich, and alluvial washing in a desultory way has been carried on in the neighbourhood ever since. The present Blackwood Gully diggings are on the southern edge of the Onkaparinga valley, whilst the Forest Range rush, from which good results have been got, is but a few miles north of the northern bank of the river at Balhannah.

The most important find of gold of late years in this district was made by Mr. Andrew Mitchell on a small southerly tributary of the Onkaparinga, near the beautiful little town of Woodside. The country in this vicinity is exceedingly fertile, and is for the most part under crop. Mr. Mitchell, in clearing some land, unearthed some wonderfully rich specimens of gold in quartz from beneath a stump, and, following down a stringer, or leader, obtained a considerable quantity of splendid quartz, which he actually pulverised in an oat-crusher, yet got as a result many hundreds of pounds' worth of gold. This led to further prospecting, and eventually a man found what is now the Bird-in-Hand Mine, and this again resulted in the discovery of the Ridge, Two in the Bush, Eureka, the Mint, and, though last, by no means least, the well-known New Era. This mine, without having a penny of capital put into it, has been steadily crushing-out at the rate of 250 ounces of gold per month for the last two years. The Bird-in-Hand has been equally prolific, and although this group of claims has during the last few years made vast addition to the wealth of the colony, the workings are only now getting down to what should be the most productive part of their lodes. Rich alluvial gold has also been found in the neighbourhood, and one nugget, of very curious form, weighing over sixteen ounces, was picked up close to the surface.

Travelling northwards along the Mount Lofty range, the Barossa Goldfield is reached. It was discovered in October, 1868, gold having been found in a long gully, now dignified by the name of Spike Gully. Some of the claims were very rich, it being stated, on good authority, that they yielded as much as £1,000 per man. To obtain this, holes had to be sunk to depths varying from five to twenty feet. But the greater portion of the old gold-drifts remain unproved, for the reason that they could only be reached by deep shafts sunk down through hard conglomerate; and up to the present time few diggers have cared to undertake the risk of doing a great deal of hard work for the chance of finding a gutter containing gold. These patches of old gold-drift, generally known as "made hills," are marked by ferruginous sandstone and cement capping.

The alluvial fields of this district were very limited in extent, and were not at all rich. On the reefs a great deal of work was done, but without much success. At the Parra Wirra reefs, lying to the south of the Parra River, the Lady Alice mine and the Young Australian were the only two that yielded results of any consequence. The Lady Alice was discovered in 1871, and a great deal of work has been done on it. During the last six months of 1874, the mine was worked on tribute, and 1,149oz. 19dwt. of gold was obtained. The value of the copper procured at the same time, less the cost of carriage and smelting, equalled £208 2s. 8d. From the floating of the company in 1873, to its being wound up in 1879—six years—the value of gold raised was £22,000, and of copper, £4,000.

The Young Australian No. 1 contains, in addition to gold, manganese, native copper, copper pyrites, galena, baryta, calcite, carbonate of iron, and iron pyrites. It was very rich in places, and some of the gold was so coarse as to be almost nuggety. Some forty tons of stone were crushed, but the result was not made public.

Proceeding further northward along the same line of country, the township of Angaston is reached. It lies about fifty-one miles north-east of Adelaide, and is easily accessible either by road or by rail. The scenery of this neighbourhood is park-like, and all the charms of luxuriant grass, stately timber, and flowing streams, are here to be found. In this neighbourhood also are the fine estates of Mr. J. H. Angas and Mr. Keyens, who are justly celebrated for their well-bred sheep and cattle. The Yalumba and other vineyards, too, are in this district. Fruits of every description grow in abundance, and the place is capable of supporting a large population. At the present time the township contains about six hundred persons. The country is hilly, but not rough, and eastward it stretches to the River Murray in an extensive scrub-covered plain.

As a place of residence, Angaston has many attractions. It yields corn and wool and silk, together with the wine that gladdens the heart of man, and the oil of olives that causes his face to shine. In metals also it is rich, and while the aged sit beneath the vine and the fig-tree, the younger generation can employ themselves in tilling the ground, shepherding the flocks and the herds, and digging for gold. The almond tree flourishes and is profitable, while only occasionally does the grasshopper become a burden.

PORT ARTHUR, D'ENTRECASTEAUX CHANNEL, AND THE HUON.

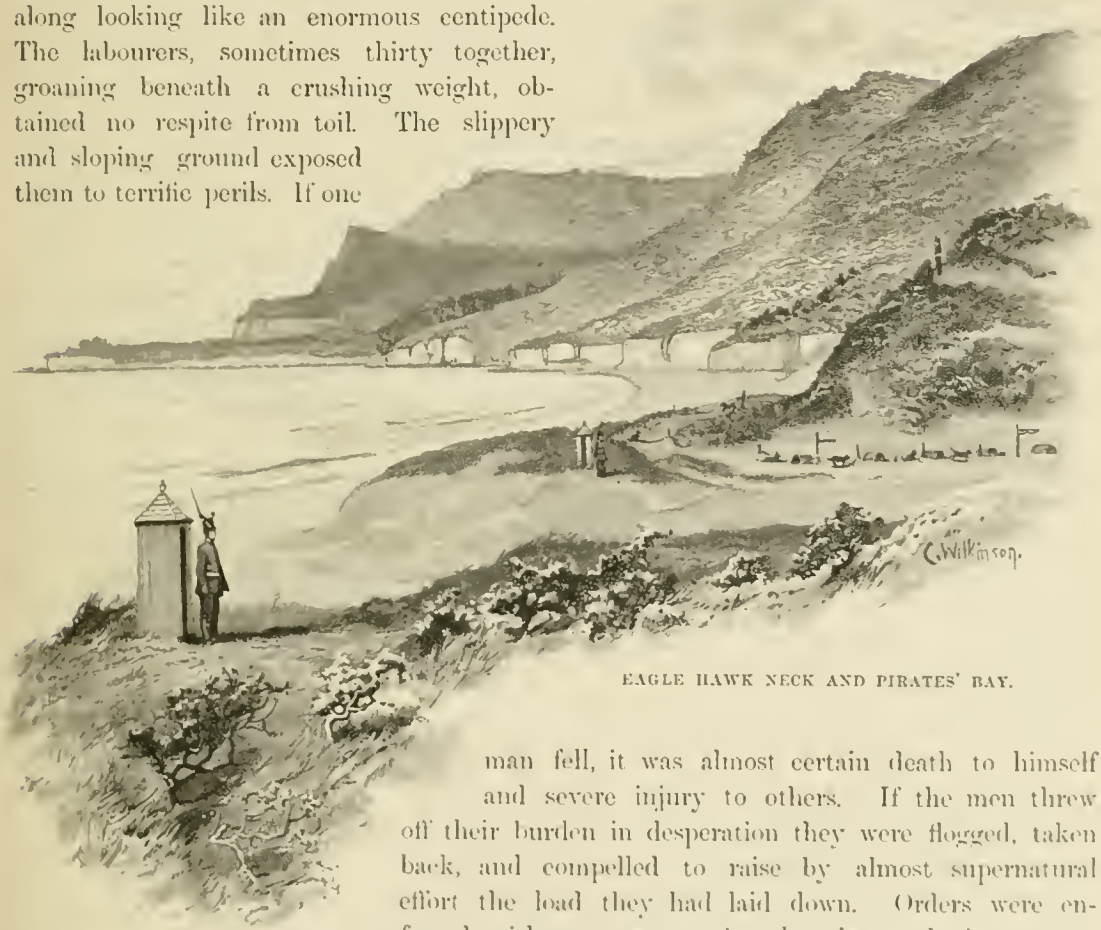
Port Arthur—History of the Penal Settlement—Captain Booth's Administration—Inflexible but not Capricious—His Successors—Driven to Despair—The Solitary System—From Carnarvon to Taranna—Pirates' Bay—The Tesselated Pavements—Tasman's Arch—Climate of Tasmania—Fruit Culture—Down the Channel and up the Huon River—The Shot Tower—Bruny Island—Pearson's Point—Great and Little Oyster Coves—Woodbridge—Long Bay and Gordon—The Cow and The Calf—Port Cygnet—Franklin—Back to Hobart by Coach.

THE CHAIN-GANG.

NO part of Tasmania is better known by name to the outer world than Port Arthur, a place as lovely in its position as it is ugly in its memories. It rests in a deep inlet on the south of Tasman's Peninsula. This inlet opens up from the middle of Maingon Bay, which lies between the two grand headlands of Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar. About a mile and a half up the Port Arthur Sound, Point Puer and Dead Man's Island stand in front of what was formerly the penal establishment. Point Puer was the prison for young boys; Dead Man's Island was the convict cemetery, and holds the remains of nearly two thousand human beings, not exactly the best of mankind. The entrance to the sound from the south shows one of the loveliest spots that can be found in this land of beautiful scenery. The richly-wooded bay, the pretty green island to which such a gloomy name attaches, the pleasant residences once occupied by the officials, the church spire peeping up amongst trees, the military prison in ruins, battlemented like a mediæval castle—all tend to make the first sight of Port Arthur a memorable one to anyone who appreciates beautiful scenery.

The history of the place as a penal settlement dates from the year 1832. In that year Governor Arthur decided to break up the settlement at Macquarie Harbour, and fixed upon the inlet at the head of Maingon Bay as the site of a new one, where rigorous discipline might be preserved without exposing either prisoners or officials to the dangers and miseries which they had experienced at the earlier penal station. It must not be supposed that the great mass of transported prisoners were sent to either of these penal settlements. These were reserved for men convicted of what were called colonial crimes—that is, crimes committed after their arrival as prisoners in the colony, for those who had misconducted themselves as assigned servants, or had been mutinous and insubordinate in the road-gangs; in fact, for all those who proved difficult to manage, or repeated in the colony the crimes which had banished them from England. The first commandant, Captain Booth, organised, under Colonel Arthur's direction, a system which was intended to render Port Arthur a terror to evil-doers, and which cannot be fairly judged unless the extreme difficulty of dealing at once humanely and strictly with the most depraved characters is carefully borne in mind.

The worst tales of hardship or injustice connected with the history of Port Arthur have arisen out of caprice or prejudice on the part of subsequent commanders. Captain Booth's administration was no doubt severe and inflexible, but never capricious. A minute code of Government regulations defined the duties of all on the station. No violation of these rules was tolerated on the part either of the officials or of the convicts. The degrees of punishment for the latter were varied, and the severer punishments were exhausting and dangerous. The chain-gang, with large trunks of trees or massive beams on their shoulders, crawled along looking like an enormous centipede. The labourers, sometimes thirty together, groaning beneath a crushing weight, obtained no respite from toil. The slippery and sloping ground exposed them to terrific perils. If one man fell, it was almost certain death to himself and severe injury to others. If the men threw off their burden in desperation they were flogged, taken back, and compelled to raise by almost supernatural effort the load they had laid down. Orders were enforced without a moment's relaxation, and the scourge was the chief agent of control. Gentlemen convicts were employed in lighter labour, and were not associated with those of a lower class, so long as their conduct was exemplary; but for the least irregularity they were transferred to more penal gangs.



EAGLE HAWK NECK AND PIRATES' BAY.

The hand of authority was certainly heavy, but it had the one merit of being uniform and impartial. The overseers and constables, being themselves under strict

rule, were less brutal than those at the road-parties and at the detached penal stations. Compared with other settlements of its class, the management of Port Arthur during Booth's administration was comparatively humane. It is true he never pardoned, and was inexorable in enforcing the prescribed punishments for every offence; but he succeeded in crushing out all spirit of resistance. Cases of great individual hardship undoubtedly occurred; but mutinies, murders, and suicides were more frequent under those commandants who afterwards endeavoured to temper justice with mercy—an attempt which generally resulted in rendering punishment more capricious, and therefore more irritating. Under the most equitable and uniform administrations of Port Arthur, the system of repression employed there reached the extreme limit of human endurance; but when caprice or personal ill-will came into play, that limit was often overpassed, and the sufferers would throw away life to escape their misery. This, however, was not usually effected by suicide. The difficulties in the way of it were great, and the punishment very severe when the attempt was detected. Those who were anxious at any cost to escape the crushing misery of their position would more frequently do it by means of a murder. Two men weary of life would draw lots which should be murdered and which murderer. The murderer would be committed for trial, and from the time of his trial would be a privileged being, no longer subject to the lash or to prison labour. Then would come the journey to Hobart, the transfer to the town-jail, and, presently, the excitement and importance of a trial, in which he was an object of interest to all spectators. To a man who had made up his mind to death, all this was a delightful break in the monotony of a wretched existence, divested of every enjoyment, where even the possession of a "quid" of tobacco would be punished by severe flogging. It was, in fact, a common saying amongst the prisoners, that "Tobacco was worse than murder," meaning that in the scale of prison crimes it involved consequences more dreaded by the prisoners.

The conformation of Tasman's Peninsula, taken in conjunction with its dense forests, denser ravines, impassable scrub, and barren mountains, fitted it naturally for a prison settlement. It is nearly an island, connected merely by a narrow spit of sand with another peninsula of similar character, which in its turn is connected by an equally narrow neck with the mainland. Long before the era of the electric telegraph, a system of telegraphy was established here by means of semaphores, and stations clearly in sight of one another passed signals on from Port Arthur to Hobart and back again. Thus if a prisoner attempted to escape, the intelligence was rapidly conveyed to every part of the peninsula, and on to the capital. Then, again, as there could be no escape within the peninsula, the attempt necessarily involved the passage of Eagle Hawk Neck, the narrow isthmus connecting Tasman's Peninsula with Forestier's Peninsula, and the neck was closely guarded by cordons of sentries and by savage mastiffs, so chained that their tethers met across the causeway; while the bays on each side of it swarmed with sharks, systematically fed, so as to furnish an additional security against escape. For some time after transportation had ceased Port Arthur was still maintained as an Imperial establishment. It was then handed over to the Colonial Government, who continued to use it as a prison, but with a very relaxed discipline;

and ultimately the establishment was broken up altogether, and the remnant of old prisoners conveyed to the Hobart Penitentiary.

Since then the whole peninsula has been marked out into Government lots, and a good many gentleman-settlers have taken up land on Tasman's Peninsula. The Port Arthur settlement has been rechristened, and is now known officially as the township of Carnarvon. The objects of interest to visitors there are the now disused penitentiary, a vast building admirably arranged for purposes of order, discipline, and inspection; the general hospital, and the hospital for the insane, in appropriate contiguity with the so-called model prison, an establishment thoroughly adapted for keeping up the supply of patients for the aforesaid hospital. The inmates of the model prison were treated on the silent system combined with the solitary system, and a more horrible system of mental torture could hardly be devised. They were shut in separate cells, so padded that no sound, either by voice or rapping, could pass from one to the other. They walked in list slippers on matted floors. They could not see their fellows either at church or during exercise. When exercising they wore vizors, which shut off the sight of everything except the ground they trod on; at church they were placed in pew-cells, so arranged that each man could see no one but the clergyman. The climax of horror in this system was the confinement of offenders in cells so dark that not even the faintest ray could penetrate the absolute and utter blackness, and so padded that no sound could reach the ear of the inmate. From time to time Port Arthur was the scene of experiments in prison discipline, and the model prison was one of the fads of one of the reformers who were allowed to work their will for a time in this region of misery.

All these dire mementoes of a hateful past stand, as we have said, amidst scenes of romantic beauty, which are now the abode of industrious settlers, and the sites of comfortable homes. A regular access to the peninsula has been established of late years by steamers running twice a week to Taranna, a little settlement at the north of the peninsula, standing on an inlet of Norfolk Bay. From Carnarvon to Taranna is seven miles of a nearly straight track. The road is on the line of an old wooden tram, which was one of the earliest works constructed on the peninsula when it was made a penal settlement. It was worked entirely by prisoners, for no other beasts of burden were ever employed in the penal settlements. The convicts were not engaged in useless or make-believe work. They constructed every building in the settlement,

including their own prison. They cleared the forest, worked the cleared land, grew all the corn and vegetables required for their own consumption and that of the officials; they worked at saw-pits, and converted into planks and house-timber the trees they had felled; they built boats and coasting vessels; and they worked some coal-mines on the peninsula, which produced an excellent anthracite. This last occupation was particularly disliked, and regarded accordingly as a means of extra punishment.

THE TESSELLATED PAVEMENTS.

There is a regular conveyance between Carnarvon and Taranna, and at no great distance beyond Taranna lie some of the show places of the peninsula. One of these is Eagle Hawk Neck, already mentioned. The road hither from Taranna coasts a small inlet lying between Tasman's and Forestier's Peninsula. The Neck lies at the head of the inlet. On a knoll commanding it are the remains of the military guard-house, and the stages on which were chained the savage dogs already mentioned as adding to the danger of any attempted escape. On the east of the Neck is Pirates' Bay, on which at a little distance up the coast lie the Tessellated Pavements, immense floors of flat rocks fitted together like a work of art, and studded at intervals with great honeycombed boulders that appear like mammoth sponges. Then in an opposite direction going down the coast a little way is the Blowhole, a deep cave in the rocks, worn out by the action of the sea, and extending far under the neck of a small promontory to a point where a large portion of the land on the opposite slope has fallen in, and where the dash of the water can be watched in its ebb and flow from the ocean.

About a mile along the beach from this opening rises the grandest of all the strange formations of this coast, namely Tasman's Arch. It is due, no doubt, to long continued action of the sea, wearing away both rock and land. Two long parallel walls of cliff, eighty or ninety feet high, support a vast mass of rock crowned with earth and forest to a thickness of fifty or sixty feet; and through the arch thus formed is seen the wash of the ocean between the sustaining walls that form the entrance to the long natural tunnel which finds its outlet at the mouth of the Blowhole.

The next section of our article deals with D'Entrecasteaux Channel and the Huon

River, along which lie the most important fruit-growing districts of Tasmania. Fruit and jam are amongst the principal exports of the colony. It is a striking evidence of the essential similarity of the English and Tasmanian climates that every sort of fruit which ripens well in the open air in England thrives equally well in Tasmania, while those which require artificial culture in England will not arrive at any perfection in Tasmania without some similar aid. Hence it comes that the tropical and semi-tropical colonies in the Australian group are mainly dependent on Tasmania for the sorts of fruit most acceptable to the English palate. From here they get their supply of those classes of pears and apples which are suitable for winter keeping; while hundreds of tons of the softer and smaller fruits reach them annually from Tasmania in the shape of jam. The names of some of the jam-making firms in Tasmania are even as household words from Cape Howe to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The physical conformation of the Channel and Huon districts has had much to do with the development of fruit culture. No one who takes the journey from north to south along the main road can fail to notice that the aspect of the scenery changes as soon as he surmounts the crest of Constitution Hill, and that it assumes thenceforward the characteristics of Scottish as distinguished from English scenery. In fact, Tasmania north of Constitution Hill may be considered a sort of smaller England, while south of that boundary it becomes a much-diminished Scotland—a country of rugged mountains and narrow valleys. This renders it far less suitable for agriculture and pasture than the northern parts of the island, but by no means less fitted for horticulture. In the valleys amongst the hills the soil is an accumulation of detritus from the mountain-side, and is generally very rich and productive, and these characteristics of Southern Tasmania become more marked as we get further south. Hence the settled portions of the island south of Hobart are principally held by small proprietors, and these chiefly turn

TASMAN'S ARCH.

their attention to fruit-culture, as being more profitable than agriculture for small holdings.

The scenery of these regions is very pleasing, and one can scarcely find in any part of the island more to delight the eye than may be met with in an excursion down the Channel and up the Huon River, as far as the Franklin township. The opportunities for such an excursion occur almost daily. Four times a week small but well-equipped steamboats run down the Channel, ascending the Huon River, and returning to town next day. The way to enjoy the excursion thoroughly is to go by water as far as Franklin, and return to Hobart by coach. The distance by road is less than half the distance by water, and it would be difficult to say which part of the journey is the more fascinating to the lover of fine scenery. In his trip down the Channel the tourist can be put ashore at any spot which he would like to explore, and may always feel confident of being able to go on next day, or the day after at latest.

Throughout the journey there is always something to interest and delight. Looking back as we leave the wharf, we get that grand panoramic view of the town and mountain which was described in our account of the approach to Hobart by sea.* Turning our back to the town, when we have passed the Castray Esplanade, we see on our right the whole of the Sandy Bay suburb, standing at the foot of the hills which culminate in Mount Nelson. Running past it, the vessel skirts the coast, which rises gradually from sandhills to grand sandstone cliffs. Two or three miles beyond the Grange, a very fine country house, conspicuously situated, comes the Shot Tower. The cliffs rise higher and higher for about a mile beyond the tower, when the coast bends inwards with an abrupt dip towards Brown's River, officially known as Kingston. Having crossed the mouth of the Brown's River Bay, we come to a fine headland, Pearson's Point, called also Passage Point. High up on this stand the residences of two pilots, whose duty it is to board and take charge of every vessel that comes up the bay, except in the case of those which hold an exemption from pilotage by authority of the Hobart Marine Board. The front windows of the pilots' houses command a complete view of the bay, so that no ship can pass unseen into the Estuary of the Derwent. Immediately opposite is the northern point of Bruny Island.

Bruny Island was so named from General Bruny D'Entrecasteaux, who commanded one of those French expeditions which explored the South Seas about the end of the last century, and which have left many records of their visits in the names given to various headlands, islands, and rivers along the coast of Tasmania. The Huon River itself was named from a Captain Huon Kermandec, from whose surname, somewhat blundered, the Kermandie River has been named. The island consists of two peninsulas, North and South Bruny, connected by a narrow strip of sand. North Bruny forms the west coast of Storm Bay. The northern point of it is almost due west of the Iron Pot Lighthouse, which guards the entrance to the Derwent Estuary.

Between Bruny and the mainland lies D'Entrecasteaux Channel. If there has

* Vol. I., p. 140.

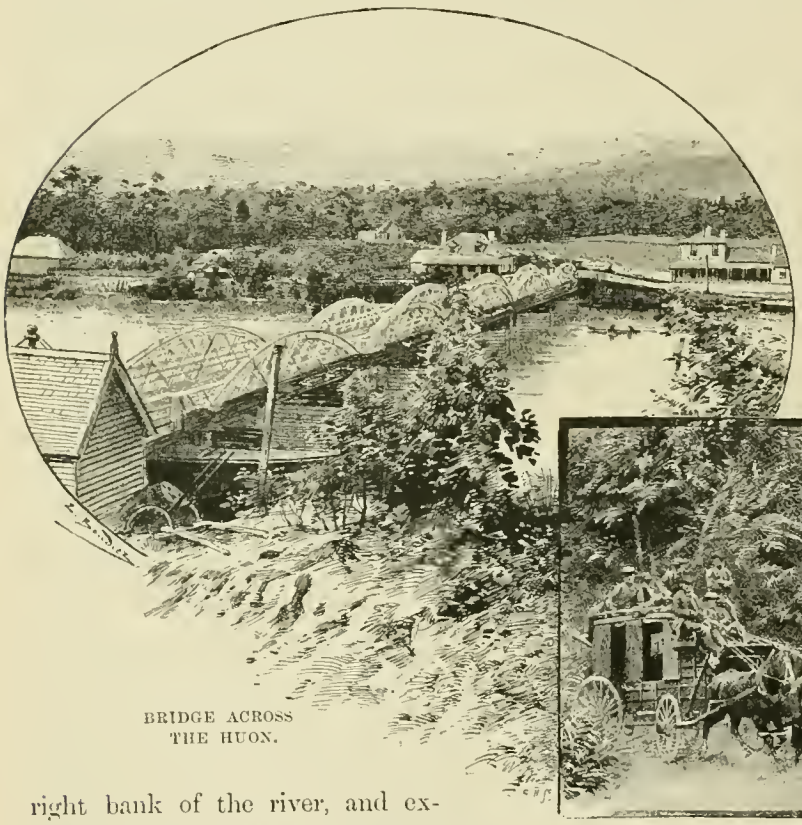
been rough weather down the bay, a marked difference is felt as soon as Pearson's Point is passed and the Channel entered. The shelter of the land renders this part of the journey a sort of river excursion, though we are far below the line of fresh water. The steamers stop habitually at every township or settlement possessing a jetty, but they will also put out a boat to accommodate passengers who wish to go ashore at any part of the coast, or to take on board others who have signalled the vessel by lighting a fire on the beach. The first regular halting-place after Pearson's Point is Great Oyster Cove, once the abode of the last remnant of aborigines. Here they resided, under the care of a superintendent. They were well housed, well clothed, and well fed; but they dropped off one by one, till at length the only survivor was a woman named Truganini, and she died in 1876. More than forty years previously she had aided Mr. Robinson in his endeavour to induce the natives to submit to the Colonial Government, and had contributed greatly to his success by her influence with her countrymen.

After Great Oyster Cove, the next stoppage is at the far prettier bay of Little Oyster Cove. Here is an excellent jetty, and on each side of the bay are houses with well-kept gardens and orchards sloping to the waterside. About three miles more along the coast brings us to the township of Woodbridge, better known by its unofficial designation of Peppermint Bay. Within the last few years this has been rising steadily into note as a favourite summer resort. Most of the inhabitants of the bay are fruit-growers, and a strong, well-constructed jetty, with tram-rails, furnishes the means of conveying their produce to the steamer. The value of property in this neighbourhood has greatly increased of late years, for the beauty of the bay, with its sheltering amphitheatre of hills and its delightful climate, has been the means of attracting not merely summer visitors, but several permanent residents, who have purchased land, built houses, and in many ways improved the township. From the bay itself, and especially from some of the hills surrounding it, there are exquisite views of the Channel. The peculiarity of the coast scenery in the Channel consists in the succession of small bays bounded by points of land projecting far out, so that each bay is a small sheltered harbour. In some places six or seven such points may be seen overlapping one another within a range of about five miles as we look along the Channel from an elevated position.

After Woodbridge, Long Bay and Gordon are passed, both thriving little settlements, the former lying partly at the foot and partly on the slope of a hill marked in the more recent surveys as Grove's Hill. From this we get the finest views both up and down the Channel that are obtainable anywhere. Rounding the point on which Gordon lies, we enter the Huon River; but as there are two opportunities every week of going further down the coast, we will suppose that we are availing ourselves of one of these, and that we run past the estuary of the Huon to Port Esperance. This is a beautiful land-locked bay, and the scene of an annual regatta, which brings great numbers of visitors from every part of the Channel and from Hobart. In the mouth of the bay are three small islands, known respectively as Faith, Hope, and Charity. Hope Island, the largest of the three, is a thriving and productive farm. Port Esperance and the more southern bays of Southport and Recherche derive their

importance from their saw-mills. They lie on the edge of vast forests, which for many years to come are likely to supply timber sufficient to meet all the wants of Tasmania itself, and to leave a large surplus for exportation.

Returning up the coast, we see behind us two grand mountain peaks. These are collectively known as Adamson's Peak, but separately as the Cow and the Calf. Entering the estuary of the Huon, we pass Huon Island, a fertile farm of 105 acres prettily fringed with sheltering trees, up to Port Cygnet, the estuary of a river which discharges itself into the estuary of the Huon. The township of Port Cygnet, officially known as Lovett, is a thriving place, with jam manufactories, saw-mills, and coal-mines. Leaving the Cygnet estuary, we cross to Shipwrights' Point, on the mouth of the Huon. A regatta is held here every New Year's Day. It is one of the favourite holidays of the Hobart people. Every available steamer is chartered for the occasion, and every one is sure to be crowded. The navigation of the Huon is difficult, owing to shifting sands, hence the progress up the river is slow. The journey terminates at Franklin, the capital of the Huon district. The town is built on the right bank of the river, and extends in a somewhat straggling array for about a mile. A few days may be pleasantly spent in Franklin and its neighbourhood. The banks of the stream are beautifully wooded; and fishing and boating excursions form the chief attraction to the visitor. As he sits watching his line, or slowly paddling along the stream, he will be struck by the mirror-like effects of the water. Every object is reflected, with wonderful accuracy of colour and minuteness of detail. The overhanging trees and foliage in all



BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUON.

ON THE HUON ROAD.

their fantastic forms, the tints of the clouds and colour of the sky, with the green of the orchards and gardens beyond, together form a picture which will never be forgotten, and which in after days will often "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

The journey back to Hobart by coach is twenty-five miles. The road runs through picturesque mountain gorges, and round the ends of gullies abounding in the giant fern and the graceful grass-tree. It is terraced round the spurs of Mount Wellington,

BROWN'S RIVER BAY.

and in some places it runs on the side of such a steep incline that the tops of tall gum-trees are on a level with the coach as it bowls along the highway. The necessity for heading numerous creeks and gorges makes the bends of the road very abrupt in some parts, and arches and culverts are of frequent occurrence. Coming from the Huon to Hobart, the incline is almost continuously upward till we arrive quite near the town, when a bend in the road brings to view the bright and beautiful panorama of the city and the bay, and a rapid drive downhill soon lands us at the coach-office in Liverpool Street.

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THE EARLIER MAORI WARS.

The First Cause of the Troubles—Distribution of Blame—The Maori Character—The Wairau Massacre—Rauparaha and Rangihaeata—Governor Fitzroy's Decision—Its Misconception by the Natives—Heke's "Rebellion"—Strange Allies—An Assault on the Pah Repulsed—A Soldier Tortured—Taken Unawares—The Chief's Latter End—Trouble in the Hutt Valley—Arrest of Rauparaha—Rangihaeata's Lament—A Mischance at Wanganui—Revenge and Retribution—Pride and Appetite—Superior Savages—The Proofs of Superiority.

THE phrase "Maori Wars" is, perhaps, somewhat misleading, although it is that which is generally used to denote the whole of the incidents to be related here and in a subsequent article. For there was only one war worthy the name. From the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, which formally ceded to the Queen the sovereignty of New Zealand in 1840, up till about 1870 or later, troubles were continually arising between the settlers and the natives. At various times during these thirty years, and at various places, the disagreement took the shape of actual fighting. The first blood was shed, and the long, fierce, disheartening struggle begun in real earnest, in the northern part of the South Island, but the rest of the fighting was entirely confined to the North Island. Even there the petty wars, as they may be called, were neither widespread nor protracted, though they were bloody and numerous, and found their theatres of action, from time to time, in nearly every part of the island. Many of the tribes continued friendly throughout and often fought as bravely and consistently on our side against their countrymen as the latter did in their own defence.

The immediate causes of the greater part of the bloodshed were disputes about land; but it is not at all clear that the more distant and real causes were not very different. Everybody seems to have been to blame—Administration, settlers, and natives—but the natives undoubtedly least of all. The chiefs who had subscribed to the treaty of cession had been persuaded to do so by representations of the resulting benefits, and by the assurance that their full territorial rights would be secured to them: but many powerful chiefs of the interior had never signed at all—had not even been asked to sign. It soon became evident that the intentions of the white man were purely selfish, and that, while he did not in the least object to any scheme for the amelioration of the Maoris that might be accomplished without trouble to himself, his sole object was to acquire the largest possible quantity of land at the lowest possible cost. The Maoris were not only neglected by the Administration, but they were often treated with indignity by the settlers. Many of the latter regarded them as mere niggers, and did not find out that they were not till blood had flowed like water and many a homestead had smoked to the sky.

It could not be expected that the Maoris would submit to such treatment without very emphatic protests. At first these were merely verbal. The Maoris were fond of the "pakeha." He brought them luxuries formerly unimagined. They had a vast respect for him, too, for they at once and instinctively recognised him as their superior. By-and-by they gauged his motives more accurately, for as time went on he was less careful to conceal them. They found that he was neither so infallible nor so invulnerable as he would have them believe. So they finally, and not unsuccessfully, protested with

gunpowder and percussion-caps and double-barrelled guns. In this there is nothing that is in the smallest degree wonderful. The Maoris were intelligent, courageous, and utterly fearless of death. They were, moreover, savages of a most cruel and ferocious type. Before the advent of the white, they were constantly fighting with one another; war was their vocation, war was their recreation, war was a principal source of their food supply. To conquer was their highest ambition. To be defeated was worse than death. They drank the warm blood of their fallen enemies. They plucked out and swallowed the eyes of the chiefs whom they vanquished. Captives of war were fattened, and then they were eaten. Human flesh was a staple commodity, bartered from one tribe to another, in strict accordance with the laws of supply and demand. Charles Hursthouse—and few men knew the Maori better than he—says in his book on New Zealand, "The day the two races met, the Anglo-Saxon saw he had found a dark-skinned *man*—no slave-negro, clumsy Kaffir, pig-headed Hottentot, emasculate Hindoo, or soft Paphian islander nourished on bread-fruit pap; but a black Scandinavian of the south, a very clever and ferocious six-feet savage, who ate the dog and shark, drank blood, scoffed at death, and who any day in the year would fight his enemy to the death for the prize of the corpse to feast on; a fierce but shrewd pagan, wont to procure his food and enforce his rights by the *argumentum baculinum*, the *meri* (a sort of axe), and the war-club."

Such being the character of the Maoris, it was only natural they should resent the neglect and contempt they experienced at the hands of the whites. They saw that what the latter were most desirous of obtaining was land; and by way of retaliation they refused to let them have it. But the whites would have it—honestly if possible, but have it they would. So there was war in the land. It would be stating only half the truth, however, to say that the sole motive of the Maoris for keeping some of the best pieces of land to themselves was revenge. With all their good qualities, they were not only vindictive but avaricious. If the land was, and would be still more, a source of wealth to the white man, why not to the Maori also? For the same reason that the white man was anxious to acquire land, the Maori became anxious to keep it. "The money we get for the land," he said, "is soon gone, but the land remains for ever." He was wise enough not to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs: but he was hardly wise enough to see that by keeping the goose to himself he materially depreciated the value of the eggs.

The history of the war may be naturally divided into three epochs—the first being the fighting between 1843 and 1848; the second, the Taranaki war of 1860–61, and the war of 1863–64, which was fought out in the country south of Auckland, and was the greatest of the Maori wars; the third, which must be reserved for a subsequent chapter, the troubles arising from the foundation among the Maoris of a superstitious fanaticism, the votaries of which were called the Hau Haus.

The Wairau massacre is one of the most lamentable incidents in the authentic history of New Zealand. It is especially so because not only was there a loss of English life, but there was a lack of English justice in the cause for which it was laid down. Ranparaha and Rangihaeata were great chiefs, who lived for the most part on

the northern shore of Cook Strait. They were the proprietors also of a large tract of fertile land on the opposite side of the strait. This block, known as the Wairau Valley, lies about seventy miles from Nelson, in a south-easterly direction. The New Zealand Company professed to have purchased it from the natives. This company had been formed in 1839 for the purpose of acquiring land for settlement by immigrants, and what are now the principal towns in the neighbourhood of Cook Strait—Wellington, Wanganui, New Plymouth, and Nelson—were founded by it. It was the action thus taken by private gentlemen that induced the British Government to negotiate for the sovereignty of New Zealand. In 1840 it became a dependency of the Crown, and the Maoris obtained all the rights of British subjects on paper. Had they obtained these rights in reality, many difficulties might have been avoided. The unphilosophical Briton usually regards himself as belonging to a race superior to all other races, contemporary or defunct; and he is disposed to grant equal rights and liberties only to those who are able to take them by force in the event of his refusal. In plain words, the average Briton is somewhat of a bully; and nowhere is this trait of character—co-existing, of course, with many traits that are admirable—more clearly shown than in the early history of our various colonies. It was this spirit that led to the affray at the Wairau. Rauparaha denied having sold the land, refused the payment which was offered, and said the land was his own, and he meant to keep it. The Company, moreover, had nothing to show in evidence of their purchase, as was afterwards declared by the commissioner appointed to inquire into disputes about land. The agent of the Company at Nelson sent surveyors to the place. Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, who had crossed the strait in canoes, fired the surveyors' huts, alleging that the materials of which they were constructed belonged to themselves. The surveyors' own property had been first removed to a distance and carefully preserved from injury.

MONUMENT AT MASSACRE HILL, NEAR BLENHEIM.

Upon this the Government magistrate at Nelson issued a warrant for the apprehension of the two chiefs on a charge of arson, and, accompanied by the Company's agent and a party of constables, proceeded to execute it. In the Government brig they sailed for Cloudy Bay, into which the Wairau River discharges itself, and landed there on the 15th of June, 1843. On the 16th, while searching for Rauparaha, they fell in with a friendly chief, a nephew of Rauparaha, who warned them not to deal harshly with his uncle. On the 17th they came upon the two chiefs, with about a hundred followers, on a strong position on the farther side of a deep and rapid tributary of the Wairau. Behind was a dense scrub, which would afford them a safe retreat. Several of the

SCENE OF THE WAIRAU MASSACRE.

European party crossed the stream in a canoe. The usual salutations were not omitted, only the magistrate refusing to join. The warrant was then produced, and a demand made for Rauparaha and Rangihaeata. The former said that the land belonged to him, that he could do what he pleased with his own, that he would not go, and that he would stay where he was; and the passionate Rangihaeata exclaimed furiously, "I am on my own settlement; I do not go to England to interfere with you." Meanwhile Rauparaha's nephew, who was perhaps the only man in the whole assembly who followed an entirely blameless line of conduct, read passages from the New Testament, and besought that peace might be preserved. His injunctions were unheeded, not only by the savages, but also by those who called themselves Christians. The conduct of the magistrate was highly reprehensible. He was not only hasty in the issue of the warrant, but overbearing in the execution of it. On the chiefs refusing to submit to his authority, he threatened to fire. Their answer was the same. From the European side a shot was fired, which hit one of the natives. A *mêlée* ensued. The Europeans, overpowered by numbers, fled across the stream into the woods, but not before thirteen had been killed and nine taken prisoners. The blood of the chiefs was up. Fierce hereditary instincts were high in the ascendent, overwhelming every consideration of prudence or policy. Rauparaha, an old man now, had in his younger days made a slaughtering expedition half-way down the South Island, killing, roasting, and eating as he went. What Rauparaha had been then, Rangihaeata was now. Te Ronga, wife of Rangihaeata and daughter of Rauparaha, was lying dead, killed by the bullets of the "pakehas." In the heat of the moment, and in conformity with the Maori usage, which demands blood for blood, the captives were slain as they stood, all defenceless. The magistrate and the Company's agent were among those that found a grave where a larger estate had been hoped for; and a monument to their memory, and that of the rest of the fallen, now marks the spot, which is known as Massacre Hill.

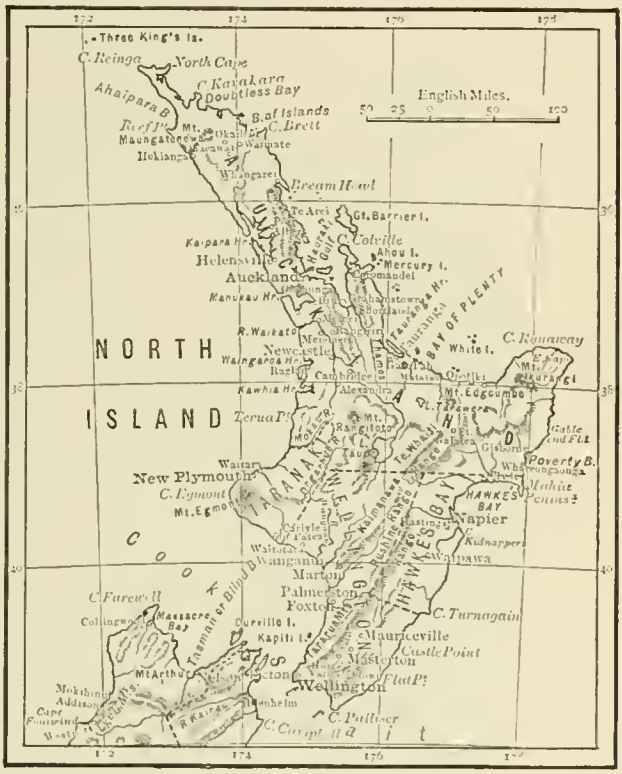
The two chiefs went back to their old haunts on the north side of the strait, and took up their residence at Otaki. There a Wesleyan missionary obtained Rauparaha's consent to bury the European dead, who still lay ghastly in the light of day. He journeyed to the Wairau, and like a Christian man, and a brave one, he performed the sacred duty he had undertaken. He found that every skull had been cleft, but that the Maoris had refrained from practising their usual bloody rites upon the bodies.

In the colony the event caused as great a shock as when a great stone is cast into a quiet pond, and the outermost rings and ripples of the dire consternation beat with no small force even against the distant shores of Europe, but especially on those of the home-land. The tide of immigrants was checked. Sympathy with the New Zealand settlers was expressed in every quarter. At Paris, as reported in *Galignani's Messenger* for April 3rd, 1844, "a proposition was made to commence a subscription to enable the unfortunate settlers to return home."

The natives were highly elated, for it had been demonstrated that the "pakeha" was neither invincible in the field nor incapable of moral error, and there followed, very naturally, a decrease of faith in him and an increase of faith in themselves.

In the year following that of the so-called massacre, Governor Fitzroy had an interview with Rauparaha. After inquiring into the whole matter, he gave his decision as follows:—"Hearken, O chiefs and elders, to my decision. . . . In the first place the 'pakehas' were in the wrong. They had no right to build houses on the land, the sale of which you disputed. . . . They were wrong in trying to apprehend you, who had committed no crime. . . . As they were greatly to blame, and as they began the fight, and as you were hurried into crime by their misconduct, I will not avenge their deaths."

The Governor's verdict, just though it was, was mistaken by the natives for cowardice, and turned their admiration for Europeans almost to contempt. Rauparaha himself said with a scornful laugh that the Governor was afraid of him; and another chief is reported to have said —"You white people are very good for building houses and ships, for buying and selling, for making cattle fat, and for growing bread and cabbages; you are like the rats, always at work; but as to fighting, you are like them also, you only know how to run." What a blow to English pride was this!—coming, not from Frenchman or Muscovite, but from one of a pack of savages in the South Seas.



MAP OF THE WAR DISTRICT.

The next conflict between the two races ran its disastrous course in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands. It is generally, but very erroneously, called the rebellion of Hone, or Johnny, Heke. Notwithstanding that the cases are not exactly parallel, it is quite as absurd to call Heke a rebel as it would be to call Kosciusko or William Wallace a rebel. Heke was married to the daughter of the renowned warrior Hongi, who had in 1820, under the wing of the missionaries, visited England, been introduced to George IV., and collected arms and ammunition, and who had returned to New Zealand only to carry fire, death, and ruin far to the south by aid of his superior weapons. Heke was less travelled than his father-in-law, though hardly less remarkable in other respects. He had reached an advanced stage of civilisation. From being a savage he became a Christian. When receiving the sacrament, he was so deeply affected as to shed tears. His knowledge of the Scriptures was most

profound, and references to Bible events and characters were ever on his lips. From Christianity he drifted into scepticism. He hated the whites, comparing them to the Egyptians, and his own countrymen to the Israelites whom the Egyptians held in bondage. He was chief of the Ngapuhi tribe.

Among the Ngapuhi it had come to be generally believed that the flagstaff erected at Kororareka was the cause, or, at any rate, the symbol of the cause, of all their calamities. Their grievances were undoubtedly real. Heke had signed the treaty, but he had done so under the impression that he was doing something to his own advantage. Before long, however, the price of everything was raised by the imposition of Customs duties; and the sailors and whalers, who were wicked in themselves, but good to the Maoris, were all driven away. The flagstaff, cause of all their woe, was cut down by Heke's men. Previous to the operation, they went through a war dance and recited a chant, partly in honour of the God of the Bible and partly an invocation to the Maori god of battles, Tu-matauenga.

On hearing of the outrage, Governor Fitzroy hastened to the spot. At an assembly of the natives at Waimate, ten old muskets were offered in atonement of the so-called act of rebellion, and twenty-five chiefs apologised for Heke's misconduct. Heke himself, who manifested an extravagant fondness for epistolary literature throughout his whole career, apologised by a letter that showed more defiance than contrition. Thomas Walker Nene, or, as he is designated in the Maori tongue, Tamati Waka Nene, was at this time and henceforth entirely a Queen's man. By his advice the Governor withdrew the troops which had been sent in anticipation of hostilities. The flagstaff was re-established; and, to remove the chief cause of the discontent, Kororareka was declared a free port.

Instead of pacifying the Maoris, this concession simply confirmed them in the belief that the white man was afraid of them. The property of two settlers was destroyed; the flagpole was again levelled with the ground; but no blood was spilt. The Governor immediately offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of those who had interfered with the settlers, and a like sum for the capture of Heke. Heke was an astute and ambitious savage. He had also a fine sense of humour. He offered £100 for the head of Governor Fitzroy. H.M.S. *Hazard* was sent to the Bay of Islands with a detachment of the 96th Regiment. The flagstaff, sheathed with iron and surrounded by a stockade, was again set up, and soldiers were posted to defend it.

In the first days of March, 1845, Heke assembled his men in the neighbourhood of Kororareka. A missionary procured leave one Sunday to preach in his camp, and chose for his text, "Whence come wars and fightings?" When the sermon was over, Heke told the preacher he had better have delivered it to the white men, to whom it was more applicable. On the 11th the signal-station was again taken, the town sacked and burnt, and the inhabitants forced to flee in ships to Auckland. Heke's *coup* spread dismay throughout the colony. At Auckland, Wellington, and Nelson, defensive works were begun. The people of Auckland were daily expecting that Heke would be upon them. A sentry was stationed to report the first appearance of the enemy. At

last one night the roll of musketry was heard in the distance. All through the darkness the citizens watched in a state of suspense and alarm. They heard the beat and the call of unseen drums and bugles, and listened to the regular tread of unseen

HEKE AND HIS WIFE.

feet. The soldiers were mustered, the sailors were landed from the ships of war in the harbour, positions of defence were assumed, but the advancing night brought with it no dusky foemen, and by daylight, when limbs were stiff and eyes were sore, it was known that the guns had been fired in a neighbouring village to celebrate the death of a chief.

In many parts of the country the conduct of the natives waxed insolent; and out-settlers, in fear of their lives, began to collect in the towns. The only way to bring about a better state of things was to suppress Heke. On the 3rd of April, 1845, troops sailed from Auckland for the Bay. Once again the standard was hoisted, and martial law was proclaimed. Heke was entrenched at Okaihau, eighteen miles inland, and approachable only through the roughest of country. The English force consisted of 400 men, who were joined by 400 native allies under Tamati Waka Nene. The parties to this strange confederacy were a constant source of wonder to each other. The Englishmen were astonished that a mob of savages, barely removed from cannibalism, and full of strange and barbarous customs, should every morning and evening openly and fervently worship God; while, on the other hand, the savages, observing the conduct of the soldiers, seriously doubted whether they were Christians. In a few days Okaihau was reached. It was defended by two lines of palisades. Inside these there was a ditch or shallow excavation all round, from which the enemy fired. The outer fence, being interwoven with the long tough leaves of the New Zealand flax, served also as a screen. A sally was made from the "pah," but it was easily repulsed. Within the "pah" the enemy were secure. It soon became quite evident that, without artillery, the place was impregnable; and the troops, therefore, fell back on the coast. In their march thither they were not once molested; and the native allies gained the gratitude and admiration of the troops by constructing litters and carefully conveying the wounded through the wooded and mountainous country which had to be traversed. The chivalrous nature of our savage enemies was further apparent from the fact that, after we had gone, they deepened the graves of our dead, and procured missionaries to read the burial service over them.

Flushed with success—for the failure of the English he reckoned as success to himself—Heke became still more arrogant. In a letter to the Governor he said "Cæsar, Pontius Pilate, Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh, Nicodemus, Agrippa, and Herod were kings and governors. Did they confer any benefit? Or did they not rather kill Christ Jesus?" He attacked our native allies, and received a wound which prevented him for some time from taking an active part in the war. Kawiti, his colleague, became fighting general, and took up a strong position at Ohaeawai, nineteen miles from the coast. An expedition of 900 men, including natives, advanced upon him. This time the artillery, of which there were four pieces, had not been overlooked. The "pah" was surrounded by three rows of high palisades, and a ditch five feet deep was dug on the inner side of the inmost row. The enemy were estimated at 250. A thirty-two pounder was fired continuously against the palisades, and when it was thought a sufficient breach had been made, a storming party was organised. Shortly after 3 p.m. on the 1st of July, 200 men advanced to the assault. It was then discovered that the inmost fence was quite intact; and after ten minutes of terrible and utterly ineffectual fighting, in which half our men were killed or wounded, a retreat was made. To the British soldiery the night which followed was an awful one. In the cold and darkness of an Antipodean winter they lay in momentary expectation of an attack from the jubilant enemy. The latter, however, were otherwise engaged. The

night was perfectly still, and every sound within the "pah" was distinctly audible. A soldier of the 99th had been captured, and every half-hour he was tortured with red-hot irons. His screams of agony, and ejaculations of "O my God! O my God!" together with the yells and ferocious merriment of the savages, rang with horrible distinctness far into the solitudes. The soldiers were driven almost to frenzy, and entreated to be allowed to go to the rescue of their comrade or to die in the attempt. For several days the hostile parties faced each other, but no shots were fired. On the 3rd the Maoris hoisted a white flag, and requested the English to come forward and bury their dead. On the 10th the "pah" was abandoned, the retreat being concealed by the howling of the dogs, who were tied up for that purpose. A new position was taken up at Ikorangi, and there, while dancing their dance of war, the triumphant Ngapuhi sang the following lines in derision of their enemies:—

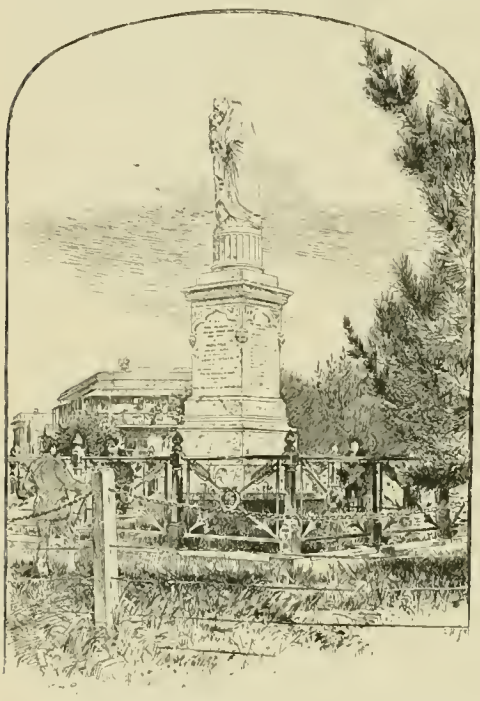
"An attack! An attack! E ha!
A battle! A battle! E ha!
A fight on the banks of the river!
It is completely swept and emptied.
Oh! you would fight, you would fight!
You had better stayed at home in Europe
Than have suffered a repulse from Whareahau.
He has driven you back to your God!
You may cast your book behind,
And leave your religion on the ground.
An attack! An attack! E ha!
A battle! A battle! E ha!"

During the next four months Governor Fitzroy did nothing but wait. The forces at his command were insufficient to ensure success. Heke and Kawiti continued hostile. The former busied himself with letter-writing, and the latter with fortifying "pahs." Captain Fitzroy was recalled, and in November Captain Grey assumed the arduous duties of Governor-in-Chief. Reinforcements also arrived.

Governor Grey immediately proceeded to the Bay of Islands, and informed Heke that he gave him four days to decide for peace or war. In his reply Heke quoted the words of a war-song which sufficiently indicated his intentions:—"Oh! let us fight, fight, fight, aha! Let us fight, aha! for the land that lies open before us!" Kawiti was entrenched at Rua-peka-peka, a "pah" of enormous strength. It measured 170 yards by 70 yards, and was surrounded by two rows of high and strong timber palisades, a parapet of earth, and a ditch. Its defenders numbered about five hundred. In the besieging party there were about 1,200 Europeans and 450 Maoris.

On the last day of 1845 a flag was hoisted within the "pah;" but it was carried away soon after by a shot from one of the English guns, an incident which called forth the admiration of the natives, both friendly and hostile. On the 2nd of January a sally was made from the "pah," but it was driven back by our allies under Tamati Waka Nene, who requested that the English soldiers should not be allowed to join in the fight, because they could not properly distinguish between friends and enemies. On Saturday, the 10th, firing from the thirty-two pounders and some smaller guns was

kept up all day, and two breaches were made in the outer defences. On the same evening Heke arrived from Ikorangi, having been detained there by a feigned attack from a body of friendly natives. Next day being Sunday, the enemy were under the impression that there would be no fighting on the part of those who were the countrymen of the missionaries. They retired, therefore, behind the "pah" for the purpose of cooking their Sunday dinner and holding their Sunday services beyond reach of the shot and shell that hurtled and burst around them. A brother of Tamati Waka Nene, suspecting how matters were, crept close up to one of the breaches. Seeing only a few persons in the "pah," he made signals to that effect. The place was soon in the hands of the English; and the Maoris, ceasing their hymns and prayers, rushed to attack the position they had so lately defended. To their own serious disadvantage, they proved its great strength. After making a gallant fight of it for four hours, they made a retreat no less gallant, carrying off all their wounded comrades under fire.



MONUMENT AT WANGANUI.

In a few days the followers of the insurgent chiefs had all melted away. Kawiti sued for peace, using the words, "Friend Governor, let peace be made between you and me. I have had enough of your riches (shot)." Heke, alone and powerless, drowned his sorrows in the cup. As he had cut down the standard at Kororareka, so now was he himself laid low, and all his wit and talent and ambition were mingled with the dust. He died of consumption five years later, in 1850. A free pardon was proclaimed, and so, in January, 1846, ended the memorable war of Johnny Heke.

There was peace in the north. In the south, however, the smouldering ashes of disaffection were here and there bursting into flame, and threatened to culminate in a general conflagration. The Hutt is a fertile valley nine miles north of Wellington. The Maoris disputed its possession, and during the first months of 1846 they committed several outrages on the settlers. Soldiers were then quartered in the district. One morning before daylight seventy Maoris advanced stealthily on a farmhouse, where fifty men of the 58th Regiment were stationed. Only Bugler Allen observed their approach. He blew a warning blast. Next moment his right arm was broken by a blow from a Maori axe. Snatching the bugle with his left hand, he caused the warning signal to ring forth loud and clear once more. Once more only, for a second blow swiftly followed the first, and laid him dead on the spot. But he had not perished in

vain: his sleeping comrades were by this time aroused. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which six soldiers were killed and four wounded. A similar skirmish happened in the following month.

Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, of whom mention has already been made in connection with the Wairau affair, were supposed to be at the root of these troubles. Rauparaha professed to be friendly, but it was strongly suspected that from him emanated the directions which Rangihaeata carried out. Among the natives themselves Rauparaha's cunning was proverbial. When anyone attempted an impossibility, they said

WANGANUI.

he might as well try to know the designs of Rauparaha. He took no trouble to put himself beyond reach of the English; but Rangihaeata, if less wily, was more cautious, and made himself unassailable in "pahs" the roads to which lay through rocks, ravines, and bush.

Governor Grey, taking for granted that Rauparaha was playing double, paralysed the enemy by a bold and sudden, if morally dubious, stroke. With a troop of soldiers he proceeded in H.M.S. *Driver* to the residence of the old chief, who lived a few miles along the coast from Wellington. Before dawn the dwelling was surrounded, and Rauparaha was seized before he was fully awake. He bit and struggled and shouted; but, in spite of all, he was at last a secure captive on board the steamer. Among the natives it was said that the Governor was going to hang him, dry his body, and send it to the Queen. Rangihaeata addressed to the prisoned warrior a lament, which has been

preserved among the Parliamentary papers. The following are some of the introductory lines from the translation by Mr. Donett:—

"My brave canoe,
In lordly decoration lordliest far;
My proud canoe,
Amid the fleet that fleetest flew,
How wert thou shattered by the surge of war!
'Tis but the fragments of the wreck of my renowned canoe
That lie all crushed on yonder warship's deck."

Fearing a fate similar to that of Rauparaha, Rangihaeata retired farther into the inaccessible recesses of a wild country. At last his followers were scattered, and he himself became a fugitive. This was in August, 1846.

Towards the end of the year there was more fighting in the neighbourhood of Wanganui. The dispersed adherents of Rangihaeata carried thither the tale of their wrongs. By this means the discontent of the natives was developed into active hostility, and disputed land was made the cause of quarrel. At Wanganui, in April, 1847, a chief was accidentally shot in the cheek by a midshipman of the *Calliope*. Maori custom demanded blood for blood, and on the next day but one, six young natives murdered Mrs. Gilfillan and four of her children. The Gilfillans were a family that lived in a lonely part of the country about six miles from Wanganui. Friendly natives pursued the murderers, and five of them were taken. Four were hanged, and one, on account of his youth, was sentenced only to transportation. The young men were related to some of the principal chiefs of the district, and their execution entirely roused the natives from their irresolution. Wanganui was attacked on the 19th of May, 1847. Stockades were constructed and garrisoned with troops; and from time to time, up till the 23rd of July, when hostilities ceased, the enemy appeared before the defences, and then retired towards the bush, hoping, as they afterwards declared, to draw our soldiers into an ambuscade. Several skirmishes took place, with loss on both sides. On one occasion the Maoris bore off, and decently buried, one of the English dead. Although the fighting came to a standstill in July, peace was not at that time proclaimed. The Maoris disdained to ask for it. The Wanganui River, therefore, remained in a state of blockade; and the natives were thus prevented from disposing of their produce in exchange for the tea, sugar, and tobacco which had become indispensable to their comfortable existence. After a contest of several months their pride at last succumbed to their appetite, and they sued for peace. On the 21st of February, 1848, therefore, peace was formally proclaimed, and a pardon extended to all.

Although the Maoris and the whites were still at variance, there was no further bloodshed for twelve years. Inter-tribal feuds, however, were not uncommon. They were caused by disputes as to the possession of land, to which the advent of the "pakeha" had given a new value.

The Maoris are a people much misunderstood. In many quarters, especially at home, the Maoris, as now existing, are believed to be the half-civilised and decreasing remnant of a race of cannibals. This belief or impression is the result of nothing but pure ignorance,

and its area is daily contracting. In other quarters, however, there prevails an opinion which is equally erroneous, and which certainly cannot plead ignorance in extenuation. It claims for the Maoris a place among the races of mankind not far behind the Saxon himself. It extols their intelligence, their courage, their chivalry, the softness and music of their language, the aptness and beauty of their rhetoric. It compares them to those barbarians of northern Europe who were almost a match for the legions of Cæsar, who finally stayed the flight of the mighty eagle of Rome, and of whom we ourselves are the proud descendants. It asserts that they have an Aryan descent, or that they are the modern representatives of the lost tribes of Israel: or, less ambitious, that their original home was America or Japan. Those who are possessed by such notions are, some of them, probably unexcelled in their knowledge of Maori history, habits, and speech: but in drawing from such knowledge their inferences as to the Maori character, they have allowed their imaginations to exercise a disturbing influence. It is only to be expected, indeed, that men possessing some degree of imagination should be carried farther than sober judgment approves on becoming acquainted with so unusual a type of savage as the Maori. Anthony Trollope, novelist though he was, seldom allowed his imagination to get the whip-hand of him, and on that account is a valuable witness in this matter. He says, "I feel grieved that I cannot participate more cordially than I do with the sympathies of those who have been stirred by a certain romantic element in the Maori character to build up in their own imaginations the fiction of a noble race."

That the Maoris are not savages, or that they have not an affinity with the race of savages that people Polynesia, it would be idle to contend; and it would be equally foolish to deny that as savages they are both superior and remarkable. If the difference between them and the other Pacific races is great, it is due doubtless to the educational properties of their country and climate: the fertility and magnificence of the former, the salubrity and variety of the latter.

The most convincing evidences of the remarkable nature of the Maori savage were drawn from him only after many years of contact with Europeans. These were—the formation of a Land League to prevent the further alienation of their lands, the appointing of a king to rule over the powerful tribes of the centre of the North Island, and the establishment of a religion. The first two were the earliest signs of the sprouting of the seed which, in the sixties, developed into the fatal upas-tree of the great New Zealand war. The Hau Hau religion sprang up during the progress of the hostilities; and while to a great extent it was a direct result of the conflict between the two races it also became in turn a cause of its increased length and bitterness. But for an account of these matters we must refer the reader who is not tired of our story to its continuation on a later page.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE PORT.

PORT LINCOLN.

A Remote Past—Associations with Flinders—What's in the Name—Boston Bay: a Comparison—Water Everywhere—A Native Legend and its Possible Basis in Fact.

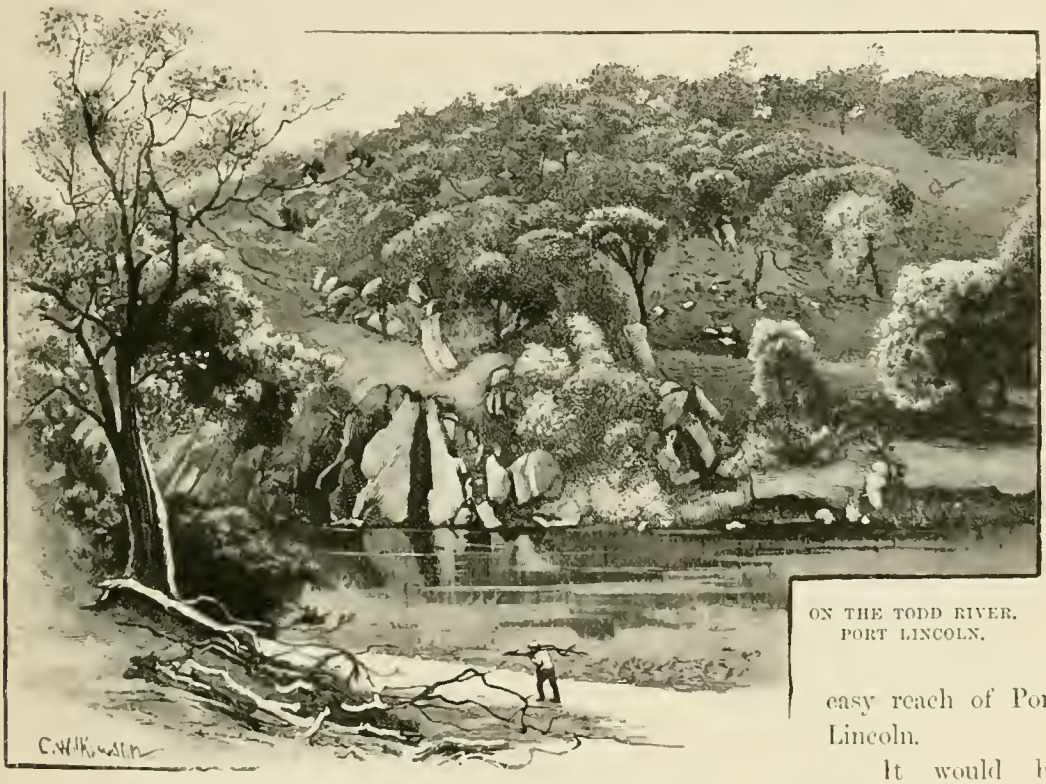
THIS beautiful spot lies just within the entrance to Spencer's Gulf, on the western shore. The coast in the neighbourhood of the port has been made the sport of the waves of the Southern Ocean. No doubt in remote times there was here a bold headland presenting a solid unbroken front to the sea, but little by little the waters have made breaches in the land, and now there are islands and bays and inlets innumerable, forming a series of marine views which are of exquisite loveliness. All round the coast are indentations in the limestone, some of which have expanded into bays containing an area of several square miles. Above these in many places tower rugged cliffs and lofty hills, covered with trees and scrub; while the waters with which the indentations are filled are like sapphires margined with emerald. In them are inexhaustible supplies of fish of endless variety, while their beds are literally paved with the succulent oyster, and toothsome shellfish of other sorts.

It was here that Flinders cast anchor in February, 1802, and lost one of his officers, Mr. Thistle, and six seamen by the upsetting of the ship's cutter. In memory of the melancholy event he named the islands in the bay after the men who were drowned. The name "Lincoln" was given in honour of the cathedral town across the seas where the great navigator passed his earliest years.

The township which thus came by its style and title is situated on Boston Bay, a sheet of water comparing for beauty with the far-famed Bay of Naples itself. Behind rise low ranges of hills, covered here with she-oak and there with dense thickets of mallee. Further again, there are some higher hills, from which a magnificent view can be obtained of the glorious sea scenery which adorns these regions. At their feet

are extensive plains containing tracts of arable land, but still larger areas of undulatory country which is only useful for pasturage. Variety and charm are given to the landscape by frequent lakes, by water glistening in swamps, and by far-away peeps of the Southern Ocean.

All round the coast, fresh water is to be found at a depth of a few feet. Indeed, there is such a multitude of springs that the visitor from the arid North is smitten with incurable envy as he travels through the country. Agriculturists have got hold of some portions of the land, but the pastoralists monopolise most of it; and the native station of Poonindie holds some 20,000 acres of the best of the territory, within



ON THE TODD RIVER, PORT LINCOLN.

easy reach of Port Lincoln.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the port itself. The entrance to it—or, rather, the entrances, for there are two—wind among islands and bays and peninsulas and estuaries, which open out one after the other in ever-alternating succession. South Australia is rich in scenery; and in Port Lincoln and the surrounding bays she possesses a thing of beauty far surpassing in extent and variety anything of the sort in this part of the world, with the single exception of Sydney Harbour.

Next to the scenery the aboriginal inhabitants may prove most interesting. Of their general customs we have elsewhere written,* but an account of one of their curious traditions may here be given, for which we are indebted to the observations of Mr.

* Vol. III. pp. 61—79.

C. W. Schürmann, contained in a work entitled "The Native Tribes of South Australia." It is the only tradition amongst any of the tribes, as far as we are aware, which in any way makes reference to the marsupial lion, known to have existed in Australia in past ages. The legend has to do with a monster named Kupirri, of stupendous size, which "devoured all those who attempted to spear it. Its very appearance inspired the natives of old with overwhelming terror, so that they lost all presence of mind, flinging away the wooden lever (*midla*) with the spear, which was thereby prevented from taking effect. At last, however, a match was found for the monster kangaroo in two renowned hunters named Pilla and Indya, who, falling upon its track near Port Lincoln, followed and overtook it on Mount Nillaroo, situated about thirty miles from that place. Finding it asleep they at once attacked it, but before they could quite kill it their spears became blunt, a disappointment that must have soured their tempers a good deal, as it caused a violent quarrel between them, in which Pilla stabbed his antagonist with one of the blunt spears in many places, while he himself received a severe blow over his nose with the *midla*. Becoming reconciled, the friends again attacked and killed Kupirri, and, on opening it, found, to their utter astonishment, the dead bodies of their comrades, previously devoured by this monster kangaroo. But being no less skilled in the medical art than in hunting, they succeeded in reviving and healing these unfortunate men, and they all immediately betook themselves to roasting and devouring the Kupirri in return. The feast over, and their bodies comfortably greased with the fat of the animal, they proceeded in search of their mourning wives and families, to acquaint them with the happy termination of their disastrous adventures. The two heroes were afterwards metamorphosed into, and gave origin to, two species of animals—the opossum and native cat, retaining as such not only their names, but also the scars of the wounds they had inflicted upon each other, in the shape of a furrow down the former's nose, and a number of white spots sprinkled over the skin of the latter."

If perchance there be some ready to scoff at this tradition as improbable, we can at any rate testify that at the present day both the opossum and the native cat bear these distinctive marks.

FERNSHAW.

On the Sea and in the Forest—From Melbourne to Fernshaw—Lilydale—St. Hubert's Vineyard—An "Experience"—Withered Gum-Trees—Raspberries and Cream—At Fernshaw—A Solitude that Might be Felt—A Cheery Good-night—Ascending Mount Juliet.

MELBOURNE is "marvellous" as the fifty years' work of man; Fernshaw is even more marvellous as the immemorial handiwork of nature. The toilers of the great city of the Antipodes possess a boon indeed in the wide tracts of forest wilderness which stretch across the Victorian ranges. The forest is the proper refuge for the tired dweller among city streets. It is so now as it was when the Hebrew poet long ago sighed for the wings of a dove, that he might fly far into the wilderness and be at rest. Many men, not unwisely, go to sea when they would recover spring and energy; but life at sea acts in different ways. The calm, the sense of pause, which one associates with the vacant spaces of the ocean is for the most part a fiction of fond imagination, the fact generally being that to be at sea is to be cooped up unavoidably in the more or less exacting society of a miscellaneous company of complete strangers, to pitch and roll distressfully in high running seas, to be shut under hatches in stifling cabins, and to spend sleepless nights of humid semi-suffocation amid the ceaseless roar and racket of weather and steam. Life at sea to the unwonted landsman is the apotheosis of unrest, and the abnegation of seclusion. Still it does undoubtedly put new energy into many weary people, only its way of doing so is different from that of the wild woods. Here it is the solitude, the silence of infinite life unconscious of itself, the stillness with which the very air is charged, only rendered deeper by the sounds which now and then break in upon the silence—it is this perfect calm which, "felt in the heart and felt along the blood," enters into us, and marvellously charms away all fretful, anxious moods from our tired senses. Long may the quietudes of Fernshaw renew the flagging energies of Melbourne's workers.

Fernshaw lies some fifty miles north-east of Melbourne, about a half-day's journey, made partly by rail partly by coach. The whole way is full of interest. First one notices the long straggling suburbs of the city, with their pleasant-gardened villas (Hawthorn, perhaps, the pleasantest of all), where an English eye may be gratified to see the new homes of our people making themselves a seclusion among trees and shrubs brought out from the country-gardens of the old. Later the train passes the "Surrey Hills," and stops at "Box Hill" station. One looks in vain, indeed, for the short, smooth, thymy sward that clothes the slopes of Betchworth Downs and Ranmore, and which I can now see from the open door near which I am writing on a pleasant morning of our northern June, but it was kindly done to preserve such names as will to many immigrants be full of endeared associations. From "Box Hill" the first glimpse is caught of the wild hill-country lying under blue haze to the north-east. But for many miles after getting beyond the suburbs the scenery we pass through

is not beautiful at all; that it will become so I firmly believe, and indeed now it is full of interest and illustration of colonial life. The land is broken up into small holdings, and still in the transition state between the wilderness and agricultural rusticity; it lacks the charm belonging to either condition. It is a wilderness disrobed—a region of disorderly farm lands. At Ringwood the landscape improves, long tracts of dark wooded hills opening out in range beyond range; and after passing by Croydon, another five miles brings us to Lilydale, where the railway ends, and we change into one of Cobb's coaches. This strong contrivance does actually accomplish the rest of the journey without being overturned or necessarily even damaged at all, which, however small a thing it may seem to the inexperienced, will ever remain a memorable fact to those who have made the excursion. The road is somewhat rough. On the occasion the present writer has in mind the coach was exceptionally full, and it seems a suggestive incident that before we came to what he called the "bad part," the driver requested that some who had outside seats would ride inside the coach, so as to lessen its topheaviness! I must confess to having sometimes considered it necessary to "hold on," though that may have been but an instance of a "new chum's" unheroic particularity.

Lilydale is pleasantly surrounded with pasture lands and vineyards, but is not itself picturesque. Colonial townships, indeed, cannot be picturesque till planks and corrugated iron have been abandoned, or some style of building houses found better suited to those materials than the model of an English villa. Beyond the township the country is beautiful at once. About three miles along the road a point is reached where the view has an interest quite apart from its exquisite natural beauty. Beyond the level pasture-fields, bright with herds of grazing cattle, can be seen the already famous vineyard of St. Hubert's, clothing with a mantle of fresh pale-green foliage the further slopes of the Yarra valley, and closed in by a sheltering range of darkly-wooded hills. It would be out of place to speak in these pages of that sweetest of industries which, under the gracious influences of sun and soil, is here growing to world-wide recognition. Those who would know something of what has here been done, and what the future seasons may be trusted to bring, should read the delightful sketches of an Australian vine-grower's experiences, written by the cultivated owner of these vineyards, Mr. Hubert de Castella, and which he has called "John Bull's Vineyard." Quite apart from its immediate subject, it is a capital sample of the buoyant, persistent temperament of enterprising Australia. But for us who come to look upon the loveliness of nature, not to study industries, and, coming with that intention, find it a region more lovely than words can express, let us merely say that here the charms of many-meadowed Surrey and of the vine-clad slopes of Southern Italy are blended in one delightful stretch of sunny country.

Some way further along a rather ugly episode occurred, which somewhat disturbed the æsthetic rapture of the ladies. We had got down a nasty bit of road, and down in the hollow the mud was thick and the ruts phenomenally deep. Here we stuck fast. The leaders pulled and strained bravely, the coach refused to stir, when suddenly, with a report like a gunshot, the swingle-bar snapped. The broken pieces of the bar

and the loose, heavy traces fell against the horses' hind legs, and with a terrified leap, which, if he had not dexterously slipped the reins, must have pulled the driver off his seat,

IN THE FOREST AT FERNSHAW.

they fled at full gallop, the traces striking them at every step. Harnessed together, and so misguiding one another, they at length brought up full against a large gum-tree root, which had been dragged out of the ground and left upon the road-side. The

force of the collision must have been terrible; but they were not killed, nor even were their legs broken. One horse, indeed, did seem for about ten minutes to be dead; but he came round, and then a new swingle-bar being extemporised, they were all three re-harnessed, and trotted along to the end of their stage as if nothing unusual had happened. This little event seemed to me to have a savour of what is called colonial "experience."

There is one part of the road which is rather dismal: for miles on either side thousands upon thousands of the gaunt, bleached trunks of gum-trees, dead, but still standing grim and unsightly—the ghosts of trees, as it were. What we see is, however, but a part of that transition from the wilderness to agriculture of which we spoke. The trees are "rung," that there may be more pasture for the sheep and cattle. Thousands of acres are gradually cleared in this way, and the withering stage is one of mournful ugliness. Still it is pleasant to reflect that a new beauty of rural homesteads and of lives of pastoral industry is slowly arising amid the ruin of the forest.

Some while before reaching Fernshaw the coach drew up at a small roadside cottage, where raspberries and cream were offered for sale, for this is a rich place for raspberry-gardens, where capital incomes may be made by men who own quite small holdings. Of course the raspberries and cream were delicious, but it was the flower-garden which caught my English eyes, with its crowded luxuriance of hollyhocks and fuchsias, yellow mouse-ear, evening primroses, and honeysuckle, exactly recalling a thousand cottage-gardens in Kent and Devonshire. It is a sweet, redeeming trait, that English love of flowers, and covers a multitude of uglinesses.

Soon after this the forest deepened, and the road passed through the dense serried ranks of giant gum-trees rising from three to four hundred feet, and in the gullies even sometimes towering to five hundred. They are the tallest trees in the world—more than a hundred feet taller than the famous pines of the Yosemite Valley in California. The one desire is now to escape from the racket of the jolting coach, to get away into the silence, and to listen and watch at pause among all this strangeness.

The village of Fernshaw is decidedly pretty; its small white homesteads are picturesquely gathered round about an open space of green sward, encompassed with mighty grey trunks, while at one end the Watts River tumbles its noisy and never-failing waters over a bed of dark rocks. This is not a place to linger long indoors, for there is still time on the day of arrival to follow up one of the wood splitters' tracks leading from the coach road a little way into the bush. It is but a little way, indeed, for as yet men have not penetrated far into these mountain fastnesses of primeval forest.

It was the gullies of the Dandenong ranges which won from Anthony Trollope his first exclamation of real satisfaction with Australian scenery, and certainly this is a region of stately loveliness which is probably unsurpassed throughout the world. I took one of these narrow tracks which lead in from the main road, and in a few moments I found myself in a solitude so intense that it seemed a presence in the air and over all things. Forest-clothed ranges rose before, behind, and on either side of

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the gully—literally myriads of these enormous trees, their smooth, grey trunks rising two hundred feet and more before throwing out their first light branches, and their bases hidden in the dense undergrowth of musk, white Christmas flower, and the large feathery discs of the tree-ferns. Then, too, the strange, wild creatures which have here their ancient dwelling-places: flocks of gorgeous cockatoos, black ones, with bands and crests of yellow, their shrill, harsh cry softened in its fall through five hundred feet of fragrant summer air; the blue and orange parrakeets, and the sumptuously-attired lory, all in scarlet, with deep purple stains upon his wings; and the voice of the laughing jackass, strangest of all bird-cries, beginning with a low croodle of soft content, then, as his mirth heightens, rising slowly to a louder chuckle, and increasing till at last it bursts into one loud, riotous guffaw, as if it gave itself in wild abandonment to its uncouth, irrepressible fun. The best time at which to hear these birds, and perhaps to feel deeply the charm of this virgin wonderland, is the last half-hour of sunlight, what time the day birds are choosing their roosts for the night, when, looking westward down the gullies, we see between the giant boles of the trees, where the sun is sinking through an atmosphere of mellow gold, and, high above, the wooded summits of the ranges gleam with a moment's lustre of pink radiance and deep purple shadow. At this time I have heard the forest ring with the jovial cachinnations of these merry birds, who know no melancholy of the twilight. Very impressive, too, is it when, after these sounds are hushed, there follows an interval of profound, breathless silence before it is broken by the creatures that wake by night. It is but a brief moment, for twilight does not linger in the air of Australia.

Should there be a clear moon, there remains yet one more thing to be done before going indoors. It is very pleasant to re-enter the bush by the track which leads along near the banks of the Watts; the outline of the overhanging fern-trees against the moonlight in the clear expanse above, and the broken moonlight shooting in silvery arrowheads upon the river running underneath, is a fairylike sight. One may hear, too, while listening to the bubbling note of the frogs and the multitudinous chirrup of the crickets, the measured beat upon the ground of a wallaby leaping past, and occasionally the comical complaining utterance of the small native bear, something between the growl of the wild beast of the forest and a domestic grunt.

Let us briefly sketch a second day at Fernshaw, spent in making the ascent of Mount Juliet. A short walk back along the main road, every foot of the way beautiful with the overhanging fringe of drooping fern-fronds and white embroidery of Christmas-flower; then a turning to the left, past the ranger's homestead, and the narrow, scarcely discernible track leads on into the heart of the forest. Again I felt the sweet burden of the utter solitude; the fresh morning air came laden with rich perfume, which it had gathered in filtering through the leaves of countless myriads of fragrant gums from solitudes "where there was never heard the sound of men." Again there was the sharp cry of the startled parrots as they flashed their gleaming wings and vanished out of sight among the high branches. Lower down, over the tangled undergrowth, the butterflies flickered from flower to flower—black and gold swallow-tails, with tiny brown skipper and other kinds, which we can remember to have seen among

the clover-fields of England. Probably these have come out in the egg in grass-seed from the old country, like the daisies, dandelions, and ragweed, which sprinkle their bright crowns about the grassy footways of Victoria and Canada as they do under the spring hedgerows of our English lanes. The honey-bees are here, too, with their golden-banded cousins, murmuring of cowslip meadows and hyacinth woods beyond the seas.

About half-way I stood for a while resting and looking down the long grey and coloured aisles. The stillness was intense; there was no breath of wind to stir the leaves, only the faintest hum of the insects in the sun, when suddenly, with a sound like a cry of agony which seemed to make the silence ache, somewhere not far off one of these gigantic patriarchs of the lonely forest, overdone with years, stretched out his four hundred feet of trunk in one terrific ruinous fall. It was very impressive; when all was still again, it seemed as though the sound had come from somewhere far back in the immemorial years. There was something of the solemnity of death about it. Towards the top of the mountain a number of gum-trees had recently fallen, and in making my way round them I lost and failed to recover the track. The direction of the summit, however, could be guessed from this point, and working through the bush

WATERFALL AT FERNSHAW.

in as straight a line as was possible, I gained the clear space at the top after two more hours of rather hard climbing. The view from here is exceedingly grand; the whole country below—gully, plain, and hill—is clothed with the forest of gum-tree, acacia,

mountain-ash, and myrtle. It is quite unlike anything we ever see in England, not merely because we are looking across a real wilderness through the greater part of

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which no man has ever passed, but because of the very peculiar colour which overspreads the entire landscape. Many leaves of the gum-tree are stained with streaks and spots of brilliant red, and this blending with the hues of other foliage, and with the pale haze which gathered in the hollows, the whole scene showed in the bright sunlight a dull reddish-purple, like the colour of a ripe red plum with the bloom upon it. To the south-west the faint blue of the sea in Port Phillip was dimly visible, but every other way range rose beyond range of purple wooded hills, till the view faded in the hazy distance. I remember (and, indeed, am not likely ever to forget) how the whole while I rested there a native thrush sang on incessantly, as if his heart were full of the rich intoxication of the fragrant air, while somewhere far below in the opposite gully a jackass laughed and chuckled in his solitary mirth.

GIANT TREES IN MORLEY'S TRACK, FERNSHAW.

LORD SYDNEY.

Commemorated by a Couplet—Thomas Townshend's Connections—An Unstable Kinsman—A Supporter of Burke—Baron Sydney of Chiselhurst—Colonial Secretary—A Penal Colony Founded—Retirement—"Then Cometh the End."

ARMS OF FIRST LORD SYDNEY.

THOMAS TOWNSHEND, first Lord Sydney, to whom the scheme of Australian colonisation was originally due, and who has given his pleasant-sounding title to her parent city, is certainly deserving of something more at our hands than that "dust and damned oblivion" which are too often "the tomb of honoured bones." Yet, although he was a prominent figure in the political history of the last century, he has been honoured by no memoir or biography, and is only enshrined for the present generation in the immortal couplet of Goldsmith, which tells how—

> "Edmund Burke was straining his throat
> To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote."

The contemporary records of the time have, however, enabled us to obtain a fairly accurate knowledge of his career, and to appreciate the honourable consistency which he displayed, in the course of an active and useful political life, during a period of great public corruption and dishonesty.

He was born on February 24th, 1733, of a powerful political family, and had hereditary claims to such honours and emoluments as public service could then bestow. His grandfather, Lord Townshend, was brother-in-law and colleague to Sir Robert Walpole, but had quarrelled with him, says Macaulay, after many years of close association, on the question of who was to be senior partner in the political firm. His uncle, Lord John Townshend, was a distinguished leader of the Whig aristocracy, while his father, a man of great reputation for scholarship, and representative for many years of the University of Cambridge, held the office of Teller of the Exchequer, one of those comfortable sinecures which were almost hereditary in the great revolutionary families, and which Burke, in his comprehensive measure for financial reform, proposed for that avowed reason to leave untouched. "When we look over the Exchequer list," he says, "we find it filled with the descendants of the Walpoles, of the Pelhams, and the Townshends, names to whom this country owes its liberties, and to whom his Majesty owes his crown."

Thomas Townshend, then, took to political life as naturally as a duck takes to water, and with the same assurance of being able to swim, entering the House of Commons as member for Whitchurch at the age of twenty-one. He was fortunate enough to receive his first official appointment as a Lord of the Treasury in the first ministry of Lord Rockingham, which came into office in July, 1765, and was renewed in July, 1766. What that Administration accomplished, what they might further have done, is set forth in the well-merited eulogy of their most illustrious adherent, who,

however, was not thought worthy of a place among them—Edmund Burke, at that time Private Secretary to Lord Rockingham. They repealed the American Stamp Act. They restored personal freedom by their resolutions against the general warrants and the seizure of private papers, and "while they provided for the liberty and commerce of their country, as the sure basis of its power, they asserted its honour abroad with temper and firmness." Above all, "They practised no corruption, nor were they even suspected of it. They sold no offices: they obtained no pensions or reversions, either coming in or going out, for themselves, their families, or their dependents." "Unfortunately, their existence was brief—traversed," says Burke, "by an Opposition of a new and singular character—an Opposition of placemen and pensioners."

Thomas Townshend remained in the subordinate position he had occupied in the Rockingham Administration during the first year of their successors' rule, attracted, it would seem, by the personal reputation of Lord Chatham, and possibly also by the fact that his cousin, the brilliant and unstable Charles, held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The late Walter Bagehot declared stupidity to be the badge of the Tory, folly the badge of the Radical party. Tried by this canon, Charles Townshend must have been an eminent Radical. Burke fitly eulogised the public deeds of the great revolutionary families, but this man, during his brief term of office (for he died in September, 1767), did more mischief to England than a regiment of his relatives could repair. For, although George Grenville has frequently been censured as the author of the American revolution, it was the vanity and rashness of Charles Townshend in forcing through the House his Bill for imposing certain Customs duties on the colonies which actually produced that catastrophe; and yet, as he was heard in his life with delight, so he was remembered with pity and affection. "He was the child of this House," said Burke, "and never did anything but to please us." Horace Walpole, deprecating the notion of returning to Parliamentary life, writes:—"Could I hear oratory beyond Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's?" "He had," it is said elsewhere, "every talent and little quality, and was witty, volatile, good-tempered, and brilliant beyond all his compeers." But the criticism was perhaps more just which pronounced him to be "wanting in everything common, that is, in common truth, common honesty, common sincerity, common steadiness, and common sense."

His less brilliant, but sounder kinsman, the subject of these paragraphs, retired from the Ministry in 1767, and remained in opposition during the whole of Lord North's term of office. It is evident that he occupied during that period a prominent position, which, indeed, is illustrated by the couplet of Goldsmith which I have already cited. Goldsmith wrote the "Retaliation" in 1774, just before his own death, when the opposition to Lord North was composed of two sections, the Whig Party, in which Burke was conspicuous, and the personal followers of Lord Chatham, whose votes, it would appear, "Tommy Townshend" directed. Strong in a good cause, with immense debating power, and no lack of invective, they were nevertheless powerless against the array of placemen and Court friends which supported the Ministry, and it was not until 1782, in the crisis of the bitterest humiliation which

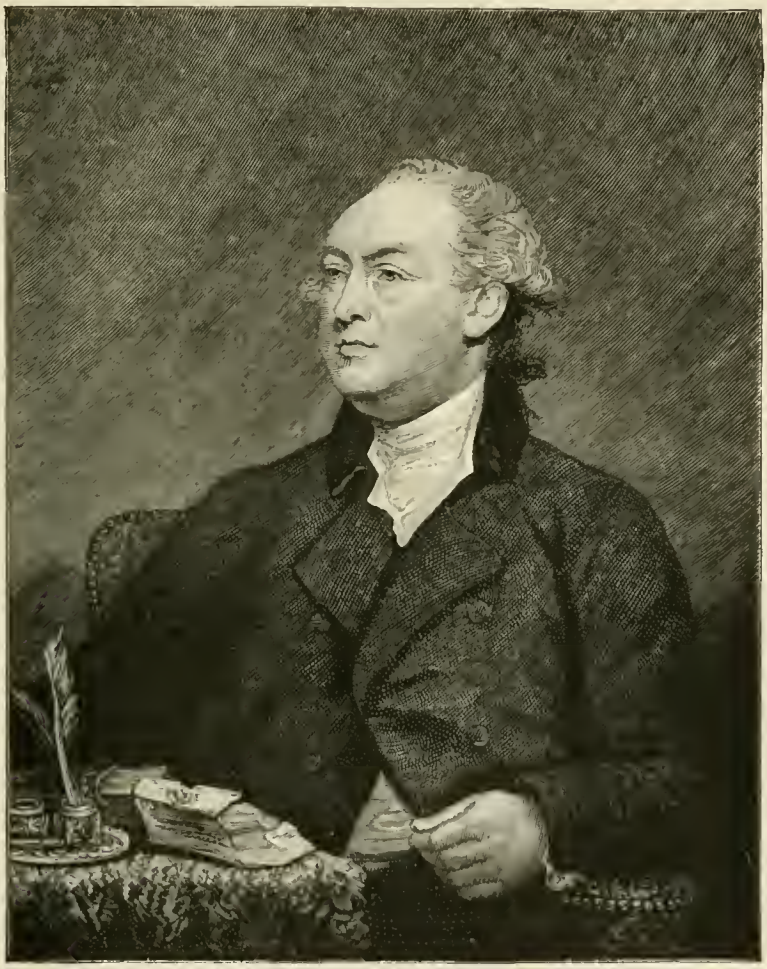
England had ever experienced, that the second Rockingham Administration was formed, in which Thomas Townshend became Secretary at War. During the interval, however, we have one or two brief notices of his attitude, as opposing the expulsion of Wilkes from the House, after the latter's re-election for Middlesex, and supporting Burke in his thunderous declamation against the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, as also in the great measure of Economical Reform brought forward in 1780, which is perhaps the most enduring testimony to the genius and industry of that illustrious statesman.

Burke and Townshend had also been prominent two years before in another memorable scene, outside the walls of Parliament, when Lord Chatham, in a dark and perilous hour for the country which he had loved so well and made so great, was borne to his grave in Westminster Abbey. The pall was carried by Sir G. Saville, Duning, Burke, and Townshend, though somewhat inexplicably (unless because he was not a regular Whig) Townshend's name is omitted by Macaulay in his description of the ceremonial. The chief mourner on that occasion, in the absence of his elder brother, was William Pitt, to whom Townshend soon had an opportunity of attaching himself, taking office along with him, or rather retaining his former post, in the Shelburne Administration, which was formed after the death of Lord Rockingham. And on the retirement of Lord Shelburne before the combined opposition of Fox and Lord North, Townshend was raised to the Peerage as Baron Sydney of Chiselhurst, a title which he appears to have taken in order to mark his descent in the female line from that illustrious family.

During the short life of the Coalition Ministry the families of Townshend and Pitt were further united by the marriage, in June, 1783, of Lord Sydney's daughter to the elder brother of William Pitt (that unready Earl of Chatham who is known to history as commander of the unfortunate Walcheren expedition), and it was, perhaps, this family connection, as well as identity of political feeling, which induced Sydney to join his young friend in what must have seemed the insane project of taking office in the December of the same year against the enormous Parliamentary majority led by the combined eloquence and knowledge of Charles James Fox and Lord North. We know what success followed this bold attempt, how "Fox's martyrs" were swept from Parliament at the general election of 1784, and how the young Prime Minister obtained an uninterrupted lease of office until 1801, second only in duration to the Administration of Walpole. In this ministry Lord Sydney took office as Secretary of State for the Colonies, to which he added shortly afterwards the functions of President of the Board of Control. His occupation of the former post led him, apparently, to consider whether some use could not be made of the discovery by Captain Cook of a new and isolated continent, to form a penal colony, where some opportunity might be afforded of "redeeming lives which might otherwise have been forfeited to the State," and in 1787 the first fleet set sail for the harbour of Port Jackson, destined, under the name of Sydney, to become the beauteous capital of a great country. What changes has a century produced! Could Lord Sydney, when he permitted his name to be conferred on an obscure and distant settlement, however hopeful he may have been, have anticipated, or imagined, all the future that should be—"the city, bright in natural beauty and artificial luxury, the harbour of a

thousand masts, the country teeming with flocks and herds, the earth pouring forth untold and immeasurable riches!"

Lord Sydney remained in office for several years, but retired in 1789 or 1790 to make room for Grenville, a younger and more efficient debater. Pitt, who was a very



THOMAS TOWNSHEND.
(*First Lord Viscount Sydney.*)

Paetolus to his friends, secured for him, in addition to a step in the Peerage, the post of Chief Justice in Eyre (one of those pleasant sinecures which Burke had spared), with a salary of £2,500 per annum, and so Lord Sydney disappeared from public life, dying in the year 1800. "His life," says a recent writer, "had been one of calm and placid happiness, his end was in keeping, being sudden, and without pain."

Sydney has no cause to be ashamed of her eponymous founder. Without commanding talents, or brilliant eloquence, he appears to have been an honest and

capable statesman, loved by his friends, and popular even with his foes. His very name, "Tommy Townshend," somehow suggests to us a good-natured, pleasant fellow, and the contemporary satire of the "Rolliad," savage enough to many of the ministerial party, has nothing to say about him at which he might not have laughed himself. An efficient and valuable public servant, without the restless ambition which might have made lesser powers conspicuous, he has obtained no permanent place in the history of his native country. Yet is his name not undeserving of enduring record in the colony which, with patriotic and benevolent aspirations, he assisted in founding.

THE GUM-TREE.

Australia's Peculiarities—Justifiable Incredulity—Bark-Shedding—Grotesque Australia!—The Iron-Bark—Gum and Oil—Mr. Froude on the Gum-Tree—The Curragong and the Bottle-Tree.

PICTURESQUE Australasia and nothing more than occasional references to the gum-tree! *Hamlet* with the Ghost left out! "Perish India!" if the jungle and the tiger be omitted; Africa, if no reference be made to the Nile; Australia, if her most special production, the eucalyptus, remain unsung. While "the ash and the elm" and other trees are the refrain of Old Country songs; while "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," are the boast of a newer land; while Spain talks of orange groves, and Italy of the olive and the chestnut,—the country we tell of points you to countless varieties of evergreen eucalypti. "Not countless," interjects the botanist; "not 150 species are distinguished." Well, I do not write scientifically, and yet I ought to know something of the gum-tree. Have I not grazed barks with them as I flew by them in the ardour of some chase, to find theirs less sensitive than mine? Have I not taken such shade as they, more or less grudgingly, give? Have I not "tickled them with the tomahawk till they laughed honey"?

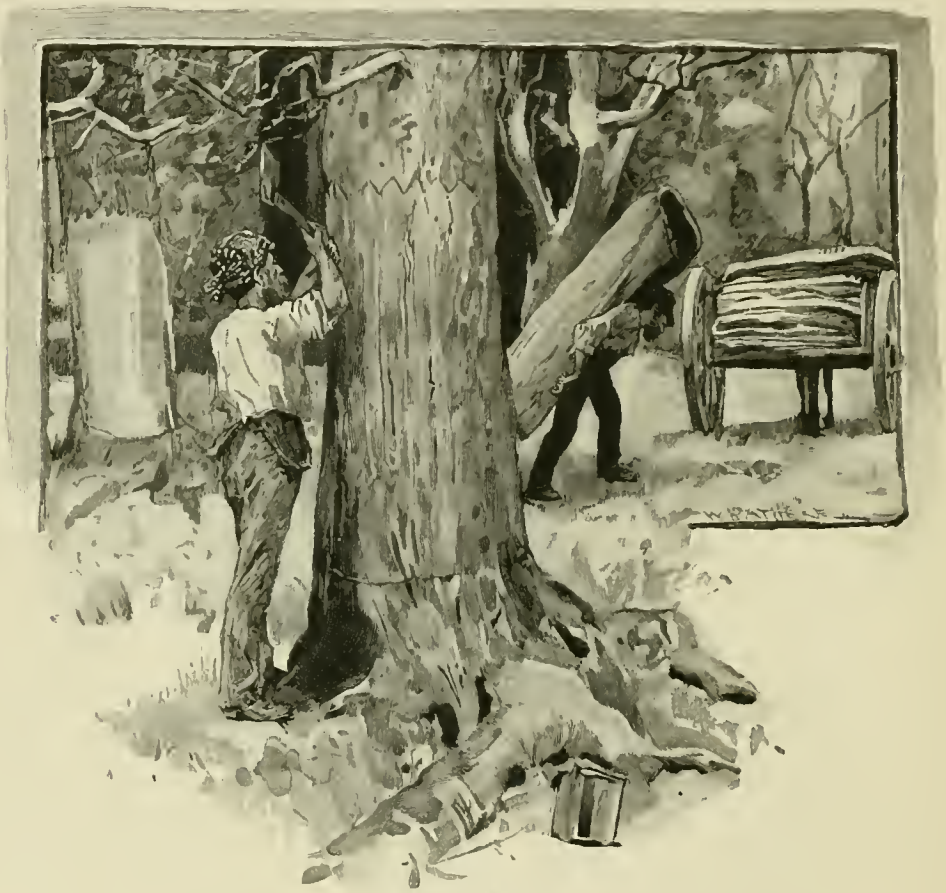
The fate of the prophet in his own country may be theirs, and perhaps the Australian who looks at these engravings will never read the letterpress. "Only gum-trees!" Does he know that a plank cut from a member of the family has measured off the tape 225 feet in length? Or that Victoria can show trees 400 feet high and nearly 100 feet in circumference? Which is "coming it strong, yet I state but the facts."

When one first hears of the land where the cherries grow inside their stones; where the wagtails wag their tails horizontally and not perpendicularly, as in Europe; and where trees shed their bark and not their leaves, he is apt to be incredulous. Well, as to this third averment, scepticism is in substance justified of her children. The gum-tree does shed its leaf, though it is not deciduous. It does not really shed its bark, although some species throw off a scale from the bark about the thickness and colour of a sheep-skin—a sheep-skin when tanned.

A weird effect has this process when you sit at your solitary lunch in the primeval gum-forest while from the trunks of these trees long strips of crackling bark wave responsive to every zephyr, while ever and anon the breeze blows fresher, and brings down with the flutter of a falling newspaper the loosened scale. And a beautiful, unnatural, and therefore truly Australian effect is it when the shedding is over, and the red-barked gum, with its dense green foliage atop, is seen springing from a carpet of the evergreen spinifex, otherwise porcupine-grass. In the background, rough crags of red sandstone; above all, the everlasting blue canopy. Picturesque Australia! You might say so. Call it also grotesque! Such colouring you will scarcely get in any landscape elsewhere.

Down by the creek, and lining it, is the "gum-tree proper;" the bushman

recognises it as *the* gum-tree. The rest are "spotted gum," "blue gum," "iron-barks," and so on. If you want a new felloe for your wheel, cut one from it, from a curly and bent piece, and you will not be wrong. If you want a baking-board, cut above and below to the size you need. But if your wheel wants a thorough repair, down with yonder tall iron-bark and split out your spokes. Iron-bark! "*Nec injuria!*" No



BARKING GUM-TREES.

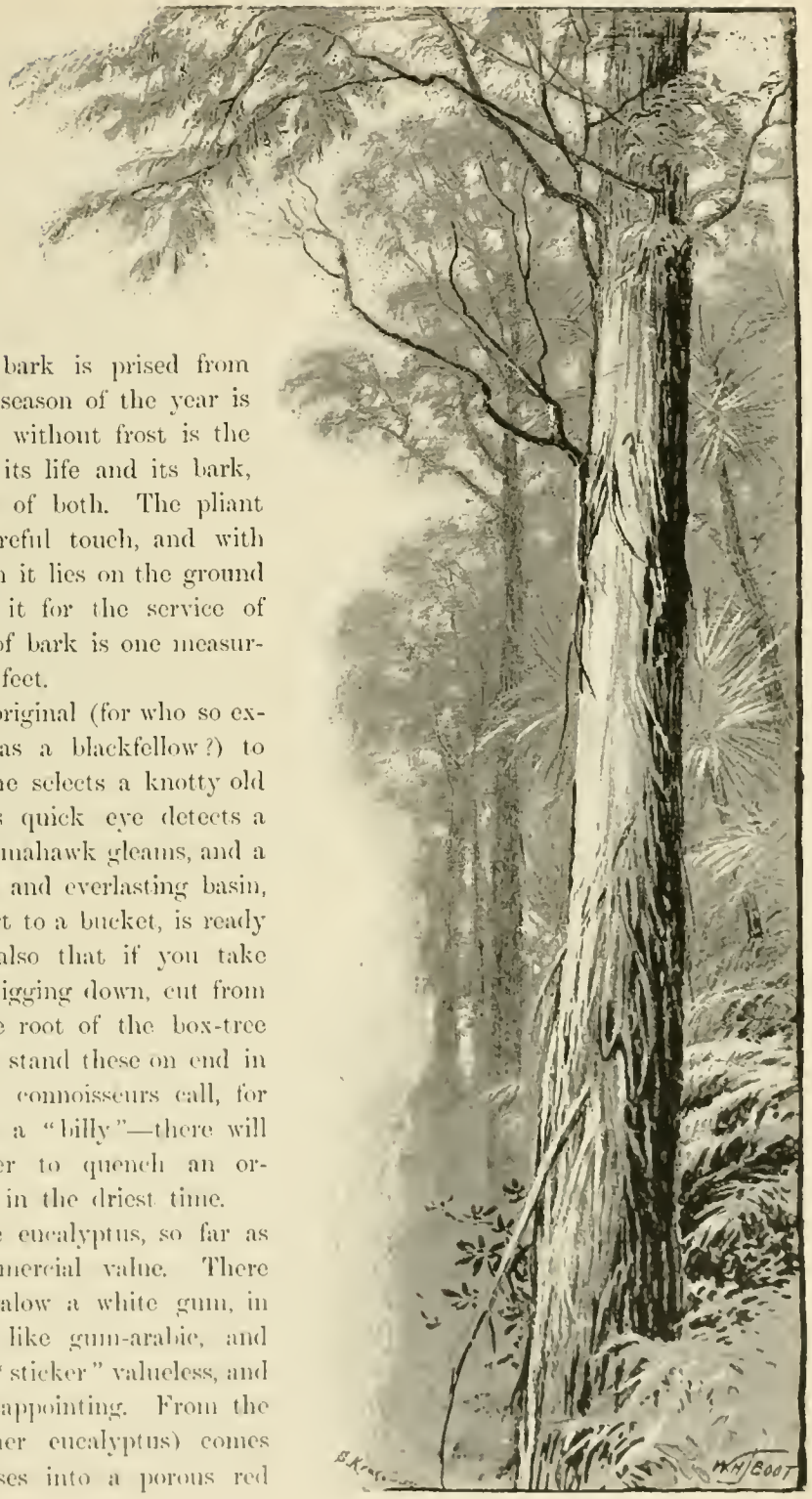
harm to call it that, for three or four well-dealt blows with a good American axe will scarcely enable you to see the timber, or penetrate the rough hide. This is in the broad-leaved variety; the narrow-leaved has a thinner bark and a truer grain, and, like all things good, is more difficult to get at. Like many other good things, too, it springs from the poorest soil, while the broad-leaved kind on rich loam flats has not half its value. The cook loves the box-tree, for it is a fast-burning and heat-giving wood. Moreover, it forms the best of roofs, the most impervious to rain and sun, and the only one that is picturesque in Picturesque Australia.

With the axe held high over his head, the bushman attacks the tree, circling it eventually, but leaving in his cuts a series of triangular sections. Then, about two feet

from the ground, and where the bole is even and free from ridges, the biting axe again goes round. Now perpendicularly from cut to cut the axe cuts its deep furrow; then with bent stick inserted into the crevice, the bark is prised from the trunk, and if the season of the year is fitting (after rain and without frost is the time), the tree yields its life and its bark, like one who is tired of both. The pliant bark opens to the careful touch, and with light weights placed on it lies on the ground till the dray removes it for the service of man. A good sheet of bark is one measuring seven feet by six feet.

Direct yonder aboriginal (for who so expert in getting bark as a blackfellow?) to cut you a basin, and he selects a knotty old veteran, on which his quick eye detects a hump. Presto! the tomahawk gleams, and a thoroughly substantial and everlasting basin, that holds from a quart to a bucket, is ready for you. It is said also that if you take your tomahawk and, digging down, cut from under the ground the root of the box-tree into sections, and then stand these on end in a tin can—which the connoisseurs call, for some reason or other, a "billy"—there will exude sufficient water to quench an ordinary mortal's thirst in the driest time.

The gum of the eucalyptus, so far as I know, has no commercial value. There exudes from the brigalow a white gum, in outward appearance like gum-arabic, and even clearer, but as a "sticker" valueless, and as a "chew-gum" disappointing. From the "blood-wood" (another eucalyptus) comes a gum that crystallises into a porous red



A GIANT GUM-TREE.

substance of the consistency of charcoal, but the only value it has is that when powdered it is a valuable bush-remedy for drying up the sore on a horse's back, being possessed, I suppose, of some caustic properties. The oil of the eucalyptus, however, extracted from the leaves, is of undoubted and of increasing value. But here we enter the department of chemistry, of which probably the reader knows more than the writer.

Having listened to this inconsequent chatter about the gum-tree, the reader will be relieved to read the sober yet picturesque words of Mr. Froude on the same subject. Describing an expedition from St. Hubert's to Fernshaw, the author of "Oceana" says:—

"Away we went, squeezed together again on the coach-top, between the vine-rows and across the dusty plains. Neighbours who had been forewarned joined our procession on ponies or in carriages. Matters mended a little when we were over the Yarra. We were then in the forest at the foot of the hills. There was at least shade, the road winding among the valleys and slowly ascending. A railway from Melbourne is expected in these parts shortly, when the mountains will be the summer haunt of lodgers and excursionists. To us the solitude was broken only at a single interval, when the country opened, and there was a scattered hamlet. There we changed horses, and again plunged into the woods, the ravines growing wilder and wilder, the gum-trees grander and grander, the clean straight stems rising 200 feet, like 'the tall masts of some great Amiral,' before the lowest branch struck out from them. Unique as these trees are, they ought to be preserved: but the soil which nourishes them is tempting from its fertility, and they are being rapidly destroyed. The Government makes laws about them, but in a democracy people do as they please. Custom and inclination rule, and laws are paper. A notch is cut a yard above the ground, the bark is stripped off, the circulation of the sap is arrested, the tree dies, the leaves at the top wither, the branches stand for a few years bare and ghostlike, and then it rots and falls. Sometimes the forest is wilfully fired; one sees hundreds of trunks, even where there is still life left, scorched and blackened on one side.

"The eucalyptus is a fast grower, and can be restored hereafter when the loss of foliage begins, as it will, to affect the climate; but the blackwood trees and acacias, which, though dwarfed by their immense neighbours, grow to what elsewhere would be a respectable size, mature only in centuries. The wood is valuable, and is everywhere being cut and carried off. The genius of destruction is in the air. In the Fernshaw Mountains, however, no great impression has been made as yet. One drives as through the aisles of an immeasurable cathedral, the boughs joining overhead to form the roof, supported on the grey columns which rise one behind the other all around. There is no undergrowth save tree-ferns, fine in their way, for some of them were thirty feet high, but looking like mere green mushrooms among the giant stems. . . . At length we reached the bottom of the last hill, where stood a picturesque hotel, the Yarra running at the back of it, reduced in volume, but improved in colour—a clear, pebbly stream, with blackfish, trout, and eels in it.

"The hill was steep. We walked up, skirting the ravine where the objects were growing which we had come in search of, their roots far down in the hollow, their heads towering up as far above our heads. Three hundred and fifty to four hundred

feet is their average height, and one was measured which reached four hundred and sixty. In the position in which they stand they are sheltered from all possible winds. To this and to the soil they owe their enormous development. I myself measured rudely the girth of one which stood near the road; at the height of my own shoulder it was forty-five feet round. . . . I was glad to have visited the place. It was something to have seen the biggest trees in the world, and to be able, in California, to affect disdain of the Yosemite, and, among tree-ferns, and lyre-birds, and eucalyptus, to be able to feel that we were in no strange land, among strange ways and strange faces. It was the old country still, with its old habits and old forms of enjoyment."

Because they are not gum-trees let us mention the deciduous curragong and the closely-allied (so it seems to me) bottle-tree. The curragong is the shade-giver of the hot interior of Central Queensland. Its stringy bark (that is, the innermost lining of the bark) furnished the twine for the nets of the old order of savages. But the art of net-making is lost to the more "civilised" tribes, who prefer chewing tobacco or opium to masticating the bark, which was the preliminary process the fibre underwent with the old net-makers. The timber of the curragong, when dry is light and, if I may use the word, "corky," and was selected by the aboriginal for his shield—which, by the way, either as a point of honour or of laziness, he never makes larger than such an oval as you might draw from this book when open before you. But commend me to the curragong for its grateful shade, its straight clean barrel, and its bright green foliage.

The bottle-tree belongs to this land, like its kangaroo and its emu. The relentless hand of the bushman cuts triangular holes into every one he finds, on the same principle that a boy who should know better dissects a watch or a doll or a drum to see what is inside. Inside the bottle-tree is a pulp which you can dig with a sharp spade, but no water, unless the tree is old and decayed, when, after rain, water may have lodged in the cavity.

If I have not already tried the reader's patience over-much, perhaps before we part he will ascend with me this quickly-rising little mountain, and look down on the forest below—a box-flat, over which a capful of wind is blowing. Each leaf, on the tremor, turns first one side, then the other, to the sun and to your eye, till the sea of leaves—for you see no ground below them—dances and shivers like a moving tide of life. No brush could convey the effect, no pen could tell it.

JERICHO.

A Medley of Names—Queensland Railways—Cloncurry—An Unfulfilled Prophecy—Alice—Jericho—Emerald—Cometville—Leichhardt's Gum-tree—The Explorer's Fate: Queensland Droughts and Floods.

IN the nomenclature of places in Australasia there is a queer jumble. Sometimes an English town (Portland or Newcastle), sometimes an English lady (Millicent or Lilydale), sometimes a letter of the Greek alphabet (Alpha), will figure side by side with musical aboriginal names. Some names come from the diggers (Brandy Creek); some from a humorous incident (Bishop's Despair). The Classical Dictionary gives a name here (Numantia), and the poets seem to have been ransacked there (Auburn). But it is natural that the Bible also should have lent its share. There is one part of Tasmania where Jerusalem, Jericho, and Lake Tiberias lie in close proximity; and, curiously enough, Bagdad is not far off. The Biblical town of Jericho has for some reason suffered from a bad reputation. It has been selected as a place of resort for those wished afar, sharing this selection in common with the towns of Coventry, Bath, and Halifax. The suggestion has been hazarded that this evil reputation is due to the fact that on one occasion a certain man was journeying to Jericho when he fell among thieves; but it is nowhere implied in the narrative that he was near his destination. Let us charitably suppose that the original Jericho did not deserve its bad character.

Jericho, in Queensland, was for over a year the terminus of the Central Queensland Railway. First, a word or two about the Queensland railways. The colony of Queensland cannot be said to possess a railway system. The reason for this lack is that, with the exception of the country directly inland from Brisbane, settlement first took place in a fringe along the coast. Brisbane, the capital, lies in a corner, and could not be made the centre of a railway system. The only method open to the Government was to take each important town along the coast and strike inland from it. Unfortunately, this provides a *terminus a quo*, but no *terminus ad quem*. It is intelligible enough to make a line joining two towns, Manchester and Liverpool, or Sydney and Melbourne; but the Central Queensland Railway, which starts from Rockhampton, is constructed on a principle more like that of some of the American lines, being intended to encourage settlement and to bring produce to a town.

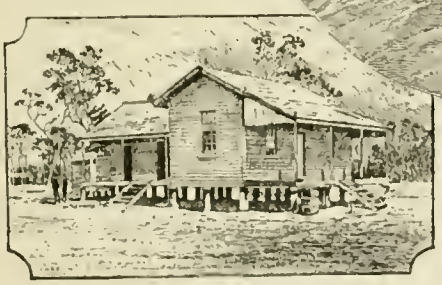
There is a great lack of anything that can be called a town on or near the line, and at first its destination was not very clear, until the line southwards from Normanton, on the Gulf of Carpentaria (into which the three lines will be led that start respectively from Townsville, Rockhampton, and Brisbane), had been begun. Cloncurry, a place remarkably difficult of access, which has prospered in spite of such difficulty, will most likely some day be a large junction. Cloncurry was the name of a river first, of a township afterwards, and the township prospered because of gold, and has already passed into the second gold stage. An enthusiastic warden of this goldfield once prophesied that it was to be "the premier mineral-producing locality of Australasia, if not of the world"—for it should be mentioned that the district has tin and copper as well

as gold. But the warden has since reluctantly confessed that, as an alluvial goldfield, Cloncurry has, to use the mining parlance, "duffered out." This second stage in gold mining is the quartz reefing, when machinery is called into play; and as machinery needs capital, gold producing is not so much an individual's speculation with a charming element of uncertainty, when with your own hands you may find a nugget, or may toil many a day and take nothing, but becomes a steady, settled industry, requiring special skill and special knowledge—an investment which may bring returns or may not, but in which the unpractised man finds his own hands quite unavailing.

The Central Queensland Railway runs very nearly along the Tropic of Capricorn. You may travel up the line about 300 miles before you reach the watershed. Several rivers are crossed, but they are branches of the Fitzroy, and their water reaches the Pacific past Rockhampton. Then one river is crossed in its upper waters

THE POST OFFICE.

GENERAL VIEW OF JERICHO.



THE POLICE BARRACKS.

—the Belyando—a stream which runs far away to the north, joining itself to the Burdekin some 150 miles north of the railway. Shortly before Jericho comes the watershed. Jericho is on the Alice, a branch of the Barcoo, which lower down is known as Cooper's Creek, historically famous in the Burke and Wills expedition, and ending in Lake Eyre, if that can rightly be called a lake which in the summer months and during dry seasons dries up altogether and disappears from the earth's surface.

Jericho is a characteristic township, owing its existence and its temporary prosperity to the halt of the railway, but doomed to dwindle as the line goes further. Indeed, the dwindling has begun. Alice, named after the river, was for a while the

next terminus, and then Alice, too, suffered practical extinction. Jericho stands on the lofty table-land of Central Queensland, high above the sea-level (1,500 feet). The soil consists of a sandy loam, growing readily enough currajong, iron-bark, and sandal-wood; but there is very little grass, and the principal fodder plant is spinifex. Indeed, it is no libel on the country round Jericho to describe it as desert.

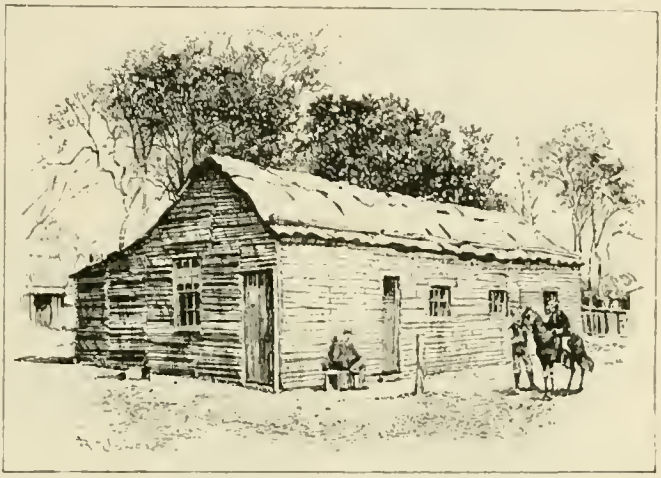
In its palmiest day Jericho consisted of a railway station, some fifteen "hotels" (the curse of the colonies), one branch bank, a post-office, half-a-dozen stores and the like number of blacksmiths' shops, a court-house and police barrack. The railway station is wise enough not to bother itself with a platform, which costs unnecessary money. It is an American system to dispense with platforms; carriages are constructed accordingly, and the traveller soon grows accustomed to do without them. Tanks, like the hotels, are a rather conspicuous feature in the view. You see, it is a dry country. The architecture of the court-house, like the justice dispensed in it, is characterised by a severe simplicity. The post-office, also, could hardly be described as an ornate structure. Its external aspect suggests that it could readily be moved, and this seems to lend support to the idea that the Department lacked faith in the permanence of Jericho. The police barrack is not large, but it is not uncomfortable. If a wooden house heat quickly in the daytime, it must be added that in the night season equally quick will be the cooling. The smallness of the barrack is a testimony to the law-abiding character of the population. The two churches that looked after the higher life of the little township were the Roman Catholic and the Primitive Methodist. For purposes of gathering together for political meetings or upon festive occasions, the inhabitants could not have been content without a Masonic Hall. Amusements were represented chiefly by two billiard-rooms. The ordinary dwelling-houses of Jericho numbered perhaps two hundred, built in very primitive fashion. The materials—bark, galvanised iron, or pine timber—had in many cases served the same purpose at one or more previous termini of the line, as Bogantungan and Pine Hill. Many of these useful buildings are being moved on wheels to Lagoon Creek, and so civilisation advances, typified by the railway, the Primitive Methodist church, and the public-house.

About half-way between Rockhampton and Jericho is Emerald, a township on the Nogoa River. The river's name is said to be made out of the English slang expression "no go," and denotes disappointment at its character on the part of early settlers, From Emerald lines branch south to Springsure, which is but a very small township, and north to Clermont. In the district of Clermont are splendid squatting stations. The district is rich in iron-bark forests, and may have a very great future before it, for it is said to have under its soil both coal and gold. The best known mineral of the district, however, is copper. The Peak Down Copper Mines are about four miles from Clermont, and Copperfield is the name of the place that has sprung up round the mines.

A station that lies some twenty-five miles east of Emerald is Cometville, or Comet alone, on the River Comet. Not far from this place, near the junction of the Nogoa and the Comet, is a celebrated gum-tree marked by Leichhardt. In fact, there are two trees in the neighbourhood that bear the initial letter of that intrepid explorer, and one of them is the very last that Leichhardt is known to have marked. Speculation

was long busy with the question of Leichhardt's fate, and perhaps this chapter cannot be more interestingly closed than by a long extract from the best book yet written upon Australia—a book which is not nearly well enough known—"The Dominion of Australia," by W. H. L. Ranken. The arguments in the extract are convincing; but the passage is given here not so much as settling the long-vexed question, as for its admirable description of Queensland drought followed by flood.

"The desolation of a drought is not less complete than that of a flood, and it perhaps has more effect upon the survivors. For years these droughts gather in force; they multiply their action before they are broken by the floods, and their termination is in a melancholy, awful landscape. For days and months the earth has been hot, parched, and cracked; for months the waters have ceased to flow, the trees have lived but not grown, and the sky has been cloudless. The never-green forest is browner, sadder, and still in the oppressive air; the plains are bare and dusty; the watering-places filled with dead; and the whole scene quivers before the eye by the great radiation of its heat. Daily the sun rises in a hazy sky, sails in a white heat through a cloudless course, and sets, a round red ball of fire, on the edge of a copper dome. A sullen dewless night follows the dreaded day. The leaves of the forest and the surviving grass of the field glisten like blades of steel in the glare of the mighty sun; there is no green thing, nor sound of life from bird, or beast, or tree, in the great noonday heat.—At length clouds mysteriously gather—daily they gather, and disappear at night—at last they form dense, low masses, thunder breaks, and violent storms of wind sweep the plain; no rain. Again and again these storms break before the longed-for rain comes; and with it comes flood. Perhaps the rain, filling the northern streams first, floods the southern water-channels before a cloud is in their sky. But with the floods destruction to lingering life, no less than hope to withering vegetation, is brought down. Many a settler has been ruined by droughts; but many a flock which survived that ordeal has been silently, hopelessly, swallowed by the flood. Many a life has been lost thus; and here we may find a clue to the fate of Leichhardt.



COURT HOUSE, JERICHO.

"He started to explore the interior. Having already defined much of the coast watershed, he desired to define the inland or southern drainage, and the nature of this vast inland plain; but from this expedition he never returned, nor have any trace or tidings of him been brought in, except of the very beginning of his journey. It has been conjectured that he was murdered by natives; that he perished in a drought, or

for want of food; and that some of the party may still be alive. But each of these suppositions is weakened by the fact that no authentic information of such a fate has been obtained, while some might be fairly expected; for Leichhardt had the severest experience of bush-travelling before he started upon this trip. He was accompanied by chosen men, and he had horses, mules, and goats with him—all sagacious animals. And if want overtook him, he could, in all probability, meet it by his knowledge of the bush and of botany; if the natives attacked him, some of the animals would certainly have escaped and made homewards; and if any of the party still lived, some certain information would have been brought in of him. In either case some animal, some weapon, piece of cutlery, or part of their equipment, would have been found by later explorers, and have given a clue to the fate of the party; but no trace has been found. Had, however, one of these floods overtaken the party, weakened by a long drought, their total disappearance is quite accountable.

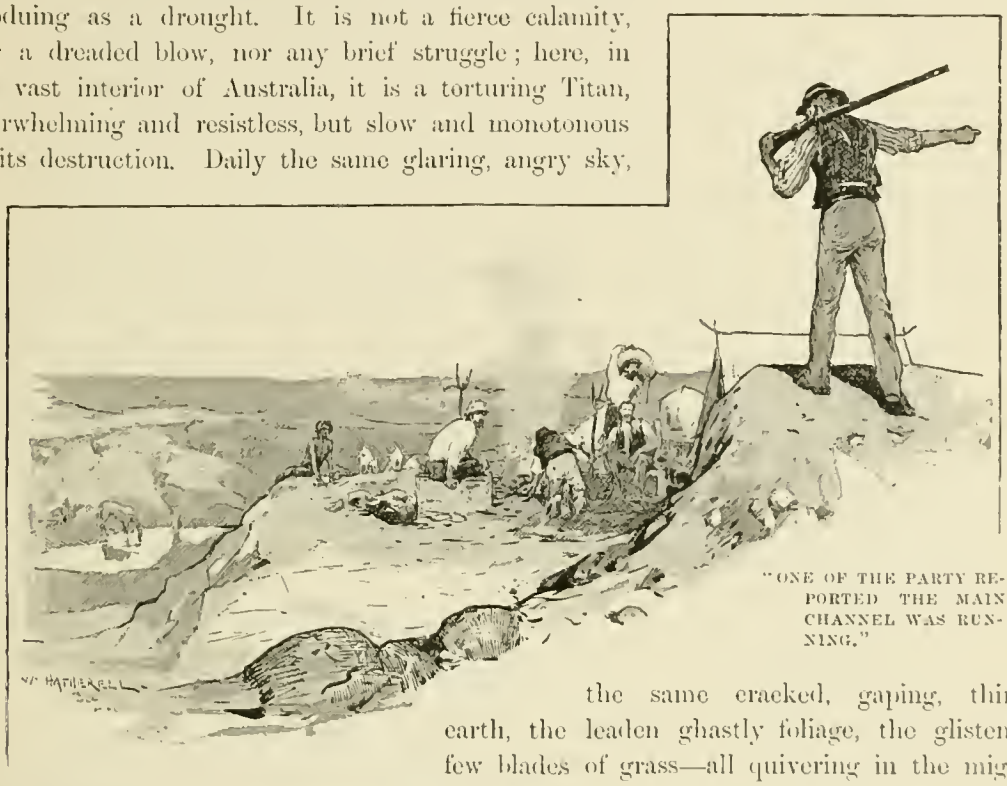
"The reader can picture his party toiling over the white withering downs of the inland slopes, water becoming at every stage more difficult to find—the grass becoming drier and scantier, the horses weaker, and the party more dispirited. Sometimes without water, always in a tropical heat, and without any sign of a change in the weather, they would be compelled to stay their progress, and to feel their way from one watering-place to another. This continual scouting would reduce the horses and exhaust the men. But the water-holes dry up, and they were forced to shift camp. At last they found a large lagoon, and determined to wait for rain.

LEICHHARDT.

THE LEICHHARDT EXPEDITION ON MARCH.

"Let us suppose this lagoon to be in an obscure river channel, 200 or 300 yards long, having grassy slopes leading into and out of it, and not a clearly-cut channel. It had steep banks, thirty feet deep, and some five or six feet of water in the bottom: it is in one channel of a northern stream, where it spreads over the plains, effecting a junction with another river—forming a network of channels and flooded flats. There has been no flood for some years, most of the channels are overgrown with grass and weeds,

and patches of downs lie between the meshes of the net. Here the party camped, well knowing they were in flooded ground; but there was no other water. They hoped their horses would recover, that they would rest and gain strength, and with the first rain move on to a better camp. They dreamed of gigantic mountains and noble rivers, of plains well watered and shady forests, while all around was the most dreadful desolation. There is nothing so oppressive and utterly subduing as a drought. It is not a fierce calamity, nor a dreaded blow, nor any brief struggle; here, in the vast interior of Australia, it is a torturing Titan, overwhelming and resistless, but slow and monotonous in its destruction. Daily the same glaring, angry sky,



"ONE OF THE PARTY REPORTED THE MAIN CHANNEL WAS RUNNING."

the same cracked, gaping, thirsty earth, the leaden ghastly foliage, the glistening few blades of grass—all quivering in the mighty heat. No green thing, no fresh colour, no breath of wind, no sound from earth or air of beast or bird or insect; all in silence—in a breathless, appalling silence. Nightly the sun sets in sullen anger, and the moon rises in the cold distant ether. The firmament is clear beyond conception, the stars bright, the moon radiant; all cool, distant, dewless, pitiless.

"They camped. Some life began to show itself: kites and crows watched their camp, and circled over them from daylight to dusk. This was some change from the circling whirlwinds which were the only other break to the dreariness of the scene. Then the air, in excessively hot spots, would silently gather into an eddy, gradually increase the sweep of its little circle, and, ere it was observed, there would be a vortex of wind towering far into the sky, lifting up the withered herbs, the dry bushes, the dead reeds and grass, to scatter them—its fury spent—far over the plain. And at sunset some more life enlivened the scene: flocks, clouds of pigeons came and drank at their water, then swept away into the dusk to roost upon the hot ground. But ere they had been many days in camp, one sultry night they were surprised to find that most

of the kites had left them, and that not one pigeon came to drink. It was strange, but stranger still that one of the party, as he returned from foraging with his gun, reported the main channel, about a mile from the camp, was running. Not a cloud in the sky, nor any sign of rain, but here was the proof of rain up the country.

"At first they talked of their plans, of how they would travel up the river slowly, and so on. But this was the beginning of the end—they were caught in a net of floods. The last office of the night was to draw water; and in doing so they found that the channel upon which they had camped was running strong. Then began the struggle. Some went for the horses and animals; these were scattered over the plain, cut off from their camp by other rapidly-filling watercourses. Thus the men became separated; nor were the horses ever got together. Some horses, and even men, in the sudden knowledge of their fate, struck out wildly, purposelessly, for their lives, and perished. Others struggled at the camp to save some of their most valuable equipments and stores. They determined to make back to the high land they had left before they crossed a creek two miles back—it must be another river, and surely not impassable yet. It was midnight; the leader urged all on with what they could take; he would follow at daylight if necessary.

"But the floods came in torrents and volumes; they filled all the channels; they netted all the plain; they joined each with the other; they overflowed all banks, and swept the plain fifty miles wide. No man nor horse escaped that night, except the solitary man and a few bewildered animals that happened to gather up to the camp fire. All went before the torrents, drowned in streams, or bogged in the muddy banks, separated, bewildered, and desperate; the waste of waters swept over all, buried the remains in sand and mud, or scattered them over 100 miles of plains. No vestige was left. Daylight came, and showed Leichhardt his inevitable fate; alone in a wilderness of water. No sign, no hope of any of his party; for he could see many miles of water on each side. He well knew he was in a net of watercourses.

"Water, water, but no sign of life; no spot of dry land in sight; no hope. At the camp, his journals and charts, his comrades' saddles, raised another and a mightier flood in his mind. No friend, no comrade, save one or two terror-stricken animals; only overhead, upon a blasted tree, sat a carrion crow. Then the dumb animals, their feet now in water, drew up to the camp fire, and whimpered low their last sad appeal to friend and comrade. No guidance; and they turned and went with the flood, and sailed down the waters, looking to right and left for dry land. Last of all, as the waters sapped and drowned the camp fire, Ludwig Leichhardt strode into the flood, and passed away on that exploration of which no traveller has reported."

THE TAMAR AND THE NORTH-WEST COAST.

A Trip by Steamer—Down the Tamar—Windermere—Sidmouth—Ilfracombe—George Town—Port Sorell—Mouth of the Mersey—Formby and Torquay—Leith—Port Fenton—Hamilton-on-Forth—Penguin—Emu Bay—Table Cape and Rocky Cape by Moonlight—Circular Head—Stanley to Mount Bischoff—The Works—A Sagacious Prospector—A Company Formed—Disappointment—The Turning Point—Fabulous Profits—The Ringarooma District—Excess and Reaction.

THE north-west coast of Tasmania is that part of the island in which there has been of late years the greatest increase of population and the greatest spread of cultivation. Long before the tin discoveries had so greatly enhanced the value of property in the district, population was gradually, though slowly, converging upon the north-west; while many of the older settled districts were in a state of slow decay. But since this region became the scene of extensive mining operations, its relative prosperity and importance have enormously increased.

A very pleasant mode of visiting the north-west coast is to take the steamer *Devon* to Circular Head, and return by road, diverging on the way back to pay a visit to Mount Bischoff. The *Devon* makes a trip westward every week. The run down the Tamar is always interesting on a fine day, the scenery all the way being lovely. In the first few miles we pass a number of pleasantly-situated residences, with extensive gardens and shrubberies. The very abrupt bends of the river yield all the charm that arises from a frequent change of the points of view. Then, as we go on, the river expands into wide reaches dotted with islands, and opening into lovely bays. As in the Derwent, we often seem to be in a lake shut in at each end. The course lies between wooded hills. Now and then we catch sight of the George Town road, and of some inn or dwelling-house on the roadside. In some parts, where the river widens out, we see with surprise the extent of circuitous sweep which the steamer must make in order to keep the channel. About four miles down we pass Stephenson's Bend. Here the annual regatta is held; and on that occasion the hillside on the right bank is lined with spectators, and presents a brilliant aspect of animation and enjoyment. The regatta is the one holiday of the year in which, above all others, whole families take part. Tents are pitched on the hillside, picnics are organised, and if the weather is fine an ideal holiday is enjoyed.

A mile or two further down we come to Gardener's Point, whence the first view of Launceston is obtained by vessels coming up the river. Turn round and have a good look at it, if you have not already done so before coming thus far. The view is the exact converse of that which is to be had from the Westbury road. There the city itself is the central object of vision, and the hill-suburbs subordinate objects. Here the city is comparatively effaced, and the eye rests on the bright, white, clean-looking houses rising to the very crests of the encircling hills. Few cities in the world are more beautifully placed than Hobart and Launceston; and of the two the situation of Launceston is the more striking at first sight, since the eye takes it in at once.

A few miles further on the pretty little church of Windermere attracts the eye.

But the noticeable places along the banks are not many; the river itself is of sufficient interest, apart from names and associations. About two-thirds of our way down we see on our left a church and manse, indicating the vicinity of the township of Sidmouth. In this part of the river is Whirlpool Reach, a somewhat dangerous portion of the stream. The water seems to be always boiling and eddying, and there are some obstructions to the navigation, which have been partially removed by blasting. Steamers can always keep a safe course through the reach, but casualties have occurred to the small sailing-vessels which trade along the coast and up the river. Further on, and on the left bank of the river, we see the Ilfracombe Smelting Works. There is iron in this neighbourhood, which has been worked to some extent, though not with great profit. At George Town the *Devon* is sure to land a good many passengers, and to take up a few. There is generally a stoppage long enough to enable anyone who pleases to take a good look round the township. It is the favourite summer resort and watering-place for families from Launceston and from the northern districts generally. On leaving George Town it is not long before the steamer passes outside the heads; then, turning to the west, she runs along a coast which shows little signs of settlement or cultivation till she has passed Port Sorell. Westward of Port Sorell the interest of the coast increases greatly. Dwelling-houses are dotted along the coast at intervals, some of them large and handsome. This line of shore, with the country for several miles back, has been much resorted to of late years by the class of settlers who used generally in former days to go to Canada—namely, gentlemen of small income, who take up land and work it without any thought or expectation of making a fortune by it. Many homes replete with every evidence of refined taste are to be found in the Devon district.

Twelve miles along the coast from Port Sorell brings us to the mouth of the Mersey. Here are two townships facing one another on opposite sides of the river —namely, Formby and Torquay; the latter on the right bank, the other on the left. Till the Western Line of Railway was extended from Deloraine to the Mersey, Torquay was the more important of the two, and served as shipping-port to the town of Latrobe, which lies seven miles higher up the river. The extension of the railway brought the terminus of the line to Formby; and this has given such an advantage to the place that it seems likely to swallow up the trade both of Torquay and Latrobe. Formby is a very pretty village, much resorted to as a sanatorium. It has a pleasant esplanade along the river-side, with pretty residences. These will no doubt give way to warehouses and mercantile offices, for this little township seems likely to become ere long the most important mart for export and import on the northern coast, Launceston itself hardly excepted.

The steamer remains in the Mersey on Tuesday night, and starts early the next morning. A short run of seven or eight miles brings it to the township of Leith, generally known as "The Don," from the name of the river on which it stands. The River Don Trading Company, which has its establishments at Leith, is a most extensive exporter of timber and general produce. It has splendid saw-mills, which are an object of interest to all visitors; it also has a tramway with branches running

several miles inland to convey timber to its mills, while its own vessels trade from the Don to the neighbouring colonies.

A few miles further along the coast brings us to Port Fenton on the Forth, and here the *Devon* is sure to put in, tide permitting. Like all the small harbours on this coast, Port Fenton is afflicted with a bar which requires humouring. The important township of Hamilton-on-Forth lies a little way up the river. It is called Hamilton-on-Forth, to distinguish it from the other and older Hamilton on the Clyde. Then on along the coast

A TASMANIAN BUSH CHURCH.

to the pretty harbour of Ulverstone, at the mouth of the Leven, a flourishing little township of recent date, serving as the port of a heavily-timbered district. For more than half a mile along the frontage of the township are to be seen stacks of timber awaiting shipment. Penguin, where we now find ourselves, had silver mines, of which great hopes were entertained a little while before the discovery of tin at Bischoff. The hopes proved fallacious, and the same has since occurred with respect to some attempts at copper-mining in the neighbourhood; yet it is believed that better management might make this little township an important centre of mining industry.

From Penguin we have a good long coast-run to Emu Bay, where we moor alongside

the wharf. Here we find some thousands of small bags piled up and waiting for embarkation. Try the weight of one of them, and you will be rather surprised at the effort needed to lift it. The fact is that these are bags of tin-ore, and each contains an exact hundredweight. They are waiting to be conveyed to the smelting works at Launceston. Emu Bay is the terminus of the Mount Bischoff Railway. The township which has arisen around the bay is officially designated Burnie; but the name is little used, the place being popularly known as Emu Bay. It is probably night by the time the *Devon* has transacted its business at the bay. If the weather is fine and the night bright and clear, the vessel will most likely at once resume its journey, in order to reach Circular Head by the Thursday morning. In this case it depends on the state of the moon whether or not we see the fine headlands of Table Cape and Rocky Cape, the latter of which rises more than one thousand feet above the sea-level. The morning will see us moored beneath the wonderful headland whence Circular Head derives its name. It is a grand truncated column of greenstone rock 478 feet high; its top is flat, eighty acres in extent, and covered with rich deep grass, affording excellent pasture. It is generally spoken of as "The Bluff." The ascent is steep, but practicable from the land side.

At the foot of the Bluff lies the township of Stanley, an interesting little place, to which a peculiar character has been imparted by its long isolation from the rest of the island. A quarter of a century ago there was little else than impenetrable forest all the way from Deloraine to Stanley, and a land journey between the two places would have been impracticable. Consequently, the only communication between Stanley and the outer world was by water; and its intercourse with Melbourne was more frequent and regular than with any port of Tasmania. It is the nearest Tasmanian port to Victoria, and steam communication with Melbourne was established before there was any regular communication with Launceston. Even now the journey to Melbourne, being a clear run without stoppages, takes considerably less time than the journey to Launceston; and in conversation with the ladies of Stanley, it will generally be found that they went to school in Melbourne, and that they are still in the habit of going there when they want a change of air or a renewal of their wardrobe.

The whole peninsula of Circular Head, with several large blocks of land to the south of it, belongs to a company established in 1825, and named the Van Diemen's Land Company. The township of Stanley grew up around the spot where the agents of this company fixed their headquarters. Its appearance indicates age, and it is, in fact, considerably the oldest of the townships along the north-west coast. The wealth of the community consists in the splendid pasturages of the surrounding country and the wonderful fertility of the soil, which is still unexhausted after sixty years of cultivation, during which no regard has been paid to rotation of crops, and no necessity has been experienced for artificial aids to fertility. The ascent of the Bluff is sufficiently difficult to be somewhat exciting, without being dangerous or over-fatiguing. The view from the plateau at the top extends eastward to the Tamar, westward to the Barren and Hummock islands and to Cape Grim, the extreme point of the north-west coast.

The isolation of Stanley is now a thing of the past. The road along the north coast has within the last few years been prolonged from Emu Bay to Circular Head; so that the communication with the northern townships is complete both by land and by water. Nor is the *Devon* the only means of communication with the northern ports. Every Saturday morning the Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Mangana* leaves Formby and runs along the coast to Circular Head, arriving there the same evening, and starting a few hours later for Melbourne; and every Wednesday it is back again at Circular Head on its way to Formby. It may be mentioned further, with regard to this interesting little peninsula, that its climate is about the most equable of any spot in the Southern Hemisphere; and this, perhaps, is one amongst other causes of the marvellous fertility of its soil.

The traveller who has got to this remotest point of Northern Tasmania will scarcely be willing to leave the north-west coast without paying a visit to the far-famed Mount Bischoff. To do this he must return to Emu Bay, and this can be done either by one of the steamers, or by a land journey down the coast road. The latter plan would have the advantage of variety, and the journey is a very enjoyable one indeed, especially if it be made on horseback, so as to afford the opportunity of pausing from time to time to enjoy the grand coast-scenery. The road runs for twelve miles along the edge of lofty cliffs, some bare and abrupt, others slightly shelving and clothed with trees and shrubs to the water's edge. Thirty-eight miles from Stanley the road passes through the flourishing little township of Wynyard, which lies at the mouth of the River Inglis and under the shadow of Table Cape. It rises almost perpendicularly 600 feet from the sea. The space between the cape and the mouth of the Inglis River is a favourite roadstead for vessels seeking shelter from the north-west gales. From Wynyard a dozen miles of road closely skirting the coast brings the traveller to Emu Bay (Burnie). Here he will take the rail to Mount Bischoff. The journey is over mountains and through forests, with frequent rock-cuttings and embankments. The length of the line is forty-eight miles, and the ascent is almost continuous till it reaches the Mount Bischoff township Waratah, which lies 2,000 feet above the sea-level.

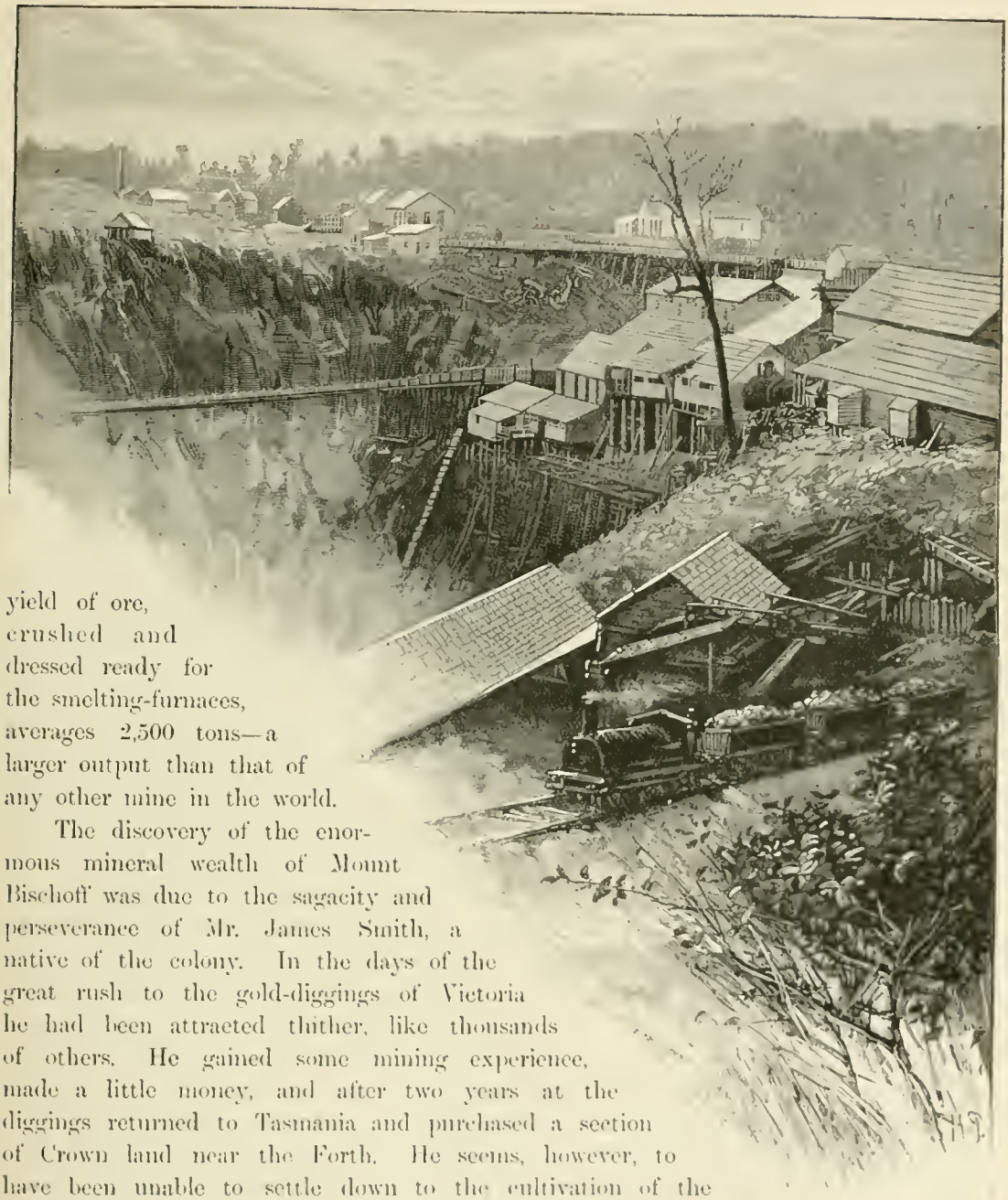
To say that the journey is fascinating would convey no idea of its grandeur. The line winds through and round gorges and gullies clothed with the richest foliage—past deep solitary ravines walled in by precipitous cliffs, where the pure crystal waters of the hills leap from rock to rock till they reach the flowing streamlets below. The engineering difficulties in the construction of the line were very great. From Emu Bay inwards the country is a series of steppes or terraces intersected by ravines and river-beds of the most rugged character, heavily timbered, and closely packed with almost impenetrable undergrowth. The mere labour of surveying was excessive. A hill-range lying a few miles up the left bank of the Emu could be surmounted only by the use of gradients of one in thirty-five, and curves of five chains' radius. The line is on the narrow gauge of three feet six inches. It follows the valley of the Emu, crosses the Hampshire Hills, skirts the foot of Valentine's Peak, then enters the region of the Surrey Hills, and (bending westward)

reaches Waratah, the town which the works at Mount Bischoff have called into existence.

The Surrey Hills are remarkable for their rich growth of mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, and, above all, for the abundance of that most glorious of all flowering shrubs, the waratah. A tributary of the Arthur River, rising in the Surrey Hills, was named the Waratah, from the copious growth of this flower on its banks; and the town, in its turn, has taken its name from the river. The rapidity of its growth is remarkable. From a single log-hut constructed on the hillside in 1873 it had become the fourth town in the island before the end of 1885. It has a bright and cheerful appearance. Built chiefly of wood, the houses are, for the most part, neatly painted in light tints. The town lies on both sides of the river, which is crossed by three bridges. It has comfortable hotels, good general stores, post and telegraph office, court-house, institute and library, and churches of different denominations. While the town itself, as already mentioned, is 2,000 feet above the sea-level, the tin-bearing portion of the mountain rises 600 feet above the level of the town. The mining operations are rather of the nature of quarrying than of ordinary mining. Broad sections have been cut away from the flank of the mountain, laying bare three faces from 1,000 to 1,800 feet in width. Each

A TASMANIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

of these gives rich stanniferous rock. A railway a mile in length conveys the rough ore to the batteries and dressing-sheds in the township. Fifty-five head of stampers are kept constantly at work in the batteries. The whole of the machinery is worked by water-power, the river having a fall of one hundred feet. This also enables the company to use the electric light in all their offices, sheds, and workshops. The annual



DRESSING SHEDS, MOUNT BISCHOFF.

yield of ore, crushed and dressed ready for the smelting-furnaces, averages 2,500 tons—a larger output than that of any other mine in the world.

The discovery of the enormous mineral wealth of Mount Bischoff was due to the sagacity and perseverance of Mr. James Smith, a native of the colony. In the days of the great rush to the gold-diggings of Victoria he had been attracted thither, like thousands of others. He gained some mining experience, made a little money, and after two years at the diggings returned to Tasmania and purchased a section of Crown land near the Forth. He seems, however, to have been unable to settle down to the cultivation of the soil. In his short experience of mining life he had acquired a taste for prospecting, and Nature had endued him with the sort of instinct which makes a successful prospector, and which leads him on the track of great discoveries. For fifteen years Mr. Smith's life was spent chiefly in prospecting amongst rocks and streams in the unfrequented parts of the wild mountainous region to the south of his home. He had made

several mineral discoveries before the one great discovery which brought fortune both to the colony and to himself. He had found gold up the Forth, copper on the Leven, and silver on the Penguin. None of these had led to any important result. A silver-mine was, indeed, opened on the Penguin, but it collapsed after two or three years of mismanagement. Still Mr. Smith went on with his researches. He pressed further and further inland, pushing his way through trackless forests and over snow-clad mountains, crossing flooded rivers, desisting only at intervals when exhausted by fatigue and privation, but setting forth again with his trowel, his blow-pipe, and a few chemical tests as soon as his strength was recruited. At length came the crowning result of long years of patient research.

How he had managed to force his way forty-five miles south from the coast as far as Mount Bischoff is in itself a wonder. The lower slopes of the mountain lie, it is true, in the Surrey Hills Block, which had been granted years before to the Van Diemen's Land Company; but the Company had not yet cleared or cultivated this portion of their property. The mountain had received its name from Mr. James Bischoff, who was Chairman of the Company in 1828; but its summit had never been reached, except by a party of surveyors engaged in a trigonometrical survey of the island in 1843. No one else, as far as is known, had ever ventured through the dense horizontal scrub that surrounds the base of the mountain—an undergrowth so impenetrable that to get through one hundred yards of it in an hour is considered good progress for a pedestrian. Yet into this region Mr. Smith made his way, and here it was that in December, 1871, he found tin. He carried home some of the ore, smelted it, and obtained the first lump of metallic tin produced in Tasmania. In consideration of his discovery he was permitted by the Government of the day to secure two sections of eighty acres each for mining operations.

His next difficulty was in forming a company to work the mine. In 1871 and 1872 the colony had reached the lowest ebb of a depression which had begun about 1855, and had gone from bad to worse ever since. Agricultural interests had been checked by a variety of causes: blight and rust had attacked the wheat-fields; New Zealand was deluging the colonial markets with potatoes and oats; while the large surplus of grain produced in South Australia, and the imposition of a protective tariff in Victoria, had almost put an end to export from Tasmania. All attempts at profitable mining had failed. The Fingal gold-fields had long ceased to yield anything but disappointment; the Penguin silver-mine had brought nothing but loss; of ninety gold-mining companies which had been formed in the course of the preceding decade, only two were still alive in 1872. People had become sceptical of mineral wealth; depression had checked enterprise; and there was great difficulty in forming and floating a company for any purpose. However, a solicitor in Launceston, who had great experience in mining matters, was induced by Mr. Smith to accompany him to Mount Bischoff. Convinced of the exceptional richness of the "prospects," he returned to Launceston fully resolved to float a company; and in the course of 1873 the Mount Bischoff Tin Mining Company was formed, with a nominal capital of £60,000, in 12,000 shares of £5 each.

But difficulties were not all brought to an end by the formation of the company. It was no easy matter to work a mine situated in a country so difficult of access, and utterly void of anything like a formed road. The appliances for treating the ore were imperfect, the bush-track to the coast was scarcely passable even in fine weather, and utterly impassable for more than half the year. Meanwhile the expenses of the mine were far exceeding its receipts, its banking account was overdrawn to the extent of £40,000, the shares had sunk to a quarter of their paid-up value, and the enterprise seemed likely to add one more to the long list of disheartening failures, when the bold and wise prevision of one man averted the threatening danger. The resident agent of the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company prevailed on the directors of that company to construct a tram-road from Emu Bay to the mine. This was the turning-point in the history of the Mount Bischoff Tin Mining Company. Henceforward there was no difficulty in getting the ore to the coast, and the fortune of the shareholders was made. The Van Diemen's Land Company also reaped the benefit of their outlay in an enormous increase to the value of their property; for it so happened that all the land through which the trams passed was included in three contiguous blocks which had been granted to the Company soon after its formation in 1825. In the course of 1884 and 1885 a regular railway was substituted for the wooden tramway, and steam-power took the place of horse-power; but long before this the Mount Bischoff Mine had revolutionised the fortunes of the colony.

Simultaneously with the great development of wealth from Mount Bischoff, discovery was made of rich alluvial tin-deposits in the rivers and creeks of the north-east coast, chiefly in the district of Ringarooma; while the same decade which brought to light the fact that Tasmania possesses the richest tin-mine in the world established also the scarcely less interesting fact that it owns the richest gold-mine in the Australian colonies. After a quarter of a century of unsuccessful gold-mining, rich auriferous quartz was discovered in 1877 on a little affluent of the Tamar, known as Brandy Creek. Here the flourishing town of Beaconsfield has sprung into rapid importance as the centre of a mining district in which six or seven mines are at work. Of these the most important is the Tasmania Mine, which, like the Mount Bischoff tin-mine, made large fortunes for the original shareholders, and is at present the most productive gold-mine in the Southern Hemisphere.

This new outpouring of mineral wealth was like an awakening from death to life in Tasmania. The heart-sickness of hope deferred seemed to have taken possession of the whole community; but now trade began to revive, employment was becoming plentiful, the wealth raised from beneath the soil was permeating all classes of society, and large fortunes were being made by those who had been fortunate or judicious enough to invest at the right moment. In the case of the Mount Bischoff Mine, the profits of those who took shares at the outset, and had the tenacity to hold on when the shares rose to ten times, twenty times, and ultimately sixty times their original cost, were almost fabulous. The man who with much doubt and misgiving ventured £100 to secure one hundred shares at their first issue, found himself after a few years in receipt of a sure income of £600 a year from this small outlay. For years past the

dividends in the Mount Bischoff Company have never been less than 10s. a month on each share of £5. But even this is nothing to the good fortune which befell some investors; for at the time when the fortunes of the Company were at their lowest ebb, their shares could sometimes be purchased at six or seven shillings, and there are instances in which incomes of three or four thousand a year resulted from an outlay of two or three hundred pounds at the period of depression.

The returns from the alluvial deposits in the Ringarooma district were for a while as marvellous as those from Mount Bischoff. They were worked principally by small

MOUNT BISCHOFF.

companies of ten or twelve shareholders, who made a rich harvest while the yield lasted; but several of the alluvial claims are already exhausted. It cannot be wondered at that such dazzling strokes of fortune produced a diseased craving for mining speculation. Everybody had some acquaintance who had achieved independence by an utterly insignificant outlay, who was in receipt perhaps of £100 a month as the result of an original investment of £50 or less. When such cases were heard of every day, it can hardly be wondered at that for several years almost all the savings of the trading and professional classes were swallowed up by mining speculations. Mount Heemskirk, on the west coast, was found to be stanniferous, and several experts pronounced it to be another Bischoff. Allotments were eagerly taken up both by

Tasmanian and by Victorian speculators. Companies were formed with bewildering rapidity between the years 1878 and 1881, until they numbered more than one hundred. By 1885 the great majority of these had collapsed, with hopeless loss to the shareholders; and the same fate had befallen the gold-mining companies which had sprung up like mushrooms as soon as the Beaconsfield Gold Mines had made the fortunes of their lucky shareholders. All this, however, was but the reaction which always follows a period of exceptional prosperity. Great loss and disappointment has befallen thousands in the community, but even they are better off than they were before the great development of mineral wealth had taken place; and meanwhile there are no symptoms of proximate exhaustion in the steady output of tin at Bischoff and of gold at Beaconsfield.

Besides the Mount Bischoff Company, there are several other companies working claims in the same district. Nor is tin the only product of the Bischoff region. Antimony, copper, bismuth, and silver-lead are found there in considerable quantities; while the country to the west and north-west of the Mount abounds in alluvial gold. In the years 1884 to 1886 gold to the value of £120,000 was sent from those districts to the banks of Launceston.

The country around Bischoff, it should be added, is covered with a dense forest of myrtle, sassafras, pine and beech; while an almost endless variety of small plants, ferns, and moss may be found in the gullies and creeks about the township. The view from the top of Bischoff, over the vast expanse of beautiful variegated foliage, with mountain-peaks rising in all directions, is one of the grandest sights in the colony.

CAVERNS AND CRATERS OF MOUNT GAMBIER.

Travelling under Difficulties—Narracoorte—The Caves—A Stony Shroud—Gambiertown—The Blue Lake—The Leg of Mutton Lake—The Valley Lake—Mount Schanck—Lakes Leake and Edward—Vansittart Cave—Mitchell's Cave—Incidents of a Volcanic District.

MOUNT GAMBIER and its neighbourhood, in the south-eastern extremity of South Australia, represent one of those spots upon which geologists have exercised their imaginations in the endeavour to account for the features by which they are peculiarised. That the hills, lakes, and caves have been formed by volcanic agency is certain; as to the particular manner of their creation we are left to conjecture and imagination. The mount itself was discovered in the year 1800, by Lieutenant Grant, commander of the *Lady Nelson*, a surveying brig. The town which nestles at its foot was laid out in 1855—a date which, reckoning by the age of the colony, makes it more than middle-aged. Yet Gambiertown has not become the resort of sight-seers, nor of those in search of health, to so great an extent as either the picturesque scenery or the salubriousness of the air might have led one to expect.

This neglect of a spot which well repays the toil of the traveller may be due to the fact that, until recently, it was not easily accessible. Approached by way of the water, the dismal experiences of sea-sickness had to be endured, and did it happen that a heavy sea made the harbours of Robe and Port Macdonnell unsafe for ships, the traveller must needs be carried whither he would not. The land journey had little more in its favour, for, though sea-sickness was avoided, the traveller reached his goal with wearied body and bruised and shaken limbs. The greater part of the road from Adelaide to Gambiertown was unmetalled, and, in places, was famous for the depth of the ruts and the height of the lumps of limestone, or the hardness of the knots of mallee roots, which marked its course. Ladies travelling by coach were invariably fastened to the seats by straps, and though men scorned these ties, they were forced to cling tightly to the sides of the vehicle to avoid being thrown out. Considering the discomforts that met travellers on either side, it is not much wonder that only those whose business drew them thither visited the mount.

But those days are past; steamers still call at the ports, but the coach rusts and rots, while the railway tears along with those who travel by land. Of the journey by rail from Adelaide along the Intercolonial line a description has elsewhere been given.* At Wolseley, on the southern margin of the Ninety Mile Desert, a line branches westward and southward to Mount Gambier.

The first place of any importance upon this line is Narracoorte, and from the tourist's point of view its importance lies in the fact that it is the nearest town to the Mosquito Plains Caves. These are situated in a range of hills, and are distant about six miles from the town. Of these caves the Rev. J. E. Woods has given a most minute and graphic account in his work, "Geological Observations in South Australia,"

* See Vol. III., pp. 269—298.

and we feel that we cannot do better than transcribe his words. After remarking that the internal beauty of the caverns is at strange variance with the wildness of the scenery around, he continues:—

"There is nothing, outwardly, to show that any great subterraneous excavation might be expected. The entrance to them is merely a round hole situated on top of a hill. . . On going to the edge of the hole, a small sloping path is observed, which leads under a shelf of rock, and, on descending this for a depth of about twenty-five feet, then it is one gets a glimpse of the magnificence enshrined below. The observer finds himself at the entrance of a large oblong chamber, low, but perfectly lighted by an aperture at the opposite end, and all round, above and below, the eye is bewildered by a profusion of ornaments and decoration of Nature's own devising. It is like an immense Gothic cathedral, and the number of half-finished stalagmites, which rise from the ground like kneeling or prostrate forms, seem worshippers in that silent and solemn place.

"The walls are pretty equal in outline, generally unbroken nearly to the floor, and then, for the most part, they shelve in as far as the eye can reach, leaving a wedge-shaped aperture nearly all round. This seems devised by Nature to add to the embellishments of the place: for in the space thus left, droppings of limestone have formed the most fanciful tracery, where pillars of every shape wind into small groups like garlands or flowers, or stand out like the portico of a Grecian temple, the supports becoming smaller and smaller till they join like a mass of carved marble.

"At the farther end there is an immense stalactite, which appears like a support to the whole roof. . . . The pillar is about ten feet in diameter, and being formed of the dripping of limestone from above in successive layers, seems as though it owed its elaborate appearance to the hand of Art, not the least beautiful part of it being that it is tinted by almost every variety of colour, one side being a delicate azure, with passages of blue and green and pink intermingled, and again it is snowy white, finally merging into a golden yellow. It stands upon a raised platform of stalagmite, which extends some way down the chamber, about three feet high, at the end of which is the pillar. . . . The whole length of the cavern, as far as I could ascertain, is about one hundred and ninety feet, the width about forty feet, and the height twenty feet."

On passing round this large stalactite, "the second cave that now meets the view is different in many particulars to the former. It is smaller, and so thickly studded with stalactites as to render a clear glance through it impossible. . . . Some are thin, and look, from the manner in which they are deposited, as if they were gracefully festooned in honour of some festival: some are mere delicate shafts; and every now and then some large, untinished stalagmite appears in the form of a veiled statue, mysteriously enshrouded in heavy white drapery. On looking back . . . one would think a dense avenue of statuary before some palace had been passed—so solemn, so great, and yet so life-like are the curious wreathed and twisted columns, with their numerous groupings and strange varieties of form."

The third cave (entrance to which is gained by means of an opening from the one

just described) "is so thickly studded with stalactites, and these sometimes so very wide at the base, that from the outside it seems like a carefully-arranged scene, which, from the interminable variety of form, a magic effect of light and shade, might easily be thought intended to represent a fairy palace. On proceeding a little way the ground becomes painfully uneven. . . . Very soon the cavern becomes as dark as night, so that no further exploration can be made without candles, and even with these the utmost caution is necessary, as there are pits, caverns, and holes in all directions. . . . There is one in particular, which is a great fissure, extending

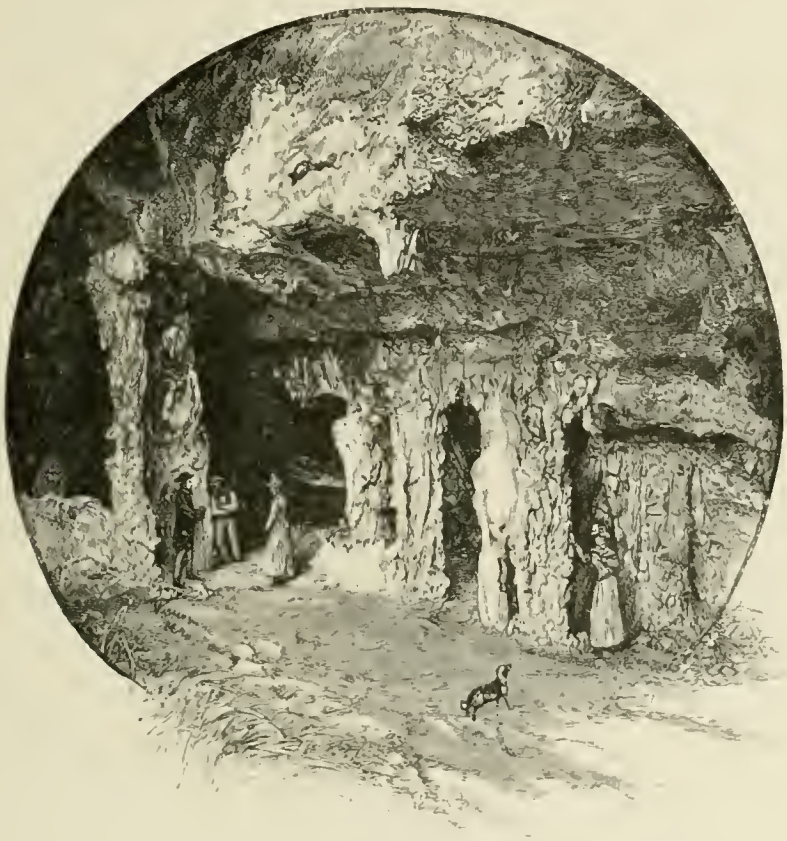
ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES.

nearly from side to side. It is very deep. The sides are smooth and slippery, and as the light is thrown into its gloomy depths, the sides are seen to be divided in some places into columns and pillars, making even that dark place elaborate with natural architecture.

"Farther into the cave the roof becomes lower and lower still, surmounted with the ghostly white stalactites, and at last the passage onward is so small that one must stoop very low in order to proceed. . . . A painful stillness reigns in this last cavern, which becomes perfectly unbearable after remaining a little time. . . . Any noise would be less dreary than the dead silence that reigns here. Whether it is that the air is hot or close, or whether the depth compresses the atmosphere beyond its usual density, I cannot say; but certainly the quiet presses painfully upon the sense of hearing, and the closeness gives a feeling of smothering

which adds to the horror of a place deep in the earth and far from the light of heaven.

"At the side of one of the boulders, on the right-hand side in entering, in a crevice between it and the wall, where Nature seems to have made a natural couch, lies, in the position of one asleep, with the head resting on the hand, and the other limbs reclining, the dried and shrivelled corpse of a native, but slightly decayed, and almost petrified by the droppings of the limestone."



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE CAVES.

The story is a sad one. The natives had been troublesome to the settlers, and at last had murdered one of the whites. It was decided to punish them. "One wandering near these caves was seen, and brought to the ground by a rifle-ball. Badly wounded, he managed to crawl away unobserved, and, thinking that he would be sought for as long as life was in him, crept down into the lowest and darkest recess of the cavern, where, he rightly judged, few would venture to follow. There he lay down and died. Time went on. Not a tear was shed on him as he lay there uncoffined, but drops of water fell upon him from the rock above; and when, a long time after, his remains were discovered, the limestone had encased him in a stony shroud, which to this day preserves his remains from decay."

True; but, unfortunately, those petrified remains no longer lie where they were when Mr. Woods wrote. The visitor to the cave may behold the place of their repose, but not their form. The temptation to possess so genuine a curiosity proved too great to an enterprising showman. He stole the body, and made off with it; the Government caught him, and made him give up his spoil. The native was again placed on his deathbed, and an iron railing was put around it. Even this, however, was of no avail; again the showman robbed the cave, and on this occasion escaped capture. As a matter of fact, indeed, there was no law formulated by which to prevent this man from removing the body. A Member of Parliament recommended that he should be arraigned for "removing *stone* from Crown lands without a licence," but this suggestion was not carried out.

Upon leaving this last chamber, and returning to the light of day, "a narrow fissure, richly wreathed with limestone, is observable on the right hand going out. Proceeding a little way down, a large vaulted chamber is reached. . . . Here, above all other portions of the caves, has Nature been prodigal of the fantastic ornament with which the whole place abounds. There are pillars so finely formed and covered with such delicate trellis-work, there are droppings of lime marking such scroll-work, that the eye is bewildered with the extent and variety of the adornment; it is like a palace of ice, with frozen cascades and fountains all round. At one side there is a stalactite like a huge candle that has guttered down at the side; at another there is a group of pillars, which were originally like a series of hour-glasses, set one upon the other from the roof to the ground, and the parts bulging out are connected by droppings like icicles, making them appear most elaborately carved. In addition to this, there is above and below—so that the roof glistens and the ground crackles as you walk—a multitude of small stalactites, which fill the whole scene with frostings that sparkle like gems in the torchlight."

But we have paused too long, and must complete our journey to the centre of the volcanic district, Gambiertown, which lies some sixty miles to the south, and is only 623 feet above the level of the sea. What would happen to the town should the volcano ever again become active is not pleasant to contemplate. That another eruption is not impossible, we are reminded by what has happened in New Zealand and elsewhere. A volcano can no more be depended upon than a sleeping tiger.

But we must hope that the town will not become a second Pompeii, for it is a pretty little place, with its houses built of coraline limestone or red or grey dolomite, and set amid fields perennially green. It is almost unnecessary to say that it possesses a large library and a town-hall, together with post, police, and telegraph stations—for is it not an Australian town? For many miles on every side there are fertile meadows of volcanic soil, and pigs and potatoes, cheese and butter, together with distillery works, form the chief articles of commerce. Pigs are not generally considered to be entertaining animals, and yet Charles Lamb and Nathaniel Hawthorne have both shown that to the seeing eye they are fraught with interest. Has not the author of "The American Note-Book" testified of their language that it is "the most copious of that of any quadruped; and, indeed, there is something deeply and

indefinably interesting in the swinish race"? Those who are curious in the matter may be left to study it at the feet of the great writer during their visit to Gambier-town.

Situated on the spurs of the mount are three lakes—the Blue, the Leg of Mutton, and the Valley Lake. They stand in a line bearing almost east and west, and the most easterly of the three is the Blue Lake, an oval-shaped sheet of water covering an area of about 165 acres. It lies at the bottom of what is commonly termed a crater, but which, as Mr. Henry Y. L. Brown, the Government geologist of South Australia, points out, is probably nothing more than a subsidence of the ground caused by the removal of substrata by the action of the volcano when in eruption. The surface of the lake is seldom, if ever, ruffled by a passing breeze, for it is sheltered by walls of rock that rise precipitously from its edge to a height varying from 200 to 300 feet. So steep and rugged are these banks that, except in one or two places, it is impossible to descend to the water. The melaleuca—the ti-tree of the colonies—clothes the sides as with a garment, except where in places huge rocks jut out, and, falling perpendicularly for forty or fifty feet, break the dull tinge of perennial green.

The water is always dark-blue in colour, the effect probably of its depth and of the reflection of a sky that seldom frowns. Where the rocks overhang the water, the azure darkens to a more sombre colour. The prevailing tone of the place, indeed, is sombre and wild to a degree. It is not easy to imagine the lake's surface dotted with gay pleasure-boats, and the sound of a gay laugh or song would jar upon the deep silence that broods for ever upon the deep. The croak of a crow, the splash of a water-bird, is all that may, at most times, be heard, and these sounds serve to make the silence more noticeable. It is only from the summit of the surrounding hills that the hue of the water is to be observed. On descending to the brink, the water is seen to be as clear as the purest crystal that can be conceived. From the rocks the water rapidly deepens, and at a short distance away takes on a most delicate blue tint, through which may be seen the outlines of huge rocks whose foundations are set far below.

For many years it was the popular belief that the waters of the Blue Lake were unfathomable. Legend, however, has fled before the uncompromising plumb-line of science, and the lead has touched bottom at an average depth of not more than 200 to 250 feet, though in the centre, over a very limited area, 675 feet has been recorded.

One might almost fancy this spot to be the haunt of water-nymphs, were it not that the water is too icily cold to sustain the idea, for those beings delight to play in the warm shallows of the sunlit stream. More in keeping with the genius of the place would be the octopus, rising from the glassy depths and snatching unsuspecting tourists from the rocks to bear them to caverns dark and drear.

The three lakes are merely separated by walls of rock, the western side of the Blue Lake becoming the eastern boundary of the Middle or Leg of Mutton Lake. The latter is not in any respect so picturesque or awe-inspiring as the Blue Lake. It

is not much more than a good-sized pond of moderate depth. The walls are, however, almost as high as those which surround the Blue Lake; but they are not so steep, and they slope to the water's edge at an equal inclination. They are well grassed, and are adorned by she-oak and honeysuckle-trees. To prevent misconception on the part of those who know not Australia, it may be as well to explain that the "honeysuckle" is not the climber which adorns houses, but the *Banksia integrifolia*, a peculiar but not altogether beautiful tree. The local name has been bestowed upon it for the reason that the flowers contain a large quantity of honey.

The Valley Lake—or, more strictly speaking, the depression in which it lies—is larger than the Blue Lake, and in appearance differs greatly both from that and from the Middle Lake. In form it is almost circular, and the bottom is not wholly covered with water, which is very deep at the eastern end but shallow at the western. The water is divided into two portions by a strip of land in the centre of the basin, and on this strip are three ponds, which from a distance give the appearance of three wells sunk side by side. The walls are very remarkable. They are lowest at the east end, whence they rise gradually until about a third of the way round on the north side; here they mount into an abrupt peak, and, descending, again rise to nearly double the previous height, whence they gently slope upward and form the cone of Mount Gambier proper.

From the summit of the mount a beautiful view spreads before the eye; below lie the waters of the Blue Lake shut in by frowning walls, to the north the white houses of the town glimmer amid grassy meadows, the smoke from the chimneys curling upwards against the dark background of waving, heavy-foliaged trees. The hollow ground echoes to the rumble of wheels, and warns the people that only a thin crust of limestone lies between them and the places under the earth. To the north-west may be seen Leake's Bluff, and through the haze looms indistinctly the outline of Mount McIntyre; and then the eye rests upon the blue line which tells of the limits the ocean sets to this fair land.

Seven miles to the southward stands Mount Schanck, in appearance a cone shorn of its narrowest part. It rises from an apparently level plain, with no hills to dwarf its height. The country lying between the two mounts is well wooded, fertile, and pleasing. Ten miles beyond lies the sea. Mount Schanck is not so large a mountain as Mount Gambier, nor is it on the whole, perhaps, so interesting, yet it is worth a visit. Passing through rich meadow-land gay with buttercup and bluebell, on the way to Mount Schanck, some curious holes are to be found in the rocks. They are circular in shape; some are three feet in diameter, others less, and all go perpendicularly down into the earth, but no bottom has been found. If a stone or other substance be let fall, it can be heard rumbling for a long time, but cannot be heard to stop. Possibly it may fall upon soft mud, but at great depth in any case.

Close to the volcano the ground becomes broken and hilly, immense blocks of lava lie strewn about, the underwood becomes tangled and impedes walking, while a curious brown ash rises in a cloud of dust about one's head. At the foot of the cone lies a miniature lake enclosed in a beautiful dell. From the dense scrub protrude, in

black and white patches, boulders of lava and limestone, while here and there slopes of grass break the continuity of the wood and add beauty to the scene. The ti-tree stands reflected in the still water; green moss forms a carpet beneath the wattle laden with golden bloom, and ferns wave their graceful fronds on every side.

From the edge of this beautiful lake, then, the cone of Mount Schanck rises

MOUNT GAMBIER.

abruptly to a height of five hundred feet. The ascent is difficult, for, besides being exceedingly steep, the ground is covered with grass that gives but an insecure foothold; and there is but little timber. The summit gained, you stand upon the edge of the deep and gloomy crater. It is circular in shape, and the walls are of almost equal height all round. It differs in one respect from the craters of Mount Gambier; there is no water at the bottom, but the walls, clothed with shrubs, are sublime in their dark grandeur. On two sides they are precipitous, but elsewhere they descend in a series of broken and undulating terraces. The general form of the crater is that of a funnel.

Further afield—some twenty-two miles from Mount Gambier—lie Lakes Leake and Edward, both formed by volcanic action. The former lake is about a mile and a quarter in diameter; shallow at the edges, but very deep in the centre; and entirely surrounded by reeds and bushes. The banks rise to an even height of ten or twelve feet from the water, except at the eastern side, where a round eminence attains to an elevation of sixty or seventy feet.

Close to Mount Gambier are some caves worthy of being visited. The first of these is known as Vansittart Cave; it is an opening in the ground, about forty feet wide, to the bottom of which winds a precipitous path covered with ferns and rank vegetation. It is not until this has been followed to a depth of some seventy feet that the entrance of the cave can be said to have been gained. Here stands an arch, which slopes away under the limestone for a distance of at least forty feet, and beneath it lies a pool of water. There is much danger of falling into this pool, for so dim is the light and so clear the water, allowing the rocks below to be seen, that one is hardly conscious that water is there at all. At the water's edge the cave is about twenty feet wide, but suddenly narrows to a mere passage, which goes inward for a great distance.

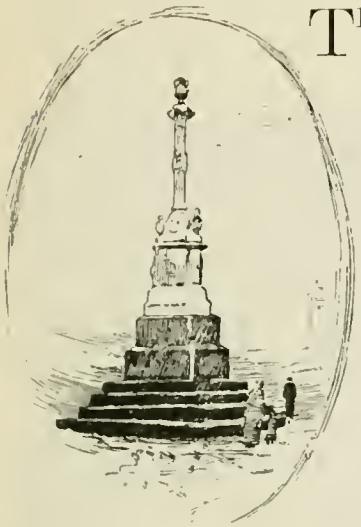
Not far from here is another cave, small in size, but curious from the fact that in it grows a species of fern tree not common to the neighbourhood. Mitchell's Cave is also close at hand, and is similar to Vansittart's, both as regards the means of ingress and the presence of water at the bottom. The winding path leads into a chamber at right angles with the opening, and here under shelter of a shelving rock lies the water; it is deep and clear, and the depth gives it a sea-blue tint.

There are many other caves in the immediate neighbourhood, each possessing a peculiarity of its own, but of which no description can convey an adequate idea. One very remarkable one, however, differing in every way from those already noticed, is to be found five miles from Mount Gambier, on Mr. Ellis's sheep run. Looking down through an opening in the rocks, at the depth of about seventy feet is seen a long passage, through which flows a gloomy looking stream of water. During some seasons of the year a strong current or ripple is seen on the surface, showing that this is a genuine underground river. But whence it comes or whither it goes no one knows. It has been followed in a boat for a long distance towards the sea, and as far as it has been explored the passage does not become narrower or the water less deep.

In a land so hollow it is not surprising that occasionally the crust gives way and lets poor mortals through to the lower regions; and though there water has taken the place of fire, the situation is none the less irksome. We read of a team of bullocks and a dray suddenly disappearing, and of a maid-servant, going in the early morning to take wood from the stack in the backyard, finding to her dismay that the yard has subsided, and that a hole has taken the place of a heap. But these are incidents that may be expected to happen in a volcanic district, and one quickly becomes accustomed to them. At any rate they do not place a bar to the increase of population, which is steadily growing

SOME BUSHRANGERS.

Morgan's Last Exploit—The Kelly Gang—The Police Caught in a Trap—Capturing a Township—Imprisoning the Police in their own Lock-up—Vengeance—Run to Earth—The Morality of Bushranging.



MONUMENT TO THE POLICE KILLED BY THE KELLY GANG.

THE first record of bushranging bears the date of 1826, when a fierce encounter took place between the police and seven desperate men in the Bathurst district, New South Wales. In this encounter one of the gang was shot dead. In 1827 a much-respected colonist was shot by a party of bushrangers, one of whom was a mere boy. This lad turned Queen's evidence, and secured the condemnation of his associates. One of these, a man named Jenkins, was a terrible scoundrel. In court he made use of most atrocious language to the judge, jury, and lawyers, and struck his fellow-prisoner in the dock a violent blow on the head. No less than six constables were required to overpower him and remove him to his cell.

Out of the number of these ruffians who at various periods have harried the colonists, Daniel Morgan takes the lead in bloodthirstiness and audacity. His murderous exploits have never been equalled in Australia. In 1864 a reward of £500 was offered for his apprehension by the New South Wales Government: and later, when he had committed several murders, this amount was raised to £1,500. In 1865 he made a raid on Victorian territory, and shortly afterwards the Nemesis that dogs the steps of the Ishmaelite overtook him, and the land was freed from the curse of his existence. He stuck up the sheep-station of a Mr. M'Pherson, some twenty miles from Wangaratta. Having secured all the inmates of the house in one room, with the exception of Mrs. M'Pherson, he commanded that unfortunate lady to do his bidding. She set food before him, and in the evening was forced to play and sing, while Morgan kept time by tapping the piano-case with the barrel of his loaded revolver. Later on he grew tired and dozed: but so fearful was he of the doom which he knew must inevitably be his, that his sleep was broken and fevered. Ever and anon would he start to his feet, believing that justice had overtaken him. His mental condition was unenviable. But while he had been amusing himself, the house was being surrounded by armed men.

Morgan had no intimate knowledge of the locality. A few hundred yards away lay another homestead. From the room where M'Pherson's people had been confined, a maid-servant managed to escape by the window. She made her way through the dark to the neighbouring station, and measures for Morgan's capture were at once set on foot. In the morning, having had breakfast, he reconnoitred the

front of the house, and, seeing that all was quiet, prepared to depart. But he required a fresh horse. He ordered Mr. M'Pherson and three others to precede him to the stables, and behind them he walked, revolver in hand. On his way he passed within range of a tree, behind which was hidden one of the men from the adjoining homestead. This man stepped out and fired. Morgan fell, shot through the back; he died in a few hours' time, making no confession of his deeds. As a beast of prey he had devastated the country, and as a beast of prey he was deservedly shot down. Legends have grown round his memory. It is said that one of his favourite pastimes,

MORGAN ENJOYING MRS. M'PHERSON'S MUSIC.

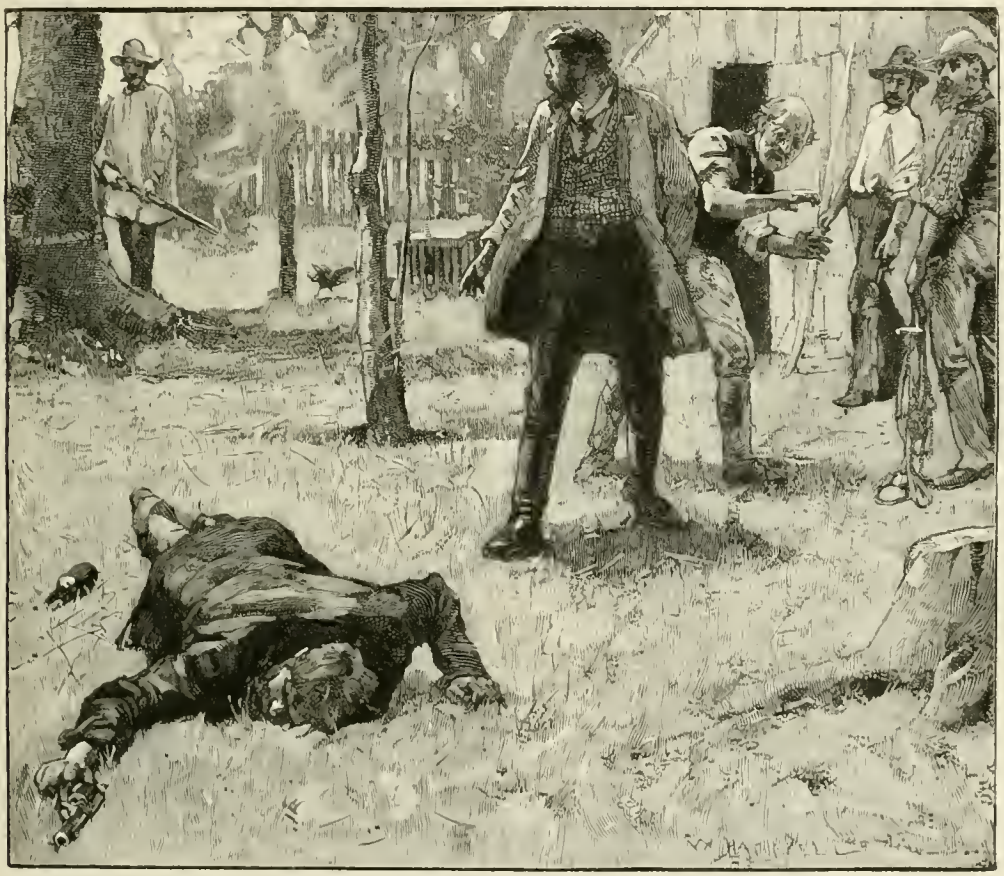
put into practice when he was in a good humour, was to station a boy a few yards away and make a target of him for revolver practice. The victim would have to hold his hand against the wall, and Morgan would shoot between the fingers.

It is not proposed here to give a complete history of all the various bushrangers that have afflicted Australia, and so we pass at once to the latest and most notorious party, the Kelly gang, who took to the bush as recently as the year 1878.

In April of that year an attempt was made to arrest Daniel Kelly on a charge of horsestealing. This man was one of a family who, with their confederates, had been for years notorious as stealers of cattle and sheep, and more especially of horses. The mountainous country where they lived favoured their pursuits, for it is very sparsely populated in the few places suitable for settlement, and is for the most part of the wildest and most rugged nature. Heavily-timbered ranges of almost perpendicular hills are there, intersected by deep gullies covered with long grass and dense scrub,

and rendered still more difficult to pass by immense fallen trees. The constable, a man named Fitzpatrick, who sought to make the arrest at the house of Daniel Kelly's mother, was resisted by the inmates, and in the scuffle which followed received a gunshot wound. Kelly and his elder brother Edward escaped to the bush, and concealed themselves in the secret fastnesses well known to them and their associates.

In the following October a sergeant of police named Kennedy, and constables



DEATH OF MORGAN.

Scanlan, Lonigan, and McIntyre, having ascertained that the Kellys were in hiding in the Wombat Ranges, near Mansfield, set out on horseback to search for them. As the police rode through the ranges, two of them—McIntyre and Lonigan—while some distance in advance of the other two, were suddenly surprised by four armed men, who rushed out from the forest calling on them to surrender. McIntyre surrendered at once, but Lonigan made as if he would resist, and was immediately shot dead. The four men—who proved to be Edward Kelly, Daniel Kelly, Stephen Hart, and Joseph Byrne, all previously notorious cattle-stealers—then compelled McIntyre to dismount, and keeping him within range of their guns, hid themselves behind trees

to wait for the sergeant and the third constable. When Kennedy and Scanlan came up, McIntyre told them that they were entrapped. Kennedy surrendered; Scanlan, however, was killed while he was trying to get shelter behind a tree. Soon afterwards McIntyre managed to get away, and galloped off. He reached Mansfield thoroughly exhausted, having had to walk nearly the whole way, as his horse had soon failed him. The news of these murders caused great excitement, and numbers of people joined the police to aid them in their search for Kennedy. But it was not until several days had passed that his body, covered with wounds, was found, about half-a-mile from the place where the two constables had been killed.

For the next two months the police were entirely baffled in their efforts to arrest the murderers. The Government of Victoria offered the sum of £4,000 for their capture, and the Government of New South Wales followed with the offer of a similar amount. An Act, also, declaring the gang outlaws, was passed by the Victorian Legislature. But neither offer of reward nor legal threats to confederates had any effect, and the police remained unsuccessful in their search. The Kellys, however, were not ignorant of the movements of the police. For early in the afternoon of December 9th, the four outlaws, heavily armed, rode up to the Faithful Creek Station, some three and a half miles from Euroa, a little township about one hundred miles from Melbourne on the North-Eastern Railway. Taking possession of the station, they shut up in an outhouse used as a store the overseer and all the station hands, together with several farmers and labourers whom they had met and "bailed up" on the road. In the morning the telegraph wires had been cut a short distance on either side of Euroa. The mechanic sent out to repair the line happened on his way to call in at Faithful Creek, and was at once made captive. A hawker, too, who drove up in his cart, further aided the outlaws. Sending him to the store, now filled with some twenty prisoners, they clothed themselves in new suits from among his goods. The next day Byrne was left in charge of the station, and the two Kellys, with Hart, drove to Euroa in the hawker's cart.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the three bushrangers came into Euroa, where considerable business is transacted, owing to its nearness to the large agricultural district of the Goulburn River Valley. The well-known hawker's cart excited no suspicion. Edward Kelly gained admission to the bank, though it was after office hours, by presenting a cheque he had stolen at the station. He and the other two then made prisoners of the people at the bank, and robbed it of nearly £2,000 in notes, gold, and silver. Taking their plunder with them, they compelled their prisoners —the bank manager, his wife and family, and two clerks, twelve in all—to drive with them to Faithful Creek. For the journey back they used the hawker's cart and the manager's buggy, and drove out of the town without any of the townspeople knowing what had happened. Late in the evening the gang left the station and rode away to the ranges.

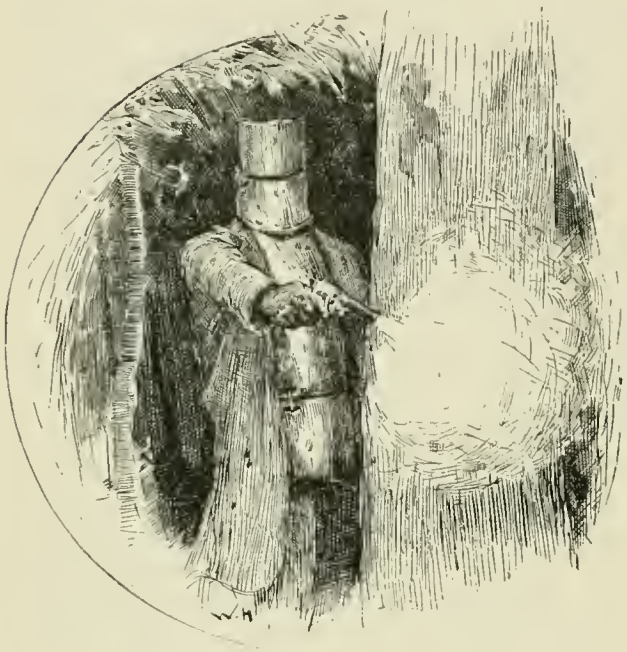
The grim joke of the capture of a town by four armed men was soon afterwards repeated with still greater daring. Hitherto it had been supposed that the outlaws were unable to leave the shelter of the mountains. But their next appearance was at Jerilderie, a township with about two hundred inhabitants some eighty miles on the

New South Wales side of the River Murray. Again the plunder of a bank was the object of the bushrangers' expedition, and again they were successful. At midnight on February 8th, 1879, the four, armed as usual with guns and revolvers, went to the police-station at Jerilderie, and, inducing the two policemen in charge on some pretence or other to come outside, seized them and imprisoned them in their own lock-up. The following day, Sunday, they remained quietly at the police-station. On the Monday they first visited the telegraph office, compelling the clerks there to cut the wires and then to go to the lock-up. They next surprised the local bank and robbed it of £1,500. And, after confining the bank clerks and a number of the townspeople for several hours in the Royal Hotel while they amused themselves by drinking and boasting of their exploits, they finally rode out of Jerilderie about four o'clock in the afternoon.

After the Jerilderie robbery more than a year passed without any action on the part of the bushrangers. The reward was increased, and all vigilance exercised, but people in general began to think that they had escaped from Australia. It seemed as if the police would never succeed in their search. Yet, as was afterwards known, the outlaws all that time led the lives of wild beasts, hunted by their pursuers from one hiding-place to another. At last, too, they began to have fears of their associates. On June 27th, 1880, they went to the hut of a former confederate, a man named Sherritt, at a place between the town of Beechworth and the once celebrated Eldorado gold diggings. Byrne shot Sherritt dead as he came out of the hut. Four policemen were in the hut at the time, and the bushrangers challenged them to come out and fight. But the police remained inside, preferring not to fight an enemy protected by the darkness of the night while their own position was exposed owing to the light of the hut fire. And the outlaws went away, vowing vengeance on all confederates who should betray them.

News of the murder having been telegraphed, a special train left Melbourne on the night of Sunday, June 28th, with reinforcements of police, five black trackers, and several newspaper reporters. The train started from Benalla for Beechworth at two o'clock the next morning, and travelled at the rate of about sixty miles an hour for fourteen miles, when it was stopped a mile beyond Glenrowan by the return of the pilot engine, which had gone on in front. The engine brought the news that the gang were hiding in ambush beyond Glenrowan, at a place where they had torn up the railway line as it passed over a watercourse crossed by a deep culvert. The pilot engine had been stopped by Mr. Thomas Curnow, the schoolmaster at Glenrowan, who at the risk of his life had gone down the line to warn any train that might be coming. On reaching Glenrowan it was found that the bushrangers were a few yards from the station in a public-house—a small wooden building with no upper storey, containing five rooms. The police at once advanced. The gang fired at them, and they returned the fire, unfortunately killing a son of the landlady of the public-house. The superintendent of police, too, was wounded. The firing was kept up by the police until daybreak, when reinforcements from the neighbouring towns arrived and increased their numbers to thirty.

Before daylight Edward Kelly, who had escaped from the house, suddenly came up at the back of the police and began firing at them as they attacked the building. He walked about boldly, and seemed impervious to bullets as he exchanged shots with them. Sergeant Steele, thinking he might be in mail, fired at his legs. Kelly fell, howling and cursing. Steele at once grappled with him, and narrowly escaped a shot from his revolver, but soon had him disarmed. It was then found that Kelly was encased in iron armour made from ploughshares, consisting of a breastplate, shoulder-plates, guard for the back, and helmet. When these were removed it was seen that he was covered with wounds, though no bullet had penetrated his armour. It was said that the armour was made to his order by a bush blacksmith, using as a model a picture in an illustrated edition of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.



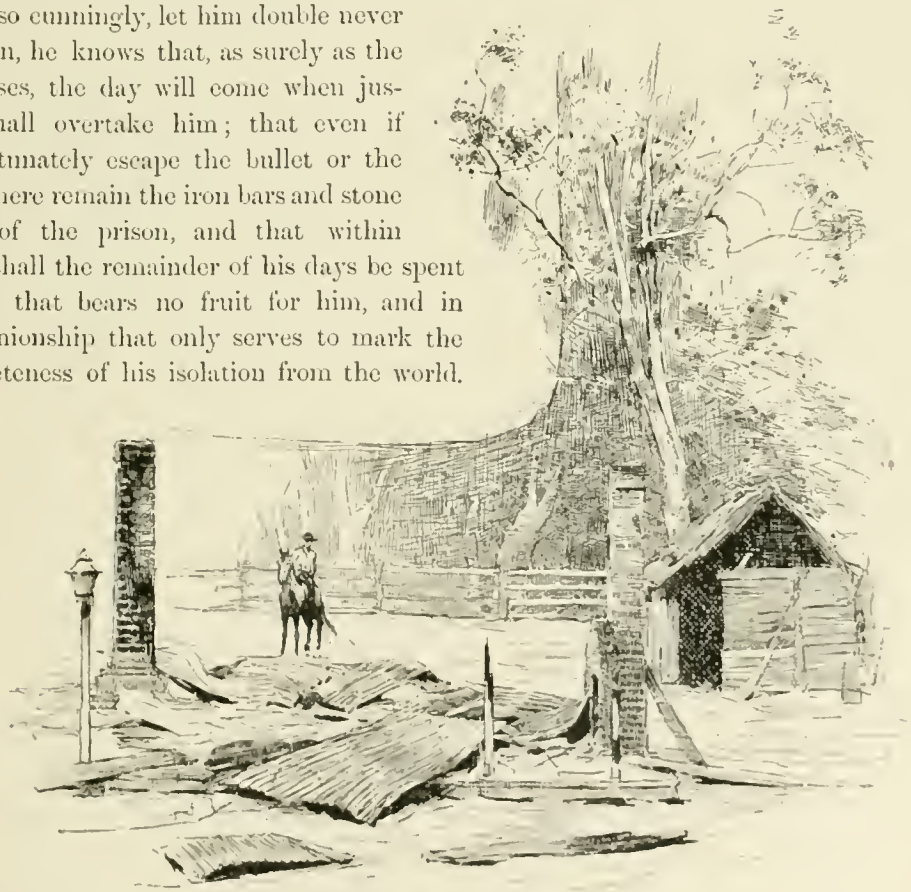
KELLY ATTACKING THE POLICE.

After the attack had lasted for twelve hours, it was determined to set fire to the public-house. All inside were called on to surrender, and twenty-five terrified people rushed out. They were ordered to lie down, and the police passed them one by one, in case any of the bushrangers should be among them. The house was then set on fire. A Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. M. Gibney, since consecrated Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, bravely went into the burning building, and during the few seconds the flames allowed him to stay, recognised the dead bodies of Daniel Kelly and Stephen Hart lying on the floor. They had died before the fire touched them. The two bodies were afterwards found burnt beyond recognition. Byrne's body was less disfigured, and could be identified.

Edward Kelly's wounds were dressed, and he was taken to Melbourne. Some months after, when he had recovered sufficiently to stand his trial, he was tried at Melbourne, found guilty of the murder of constable Lonigan, and hanged on November 11th, 1880.

Hemp and lead and fire were never used to better purpose than in dealing death to these men. Yet so greatly warped were the minds of a small section of the colonists that these criminals had many sympathisers, and amongst young Australians there was a tendency to rank them with Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and other partly

mythical outlaws. Sober reflection shows that hardly any life can be more degrading or more subversive of the higher motives of manhood than that of the bushranger. He cuts himself off from the sympathy of the best of his fellow-men; his meanness is intense, for, though endowed with brain and muscle, he prefers to wrest from others the result of their providence and patient toil rather than to emulate them in their efforts; his mind is ever in a state of anxiety, and undisturbed slumber is a thing unknown to him; life in the present has no joys to offer him, and upon his path ever glowers the shadow of the gallows. If he lives alone, his thoughts turn in upon him till death comes as a relief; if he gathers to himself men of like calibre, his anxiety increases, for in each of his companions he sees a possible betrayer, and he knows that on the same ground they also regard him with suspicion. Nowhere has he rest for his foot, or place where he can with security lay his head. In that he is a cumberer of the ground, a waster and despoiler of other men's labour, the hand of man is against him; and let him run never so cunningly, let him double never so often, he knows that, as surely as the sun rises, the day will come when justice shall overtake him; that even if he fortunately escape the bullet or the rope, there remain the iron bars and stone walls of the prison, and that within them shall the remainder of his days be spent in toil that bears no fruit for him, and in companionship that only serves to mark the completeness of his isolation from the world.



RUINS OF THE HOTEL, GLENROWAN.

PERTH, FREMANTLE, AND ALBANY.

Situation of Perth—The Streets—The Park that is to be—Improvements—The Principal Buildings—Fremantle—The Harbour—Rottnest Island—The Journey to Albany—The Situation of the Town—Climate—King George's Sound.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of visitors regarding the architectural attractions of the capital city of Western Australia, as compared with the chief towns of the neighbouring provinces, there are few who would be disposed to deny that the "fair city," for beauty and picturesqueness, occupies a site hardly rivalled by any of them. Situated on the north bank of the River Swan, Perth looks out upon a large sheet of water which has the appearance of a large lake, the outlet being hidden by the natural formation of the southern bank. The city is connected with its port, Fremantle, by road and river, as well as by rail, and the approach by road lies at the base of a shrub-covered hill, some three hundred feet in height, and is one of the favourite promenades and carriage-drives.

Owing to the size of the original allotments, the area of the city is very large, and up to a few years ago the houses were widely scattered. The streets are, on the whole, regularly laid out, the principal thoroughfares running, roughly speaking, from east to west. The roads are, as a rule, good, and the footpaths are being gradually improved by the laying down of Yorkshire flags, or gravel from the Darling Range. From the old military barracks (now used by the police) in the west end to Perth causeway at the opposite extremity, the thoroughfare known as St. George's and Adelaide Terraces is planted on each side with Cape lilac trees, and these, together with the ornamental trees which have been planted in front of the houses, give it a very pleasing aspect. Hay Street is the principal business thoroughfare.

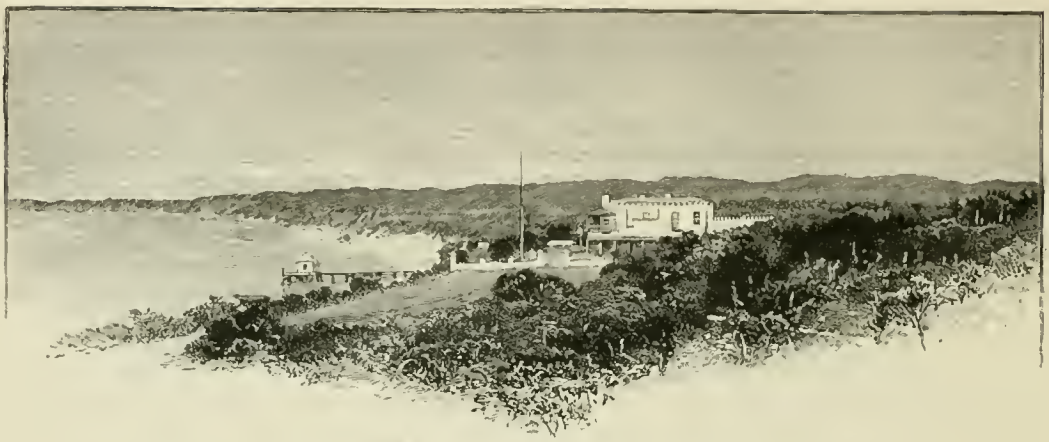
As yet Perth possesses no suburbs, nor has it any public gardens worthy of the name. Many years ago a bit of land near the river was enclosed, and the Government has spent a large amount of money upon it in horticulture and arboriculture. Some years later an attempt was made to convert a piece of land adjoining the river at the eastern end of Perth into a public garden; neither of these attempts has been persevered in. A movement has, however, been started in favour of reclaiming a portion of the river to the rear of Government House, and converting it into a park and recreation ground.

Until lately Perth could boast of little architectural beauty; indeed, most of the houses presented a very homely appearance. Nor were the places of public business much better. With the exception of Government House, the Town Hall, the Catholic cathedral, and a few residences of the better class, the buildings were undeniably ugly and unprepossessing in the extreme. A change has, however, taken place. The influx of business men from "the other side" (the comprehensive designation in Western Australia for the eastern colonies) attracted to the colony led to a surprising change in the appearance of the place. In response to the demand for business premises, buildings sprang up with mushroom rapidity; shops and offices—some of them very

large, most of them, it must be confessed, exceedingly ugly—were everywhere erected. The old-established merchants found themselves compelled to take action, and to keep pace with the times set about improving their business places. Much capital was expended in enlarging and adorning them, in pulling down and putting up, the result being that the city is vastly improved and daily continues to improve. In a few years' time, when the banks and other business premises, the new Anglican cathedral and the public offices, the private residences, and the various other buildings either in course of erection or in contemplation are finished, old Perth will disappear, and men's affections will be transferred to a more ornamental if less picturesque city.

Perth is an episcopal city, both the Anglican and the Roman Catholic bishops residing there. There is a large barracks, but there is no military establishment now, the pensioner force having been disbanded many years ago. There are, however, a volunteer battery of artillery and two companies of infantry. The principal buildings in the city are the Town Hall, a very imposing edifice, centrally situated on a slight eminence, built entirely by convict labour, and having, besides, a large hall capable of seating 1,800 persons. Adjoining on either side are the Chambers of the Legislative and Municipal Councils, and a number of offices, the old Anglican cathedral, and a new one in course of erection. Scattered through the city are the Catholic cathedral, and Wesleyan, Congregational, and Presbyterian places of worship; the National, Union, New South Wales, and West Australian Banks; the Australian Mutual Provident Society's offices, the railway-station, St. George's Hall, and Government House, a handsome structure finely placed. The Victoria Jubilee Institute commemorates the Queen's Jubilee. The foundation-stone was laid on the 20th June, 1887, and the building is to be used as a free public library, a museum, and a national gallery. A new post-office is also being erected, and before long it will be necessary to build a larger railway-station. It is also intended to erect a theatre. Up till quite recently, the amount of support extended to the musical and dramatic professions, although as a rule generous, was insufficient to encourage professional visitors to make a long stay. More recently, however, they have found it worth their while not merely to come but to tarry, and a demand has arisen for a building suitable for such forms of amusement, which will no doubt be supplied before long.

Were it not that to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" aboard a vessel for several months renders pleasant the sight of almost any land, however ugly, the immigrant who lands at the chief port of the colony would probably not feel very much prepossessed in favour of his new home. Entering the harbour, he sees from his outlook a small, compact town, formed of a number of irregularly-shaped houses built on a staring white ground. Indeed, the whole town is of a disagreeable glaring white, at least nine-tenths of the houses having been built of a white sandy limestone. This glare is one of the chief natural defects of the place, owing to which ophthalmia is very prevalent during the summer season. During the late winter months Fremantle is subjected to violent storms from the north-west. Ships, unless their masters have previously consulted the barometer, and made a precautionary retreat to Garden Island some twelve miles distant, or to Devons anchorage, are blown ashore and other-



GOVERNMENT COTTAGE, ROTTNEST ISLAND.

wise damaged, and the harbour accommodation is, not without some justice, loudly decried. The question of improving the harbour is, however, under consideration. Very full and complete surveys have been made by Sir John Coode, at the request of the Government, with a view to determining in what way the improvement may best be effected, and the commencement of the work, in all probability, is only a matter of a year or two.

Vegetation is very scant about Fremantle, and a similar assertion respecting the scarcity of buildings laying claim to architectural beauty might have been justly made up till recently. Of late years, however, the inhabitants, in common with the people of the other chief towns, have developed some taste in building, which has given it a more prepossessing appearance, barring the glare of the white stone. The principal buildings are the old convict "Establishment," the Commissariat Buildings, Government Cottage, the Barracks, the various Banks, and the Anglican, Catholic, Wesleyan, and Congregational churches. There is now also a fine Town Hall, which occupies a commanding position at the head of the principal street of the town, of which it will be the chief ornament. Most of the streets are very narrow, but a large number of them have this advantage over the Perth thoroughfares, that the footpaths are paved, and that they are mostly lighted by gas. Water is also laid on in many of the principal streets, and this, as well as many other things, gives some colour to the boast frequently made by the Fremantle people, that they are more enterprising and progressive than their fellow-colonists elsewhere. Notwithstanding its oppressive glare, Fremantle is greatly frequented during the summer by residents of inland towns for the sake of the delightful sea-breezes and invigorating bathing.

Like Perth, Fremantle possesses the privilege of municipal government. It is distant twelve miles from the capital, and is situated on the mouth of the Swan River, which is here spanned by the railway bridge and a fine wooden bridge 1,000 feet long, constructed by convict labour. Fremantle forms the western terminus of the Eastern Railway. The population numbers about 5,000.

Rottnest Island is situated about ten miles from Fremantle, at the entrance of the

port, and is used as a penal establishment for native prisoners. It contains a number of salt lakes, from which salt is manufactured by the convicts, works for that purpose having been erected by the Government in 1869. From these the colony derives its main supply. Besides the salt works the only building of importance is Government Cottage, a very pleasant summer residence, which during the hot months of January and February is occupied by the Governor and the members of his

KING GEORGE'S SOUND.

family. An illustration of it appears on the previous page, while a view of Perth will be found on page 41 of Vol. III.

Before the steamers ran between Fremantle and Albany, communication between the capital and the chief southern port was chiefly carried on by the overland route—a road 261 miles long, made entirely by convict labour. At the present time the mail coach runs fortnightly, the journey generally occupying from fifty to fifty-five hours. The distance has, however, been covered in a much less time, notably when Governor Broome, in order to undertake the function of turning the first sod of the Great Southern Railway at Albany, drove through in twenty-three hours. But that, as his Excellency remarked of a previous rapid trip—not so rapidly accomplished as the last, however—is "Governor's pace, and could only be done occasionally."

The trip from Perth to Albany, provided it be undertaken at the commencement

of spring or autumn, that is to say, in September or in April, is very pleasant indeed. Everything looks beautifully green, and the scenery of the Australian bush, with its tall, stately eucalypti and bright verdure bespangled with flowers of multitudinous shapes and colours, and occasionally the faint bluish grey of some distant range of hills, and always the soft, rich blue of the Australian sky, combine to make the overland journey well worth the taking. But undertaken in the summer, with the hot east winds blowing in one's face, and the clouds of red dust or light-coloured sand filling one's eyes and throat and nostrils, and perhaps, to crown one's misery, a bush-fire raging in close proximity to the road; or in winter, when a strong wind is bringing down the branches and often the trees, or the rain is descending in torrents, rendering the road at places so boggy that the vehicle frequently gets stuck in the mud, and all hands of the "male persuasion" have to turn out and help, both with labour and with objurgations, to extricate it—in neither of these cases can the trip be regarded as pleasant. But comparatively few ever travel to Albany overland nowadays, either in summer or in winter, in spring or in autumn. The duration of the journey by sea is some ten or twelve hours less, and notwithstanding the charge of "sleepiness" still sometimes levelled at Western Australians, time even to them is becoming money.

Albany itself—picturesquely situated as it is on the north shore of Princess Royal Harbour between two hills of striking appearance, Mount Clarence on the east and Mount Melville on the west, and overlooking the magnificent harbour, which for beauty and the excellent accommodation it affords to vessels is surpassed by few on the Australian coast—is one of the most charming towns in Western Australia. As a port of call for the P. and O. steamers and other vessels it is of much importance, and on account of its geographical position — all vessels to Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney passing by and frequently coaling at it—its significance in any scheme of intercolonial defence can hardly be overrated. Probably, in the course of a few more years, Albany will become one of the properly garrisoned and fortified outstations of the British dominions.

The southern extremity of the "Great Southern Railway" projected by the late Anthony Hordern is here, and a few miles out of the port lies the site of the syndicate's town of "New Albany." The town—Albany proper—is small, and up till recently the only buildings of any magnitude were the public offices. Considerable strides have, however, lately been made in the building trade, the result being the erection of several handsome structures. The principal edifices, besides those already named, are the churches of the Episcopal and Wesleyan denominations, the Catholic convent, the banks, and the hotels.

Albany can fairly lay claim to having been the earliest settled part of Western Australia. It was here that Major Lockyer, with a detachment of soldiers and a party of prisoners, arrived three years before Captain Fremantle, in 1829, hoisted the British flag at the mouth of Swan River, and proclaimed the Swan River settlement a portion of the king's dominions. Five years later King George's Sound was included within the jurisdiction of the Western Australian Government. But, although the oldest in point of settlement, its advance has, until lately, been slower than that of other towns

in the colony, notwithstanding its many undoubted advantages. However, like the rest of Western Australia, it is now making excellent progress. The climate is cool and rather damp but equable and healthy, and there is little doubt that when the railway connecting it with the central and northern parts is finished, it will become a favourite seaside resort in summer. English fruits thrive well.

The entrance to King George's Sound lies between Bald Head and Herald Point, and is divided into three channels by Breaksea and Michaelmas Islands. The Sound is five miles wide, north and south, and on the south side there is a deep channel. The entrance to Princess Royal Harbour lies between Possession and King's Points. The harbour is about four-and-a-half miles long and two broad.

SIR GEORGE GREY.

A Many-Sided Man—Birth and Education—Exploration in North-West Australia—Three Spear Wounds—Finding Mr. Elliott—Another Expedition and its Results—Toilings with the Pen—The Saviour of South Australia—Warm Work in New Zealand—The Victories of Peace—Departure with Honour—In South Africa—Again in New Zealand—Recalled—Member for Auckland and Premier—The Verdict of Posterity.

SIR GEORGE GREY is probably the most remarkable man now alive at the Antipodes. For fifty years he has been intimately connected with the development of our colonial empire in the Southern Hemisphere. He has been successively an officer in the army, an explorer, Governor of South Australia, Governor of New Zealand, Governor of Cape Colony, again Governor of New Zealand, Premier of New Zealand, and he is at the present time a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, and still hale and vigorous, although well on towards the end of his eighth decade. While he has always been skilful and cautious in diplomacy, and decided and daring in action, and while he has been almost continuously in the broil of colonial politics, reconciling the savage and the white man, and reconciling his own wise policy with the less wise policy of the Colonial Office, he has always been a man of thought and keen observation, and has found time to become a man of learning. He is the author of several books which—and this can be said of not many books nowadays—are a real acquisition to literature; he is an eloquent speaker and debater, an accomplished linguist, an assiduous book hunter, and an accomplished art connoisseur. Besides being all these he is simple in his habits of living: and in the midst of fluctuating and developing religious beliefs and unsettling scientific theories, he has been able to hold firmly to the simple faith of our Puritan forefathers.

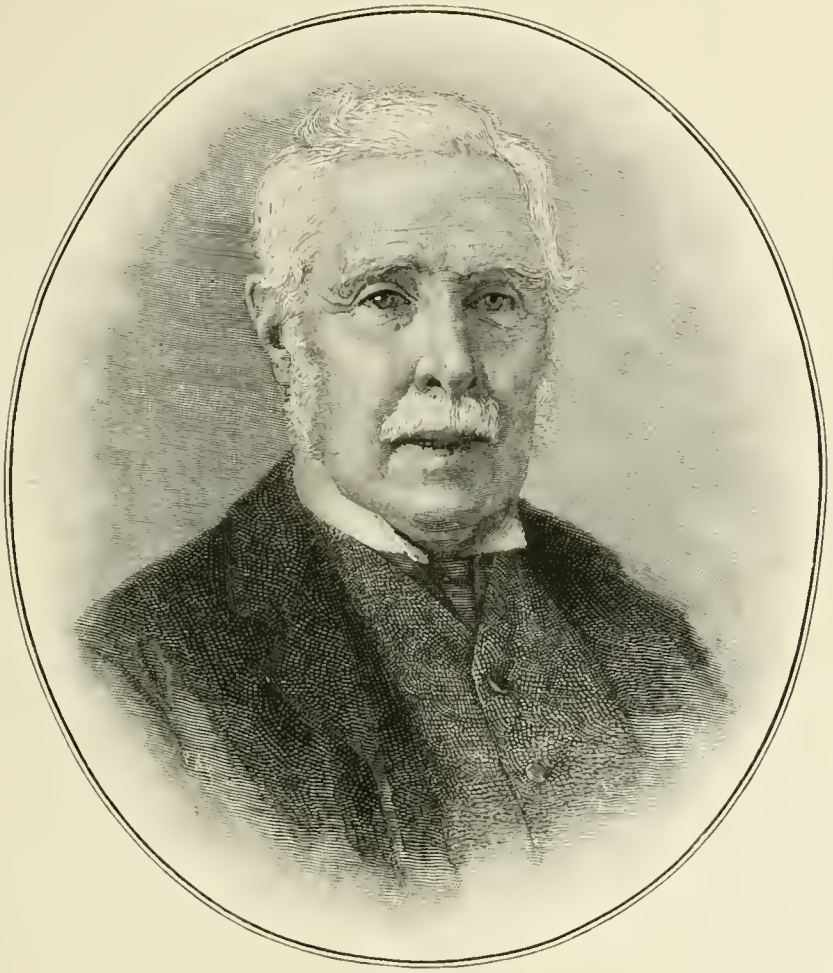
It is little wonder that a man of such varied talents should suggest to the minds of his admirers, who are legion, a comparison with a still more distinguished septuagenarian in the Mother Country, who, too, is still in the throng of political life; and it is only natural that such comparison should have gained for him in New Zealand the title of Grand Old Man.

Being human, he may not be perfect, as some of his critics are. Perhaps it may go without saying that a man who has accomplished so much as he, by strength and decision of character, cannot, in the nature of things, avoid having enemies and detractors. But making liberal allowance for such of their censures as may be just, the facts remain that Sir George Grey has successfully administered the government of three colonies at critical periods; that in the literature of each of them he is spoken of in eulogistic terms: that in the hearts of the people of each of them, in contradistinction to a certain small class, he is remembered with gratitude and affection; and that the Maoris call him their White Father.

Sir George was born at Lisbon, in Portugal, on the 14th of May, 1812, three days after his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, of the Thirtieth Regiment, was killed at the famous Siege of Badajos in the Peninsular War. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he pursued his studies with great diligence and success.

Entering the army in 1829, he became a lieutenant in the Eighty-third Regiment, and retired in 1837 with the rank of captain.

In the latter months of 1836 he had, in conjunction with Lieutenant Lushington, made proposals to the Government to explore certain unknown parts of Australia—the western and north-western coasts. These proposals were favourably received by Lord



SIR GEORGE GREY.

Glenelg, the Secretary of State for the Colonies; were countenanced by the Royal Geographical Society; and were at last accepted by the Government. The main objects of the expedition were "to gain information as to the real state of North-western Australia, its resources, and the course and direction of its rivers and mountain ranges; to familiarise the natives with the British name and character; to search for and record all information regarding the natural productions of the country, and all details that might bear upon its capabilities for colonisation or the reverse; and to collect specimens of its natural history."

On the 5th of July, 1837, the exploring party sailed from Plymouth in the *Beagle*, a sloop of war which had not long returned from that now famous circumnavigation of the globe which will always be associated with the youth of Charles Darwin. The Cape of Good Hope was reached on September 21st; and there the expedition left the *Beagle*, and joined the schooner *Lynher*, 140 tons (master, Henry Browne), which was chartered for the further purposes of the party. The Cape was left on the 13th of October, and at sunset on December 2nd, the vessel anchored off Entrance Island, Port George the Fourth, in the north-west of Australia. Between that time and April of the following year the little band underwent many privations, and were often in peril by water and peril by land. On more than one occasion they were attacked by the natives, and in one of these encounters Captain Grey was severely wounded. This is the portion of his life which is most interesting to general readers, and it is, moreover, the part which is least known to all. No apology, therefore, is needed for dwelling upon it at greater length than upon the subsequent periods of his life, which, though varied enough, have a sameness in their variety. The following quotation from his own words will serve to give some idea of the dangers he passed, of the courage with which he met them, and of the modesty with which he has recorded them:—

"Fierce armed men crowded round us on every side, bent on our destruction. . . . We were now fairly engaged for our lives; escape was impossible, and surrender to such enemies out of the question. . . . I had not made three steps in advance when three spears struck me nearly at the same moment. . . . I felt severely wounded in the hip, but knew not exactly where the others had struck me. The force of all knocked me down, and made me very giddy and faint; but, as I fell, I heard the savage yells of the natives' delight and triumph. These recalled me to myself, and, roused by momentary rage and indignation, I made a strong effort, rallied, and in a moment was on my legs; the spear was wrenched from my wound, and my haversack drawn closely over it, that neither my own party nor the natives might see it." Captain Grey then advanced on the foremost assailant, and "the man became alarmed, and threatened me with his club, yelling most ferociously; but as I neared the rock behind which all but his head and arm were covered, he fled towards an adjoining one. . . . He was scarcely uncovered in his flight when my rifle-ball pierced him through the back between the shoulders, and he fell heavily on his face with a deep groan. The effect was electrical. The tumult of the combat had ceased—not another spear was thrown, not another yell was uttered. Native after native dropped away and noiselessly disappeared. . . . My wound began by degrees to get very stiff and painful, and I was moreover excessively weak and faint from loss of blood; indeed, I grew so dizzy that I could scarcely see. . . . Unfortunately, we lost our track, and after walking for nearly two hours, I found that we were far from the encampment, whilst my sight and strength were momentarily failing. . . . The loveliness of Nature was around me, the sun rejoicing in his cloudless career, the birds were filling the woods with their songs, and my friends far away and unapprehensive of my condition, whilst I felt that I was dying there. And in this way very many explorers yearly die. . . . A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves,

the foot of the wild man yet roams over them; but let us hope, when civilisation has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots, that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage of him who lies buried there." Well was it for many a future settler, and for many a wild man too, that young Captain Grey did not find such a grave at twenty-five.

After exploring the country, principally in the neighbourhood of the Glenelg River, for more than four months, preparations for returning began to be made on April 17th, 1838. Just before leaving, the party fell in with the *Beagle*, which was cruising along the coast in attendance upon Mr. Stokes, who was exploring the country round Collier's Bay and Port George the Fourth. The Mauritius was reached on May 17th.

After Captain Grey's wound was sufficiently healed, a fresh start was made from Port Louis on the 21st of August; and the Swan River, on which stands Perth, the chief city of Western Australia, was made on the 18th of September. It was Captain Grey's intention to proceed thence by the Colonial schooner *Champion* to the north-west again, and while waiting till it might be at his disposal, he made a short excursion to the north of Perth, for the purpose of studying the habits and customs of the natives, and, as far as possible, of acquiring their language. By the 8th of December he was back at Perth, and found that the Government vessel was in such a bad state of repair that it was quite impossible to make a voyage of any length in her. It was resolved, therefore, after a consultation with Sir James Stirling, the Governor, to explore the country in the direction of Shark's Bay, about five hundred miles to the north; but great difficulty was experienced in procuring horses to make the journey by land, and boats to make it by sea, and so further delay was incurred. On the 9th of January, 1839, however, a start was made to the southward, to try and find what had become of a certain Mr. Elliott, who had left the Williams River on the 17th of December for the estuary of the Leschenault, a journey of four days, but who had not been heard of since that date. On the 23rd Captain Grey came upon Elliott at the Leschenault, where the latter had safely arrived, after having lost his way for several days and encountered some "surprising adventures;" and on the 31st the two travellers entered Perth together.

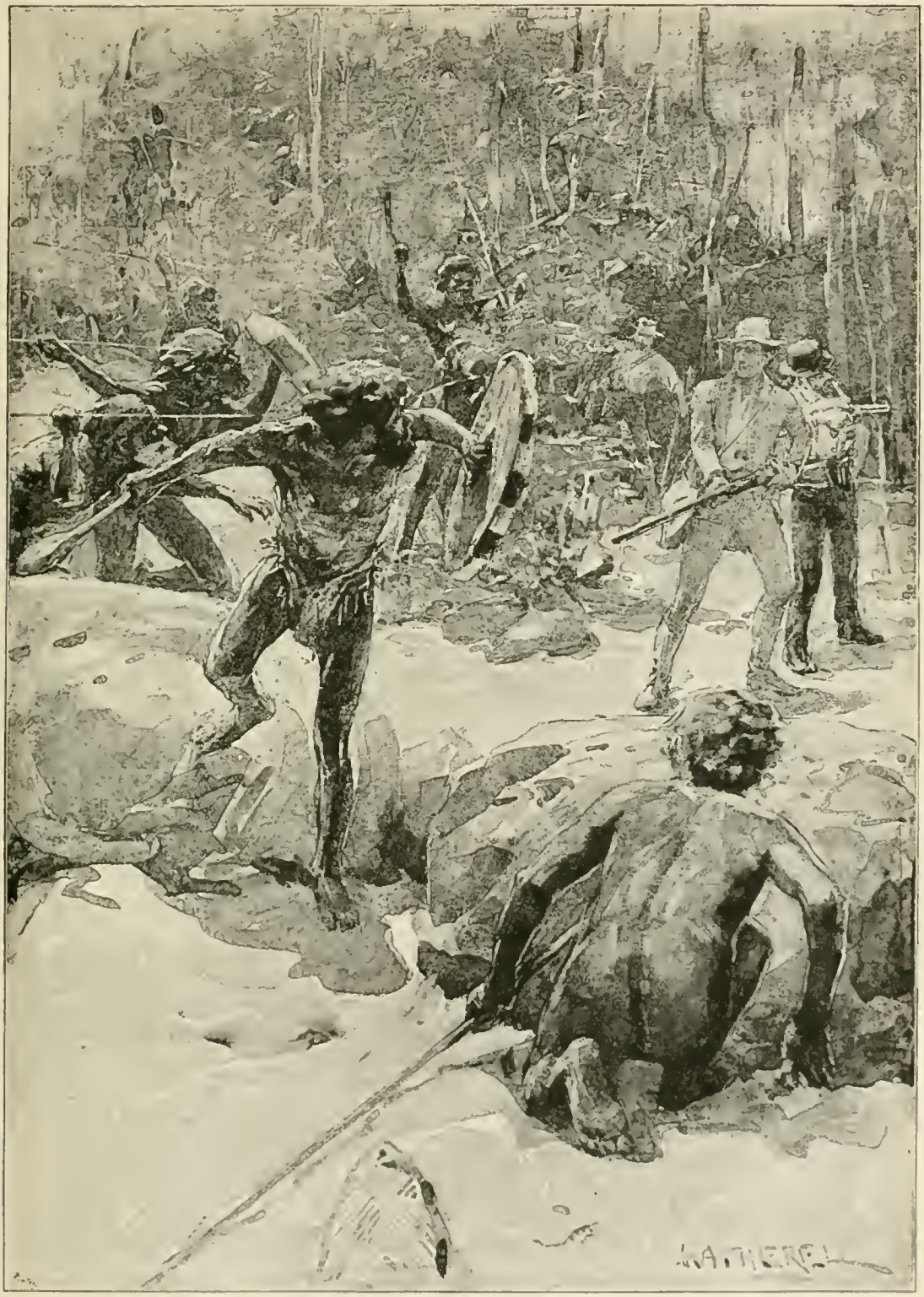
Three whaleboats having been at last obtained, and an engagement having been made with Captain Long, of the American whaler *Russel*, to convey the party to Shark's Bay, a departure was made from Fremantle, at the mouth of the Swan, on Sunday, February 17th. On the 25th a landing was effected on Bernier Island, and the *Russel* stood out to sea, taking with it, unfortunately, a keg of tobacco belonging to the expedition, and its only luxury. The dangers encountered, the obstacles overcome and the privations undergone, were even greater than those of the former expedition. The last of the whaleboats was lost in Gantheaume Bay, and the return journey to Perth had to be made overland through an unknown, inhospitable, and rugged country. On the 21st of April Captain Grey reached Perth in a state of great emaciation; and when he was sufficiently recovered he waited upon the Governor, in order to have

immediate steps taken to send off a party in search of some of his comrades who were missing. In Captain Grey's own words, "the Governor could scarcely credit his sight when he beheld the miserable object that stood before him. . . . Having thus far performed my duty, I retired to press a bed once more, having nearly for three consecutive months slept in the open air on the ground, just at the spot where my day's hardship had terminated. So changed was I that those of my friends who had heard of my arrival, and were coming to congratulate me, passed me in the street; whilst others, to whom I went up and held out my hand, drew back in horror, and said, 'I beg your pardon; who are you?'" The result of this exploration was the discovery of two mountain-ranges, which were named the Victoria and the Gairdner; and also of several large rivers, of which the chief are the Gascoyne, the Murchison, and the Greenough.

For a short time Captain Grey filled the appointment of Government Resident at King George's Sound, where he continued his observations of the aboriginal races. On being relieved from this office he went to South Australia, and finally sailed from Adelaide for England in April of 1840. He then began "Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, describing many newly discovered, important, and fertile districts, with Observations on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Aboriginal Inhabitants," which was published in London in 1841. The book is a very interesting one, and, written by so young a man, shows great powers of scientific observation and inference, while its literary style is simple, clear, and dignified.

At the age of eight-and-twenty Captain Grey was appointed Governor of South Australia; and by his wise and decided—almost relentless—course of action, he saved that colony from utter ruin. Colonel Gawler had plunged it into debt; bills he had drawn on the Home Government were repudiated; and things looked very black indeed when the new Governor entered upon his duties on the 10th of May, 1841. His policy was one of retrenchment. Government wages were cut down, so that settlers in the country districts might have a chance of obtaining labour. In 1842 the expenditure was reduced from £100,000 to £34,000. The population was scattered. Colonists took more generally to agricultural and pastoral pursuits. In 1842 the famous Kapunda Mine was discovered, and shortly after, the still more renowned and wealthy Burra Mine; so that when Captain Grey left the colony in 1845, the foundations were firmly laid upon which the superstructure of its prosperity has since been reared. To this day his administration is still recalled with gratitude by those who have the interests of the colony at heart.

In November, 1845, Captain Grey (*æt.* thirty-three) landed in New Zealand as its Governor-in-Chief. The islands were in a state of ferment. Natives and settlers were everywhere dissatisfied. The war with Hone or John Heke was being carried on in the north, and at all points there were signs of imminent outbreaks. Kororareka had been taken and burnt not long before. The new Governor on his arrival took prompt and strong measures. Arms were forbidden to be sold to the Maoris except under rigorous restrictions. In January, 1846, after a siege of several days, the stronghold of



ATTACK ON CAPTAIN GREY'S PARTY BY ABORIGINES (p. 110).

Ruapekapeka, about twenty miles south of Kororareka, was taken with the aid of Waka Nene and his warriors, who were friendly to the whites. Pardon was granted to the leaders of the revolt, and rightly, for the greater part of their treason was patriotism; and the war was over.

The Governor then turned his attention to the troubles in the south, and having brought about some degree of tranquillity by the capture of the chief Rauparaha, he set himself to ameliorate the condition of the country, and to bring about an understanding between the two races. For this purpose he made himself acquainted with the Maori language and customs. He travelled through the country, mixed freely with the natives, and listened patiently to their complaints. As a result, he gained a complete command of their language, and great influence over themselves. He collected a number of their traditions, poems, and chants, which were published in the Maori language at Wellington in 1853; and afterwards, in 1855, he published in English a translation of the traditions, under the title of "Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race, as furnished by their Chiefs and Priests." In 1851, also, there was published by him at Auckland an account of an "Expedition Overland from Auckland to Taranaki, by way of Rotorua, Taupo, and the West Coast," from which it may be inferred that the adventurous youth of twenty-five had not been quite swallowed up by the astute diplomatist of thirty-eight. He established schools for the native children, encouraged the propagation of Christianity, engaged the natives in the making of roads, and taught them habits of industry. An action of his at this time, which is a good indication both of his virtues and his faults, was the suppression of a despatch from Earl Grey, which contravened the Treaty of Waitangi, and which, on the Governor's representation, was afterwards cancelled Indeed, although nominally he ruled under the authority of the Colonial Office, in reality he ruled not under, but through, the Colonial Office, by drawing from it such instructions as were in accordance with his own methods of government. When he left, in 1853, a cry went up all over the land. The Maoris especially were inconsolable. Addresses from them poured in from all quarters, expressing their grief in language which was in many cases most beautiful in its pathos and its imagery. The following are short extracts:—

"Bring forth the feathers of the Huia, that bird so much prized, that flits across the towering hills of Tararua, and bring the feathers of the albatross, that bird that skims along the mountain-wave: bring them to crown the brow of the loved one going down to the north to greet his fathers."

"Ye who are slumbering yonder, awake, Tuoha leaves us. He goeth to the heavens. What evils now await us! But even if you had cut yourselves in grief, you would not catch the passing shadow of the brave one who is my treasure."

"The clouds in yonder horizon across the sea are playing with the winds, whilst I am here yearning and weeping for my son. Ah! he is more than son to me—he is my heart's blood; and in his loss I feel my heartstrings snapped, and with him all my hopes are buried."

The people of Wellington gave the departing Governor a piece of plate, on which

was engraved "*Fundatori Quietis*" (To the Establisher of Peace). A farewell address was also presented to him by Bishop Selwyn and his clergy. Before leaving he issued an affectionate letter "to the native people," which he began with "My children," and concluded with "Farewell to you all, from your attached friend, from your governor and father." On his arrival at home, he received from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L., on which occasion the irrepressible undergraduates gave three cheers "for the King of the Cannibal Islands." In 1848 he had been made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

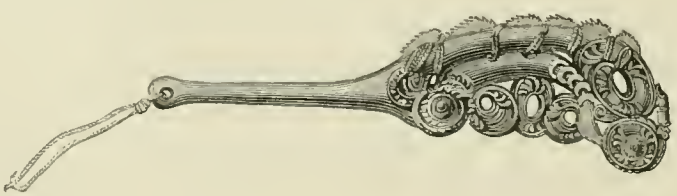
But there was no rest for him. The affairs of Cape Colony were in a critical state. Sir George himself said that the situation was simply an armed truce between the Kaffirs and the whites. On account of his successful dealings with the natives of New Zealand he was appointed, in 1854, Governor at the Cape and High Commissioner in South Africa. He followed the same native policy as before, subjugating the Kaffirs into civilisation and obedience rather by moral than by physical force. He skilfully averted war; and by mingled firmness and kindness, by building schools and hospitals for the natives, by employing them on public works, and encouraging them to open up their several districts by the making of roads, he initiated in South Africa such peace and prosperity as had hitherto been unknown. His great difficulty, however, was that, being a servant of the Colonial Office, he had to give effect to its wishes, however inconsistent they might be with the policy he was supposed to carry out, at the same time, for the benefit of the colony of which he was Governor. How difficult this was may be imagined from the fact, that during the first five years of his term of office there were seven Colonial Secretaries. One of his schemes, suggested by the application of the Orange Free State for a union with the Cape, was a federation of the South African States. He alluded to it favourably in a speech to the Cape Parliament in 1859. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Colonial Secretary for the time being, was entirely opposed to it, and Sir George was therefore recalled. Before his successor could be named there was a change of Ministry. The colonists were indignant, and the Queen was petitioned to restore him. The petition was successful, and when Sir George went home to interview the new Secretary, Her Majesty accorded him an audience, and after hearing about the state of her South African subjects, promised, at his request, that Prince Alfred should pay an early visit to the colony. Sir George returned immediately, and in 1860 the young prince was his guest. In 1861 he was re-appointed Governor of New Zealand, where serious difficulties were cropping up. He quitted the Cape with the best wishes of all, and left his valuable library as a memento of his residence. Thus it is that Cape Town has the most valuable library in the world of books on Australasian subjects. Its very catalogue is valuable.

In October Sir George arrived once more in the land of the Maoris; but they were too far irritated to be amenable even to the influence of one who was their friend. He held the position of Governor, moreover, under very different conditions from those under which he had formerly held it. New Zealand was no longer a Crown colony, but had its affairs administered by a responsible Government of its own: and, under this constitution, the Governor could only act in accordance with the advice of his ministers.

All efforts to bring matters to an amicable settlement failed. By 1863 the dogs of war were fairly slipped, and ran their bloody course for more than five years. The natives were at last put down by sheer force of arms. Sir George, who had never been popular with the authorities at home, for reasons already indicated, had his recall signified in 1867 in a manner utterly cold and ungrateful. *Per contra*, both Houses of the Colonial Legislature assured him of their regard, bodies of the colonists did the same, and the Ministry addressed him in these words:—"Again and again during the last twenty-six years, when there has been danger and difficulty in the administration of colonial affairs, your Excellency's aid has been invoked by the most eminent statesmen of the day. Sacrifices you have disregarded, and trials have served as opportunities of evincing devotion to public duty; and we cannot but regard it as indicative of the indifference, if not positive disfavour, with which the colonies of the Empire are regarded, when loyalty, zeal, and high intelligence, displayed in the administration of their affairs, are passed by without even the courtesy of a cold acknowledgment."

Towards the end of the year he paid a visit to England, and afterwards returned to New Zealand, where he has since resided. He lived in retirement near Auckland till 1875, when he was elected Superintendent of the Province of Auckland. On the abolition of the provincial system, he took his seat in the House of Representatives as member for a district of the city of Auckland. This seat he still holds. From 1877 to 1879 he was Premier. The story of this latter part of his life is simply a story of party politics, and can be read in blue-books by those whom it may interest. It may be said generally, however, that a man who is admirably adapted to be Governor-in-Chief may not be so well fitted for the *rôle* of member of a colonial parliament.

For some years Sir George Grey led a secluded life in the lovely island of Kawau. On his quitting it in 1888 he presented to the city of Auckland a magnificent collection of books, pictures, and manuscripts, thus showing that, while his love for art and letters is very great, his goodness of heart is greater still. Let us hope that he may yet have years of life left to him. Of this the writer is persuaded that when, after he has gone the way of all flesh, his life comes to be regarded as a whole, when his courage, constancy, kindness, and piety are called to mind, and his general worth weighed in the balance, there will be a readjustment of opinion. Many who now condemn him will then be warm in his praise.



RUSSELL.

SOME NEW ZEALAND PORTS.

Bay of Islands—Historical Associations—A Piebald Alsatia: Kororareka—The Manuka—A Flagstaff with a Tale—The Treaty of Waitangi—British Reverses—The Keri Keri—Opua and Kawa Kawa—Poverty Bay—Cooke's Landing—Hawke's Bay—Gisborne—Napier—Port Ahuriri—Hastings—Wanganui—The Rutland Stockade—Nelson—Akaroa.

THE beauties of New Zealand are almost inexhaustible. Many of them are indescribable. Of course, it is possible to give such an account of them as may recall the faded impressions of those who have seen them, and to use such language concerning them as will convey to the reader some notion of their grandeur or loveliness; but the emotions of delight, admiration, or awe can only be called forth in the actual presence of them. The reader may feel interested—may even have his curiosity so far roused as to be willing to undertake a journey half round the globe; but it is doubtful if descriptive writing, even of the very highest kind, ever called up any completely accurate pictures of, or excited any genuine enthusiasm for, the things described. Ruskin's word-pictures are among the finest in any language; but is it not true that we feel as much admiration for the fitly-chosen words, for the beautiful and harmonious combinations of words, and for the characteristic flavour of the writer's own personality that lurks behind and between the words, as for the natural scenes the words are intended to depict?

The epithet "picturesque" is eminently applicable to many of the districts and smaller towns of New Zealand which have not found a place in the preceding pages, and to give some account of these is the design of the present article.

The BAY OF ISLANDS, to begin with, is, of all places in the colony, one of the most interesting and beautiful. It is situated near the north end of the east coast of the North Island, and stretches southwards into the land for about twenty miles. With its placid and sunny waters it encircles many islands, and curiously insinuates its

way among hills and peninsulas and promontories. You can hardly get away from it. At some point you strike off at right-angles to the shore, and before you have gone, it may be, half a mile, you come upon it again; and as the waters murmur and smile in the sunlight, which they nearly always do, you can almost imagine that, in this particular instance, they are quietly laughing at yourself, and enjoying your astonishment. To get a view of the country beyond you make for the top of some ferny hill, not far off and easy of ascent, and what do you see? Lapping the further base of the hill, and still purring with satisfaction to behold your delight, the bay stretches away to the opposite shore, where there are hills like the one you stand on. Its waters are beautiful with all the hues of green and blue. They are decked with ten thousand dancing points of gold, and flecked and fringed with white and delicate foam.

Cape Brett, the high and abrupt limit of the eastern shore of the bay, is 120 miles north of Auckland. The bay is about ten miles wide at its mouth, and, corresponding to Cape Brett on the east, Cape Wikiwi stands guard on the western threshold.

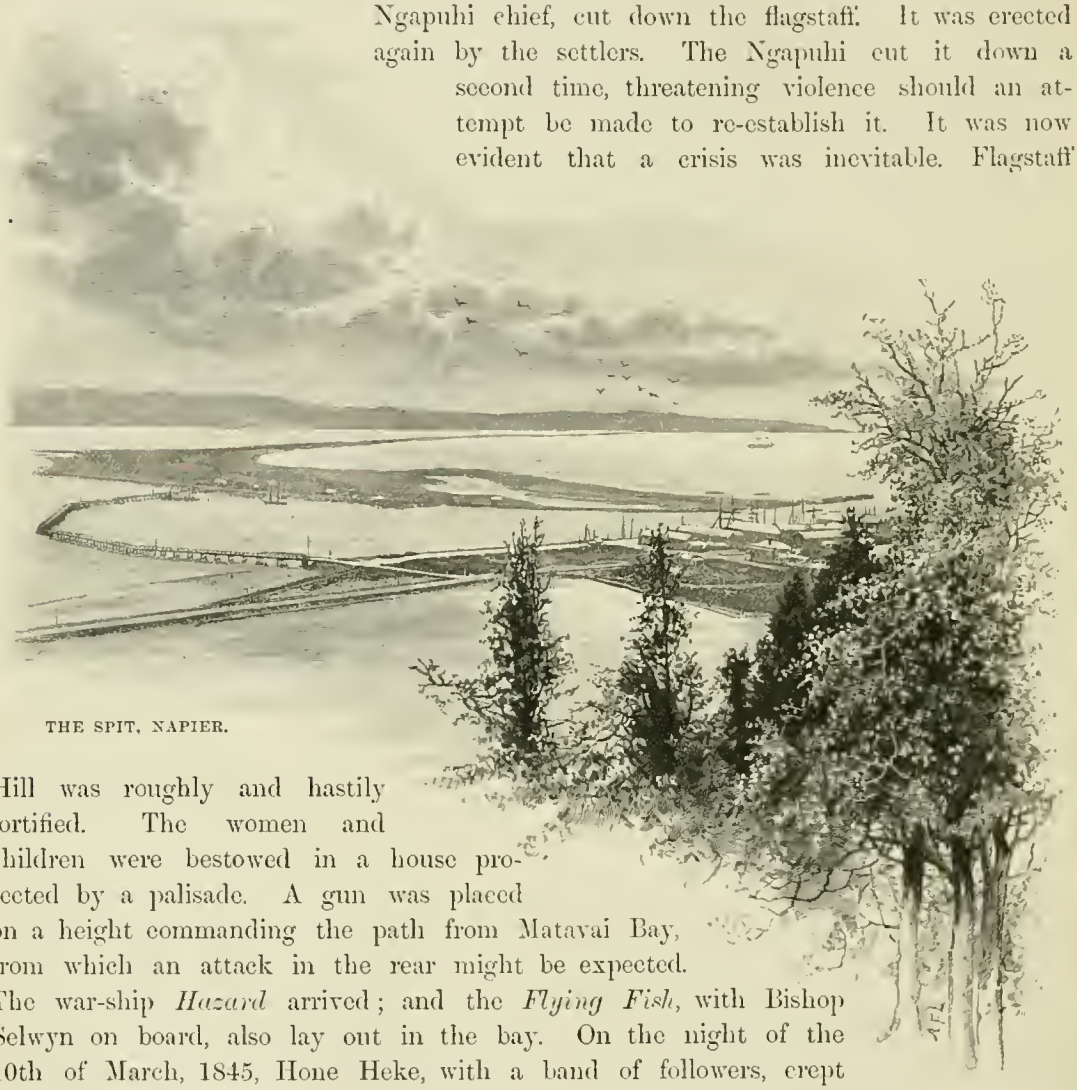
In this locality, that is now so peaceful and sequestered, there took place a great part of all that is interesting in the history of New Zealand during the first forty-five years of the century. The bay was the rendezvous of large numbers of whaling-ships, whose crews were not very select. It offered a safe hiding-place to runaways from the convict settlement of New South Wales. Outcasts from all parts of the world mysteriously found their way thither. The Maoris had their first lessons in civilisation. In the drinking of gin and the smoking of tobacco they proved the aptest of disciples, and this aptness the laws of heredity have spent their full force in transmitting and confirming. In this diminutive pandemonium many mixed marriages took place. Abandoned whites took barbarian wives, and were honoured by the union, for the savages, according to their lights, were a hundred times better than most of the Europeans. The name of this piebald Alsatia was Kororareka. It is still the most considerable township actually on the shores of the bay, and is generally, but incorrectly, called Russell. Russell—named after Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, the famous statesman of the Reform era—was the first seat of Government in New Zealand. It is of a much more recent date than Kororareka, and was situated farther up the bay. Shortly after its establishment the seat of Government was removed to Auckland, and at the present day no trace of Russell remains. Kororareka lies on a little crescent-shaped inlet on the eastern side of the bay, where there is a pretty sloping beach of pebbles. It consists only of a few white wooden houses, and does not boast of more than 250 inhabitants. The principal street runs along the beach, and the rest of the buildings straggle backwards into a hollow between two hills. By following the path through this hollow another arm of the bay is reached—Matavai Bay. The northern horn of the crescent on which the village lies is a bold and wooded promontory, 340 feet high. Perhaps it is an exaggeration to call it wooded, for its covering is only a common one of manuka and fern. Now if the reader, after having gone through all that is said in Picturesque Australasia about New Zealand, should fancy he knows a good deal about it, and yet should not know

something about manuka and the important part it plays in the scenery and economy of that colony, his knowledge would be incomplete indeed. If, knowing the name and not the thing, he were to ask a New Zealander what manuka is, the New Zealander would laugh. If, on the other hand, having seen the thing but not knowing its name, he were to point it out and ask what it was, the New Zealander would laugh still more. To ask such questions would seem to him as funny as to ask what a tree or a house was. Manuka is a shrub which is rampant throughout New Zealand. If it were less common it would be thought more beautiful. In summer it is covered with white blossoms; and there are few more charming sights than a plain of flourishing manuka.

On the summit, then, of this headland of manuka and fern close by the township, there stands a flagstaff, and by this flagstaff there hangs a tale. It is the standard that was erected in 1840 to mark the incorporation of New Zealand with the British Empire. Matters in Kororareka had been going from bad to worse, and to try to mend them, a British Resident was appointed in 1835. This move effected little good, for His Majesty's Representative was entirely without authority to use the only kind of discipline that could appeal to the men with whom he had to deal; and he found that pure reason, and even promises and threats, fell unheeded on their well-tanned moral hides. It was resolved, therefore, to formally annex the islands, and for that purpose Captain Hobson arrived in the *Rattlesnake* in 1840. The Waitangi—Waters of Lamentation—is a river that flows into the bay on the opposite shore; and on its banks there was held a grand palaver, in which Captain Hobson met and reasoned with the principal native chiefs. In wild and stormy rhetoric many of the latter poured forth their denunciations of the annexation. They were parting with their liberty. They were becoming the slaves of a woman. But the eloquence and craftiness of one of them, who saw that it was better to have the white man for friend than for enemy, prevailed over savage sentimentalism, and the Treaty of Waitangi was signed. So the Maori became our brother subject, and could say, as in his own way and language he does say, *Civis Britannicus sum*; and he shows a respect for Ingarana and Wikitoria, as he calls them, which is probably much more real than the conventional patriotism and loyalty of many of us. To celebrate and commemorate this notable event in their history, the natives have erected by the Waitangi a large assembly hall and a column of white stone; and as the visitor proceeds up the bay by steamer he may see the latter gleaming far away in the sunshine like the "edge of a parson's whittle." The British ensign was hoisted on the hill, where still it waves; and British law, with the irresistibleness of a Hercules, cleansed the Augean stables of Kororareka.

But the Ngapuhi were a powerful tribe. They held nearly the whole of the peninsula that lies between Auckland and the North Cape. Many were the spoils they had borne from their victories over the tribes of the south: and great was the fear in which they were held. And it grieved and angered the chief of the Ngapuhi that he had become the vassal of an alien, and that alien a woman. Things had been all very well when the Maori was free and the white man hobnobbed with him, and gave him

of his rum and tobacco and calico; but now that this hateful standard was set up, these luxuries were growing dear and hard to get. So with the sovereignty of the "pakeha" (foreigner, as the white man is and always was called by the natives) there was associated a diminution of the pleasures of life, to obtain which seems to be the chief end of savage existence. Therefore Hone Heke, the dauntless and patriotic Ngapuhi chief, cut down the flagstaff. It was erected again by the settlers. The Ngapuhi cut it down a second time, threatening violence should an attempt be made to re-establish it. It was now evident that a crisis was inevitable. Flagstaff Hill was roughly and hastily fortified. The women and children were bestowed in a house protected by a palisade. A gun was placed on a height commanding the path from Matavai Bay, from which an attack in the rear might be expected. The war-ship *Hazard* arrived; and the *Flying Fish*, with Bishop Selwyn on board, also lay out in the bay. On the night of the 10th of March, 1845, Hone Heke, with a band of followers, crept up within a short distance of the flagstaff and lay there in ambush. On the following morning at dawn the soldiers of the garrison heard unusual noises in the village below, and, unsuspecting of danger, moved forward from their post to see what was going on. It was doubtless a device of the enemy, for the savages immediately rushed forward, and killing some, put the rest of the defenders to flight.



THE SPIT, NAPIER.

On the same morning Captain Robertson of the *Hazard* encountered a body of hostile natives in the valley behind the township. The fight was a fierce one. Captain

Robertson was severely wounded. The gun on the height was found to be too much exposed to be of service; and the sailor who was ordered to spike it had no sooner accomplished his task than he fell dead. The little English church, still in existence, was the centre of the fray; and the marks of the bullets may yet be seen on its walls. The slain fell in the very churchyard itself, and were there buried. The survivors together with the women and children, retreated without hindrance to the ships, and sailed for Auckland. Kororareka, with the exception of the English and Romanist churches, was burned to the ground. In the churchyard a tombstone was afterwards erected in memory of the fallen, and it bears as an inscription the last two verses of Mrs. Hemans' striking poem, "England's Dead"—

"The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

"Go, stranger, track the deep;
Free, free, the white sail spread;
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not English dead."

CHURCH, NAPIER.

The reader who would like to follow up the story of Heke's so-called rebellion may do so by turning back to pages 43—48 of this volume. Here it is enough to say that these troublous times are now past. Kororareka is no more than a Sleepy Hollow. The standard of Saint George waves unchallenged above the manuka. The Maoris are dying out, and those who are left pass the time in drinking and smoking, lounging and billiard-playing, in all of which they excel.

On the opposite side of the bay, which is here about ten miles wide, nestles the little village of Paihia. Further to the right is the estuary of the historical Waitangi; and a few miles up the river is a picturesque waterfall. Nearer still to Cape Wikiwi and the open sea the Keri Keri flows into the bay. The river, fringed with luxuriant foliage, runs between low, ferny hills; and some distance up there is a very fine waterfall, where the river, twenty yards wide, takes a sudden leap of one hundred feet, and hurries off between steep banks that are clothed with a vast variety of vegetation in every conceivable shade of green. But the Keri Keri is chiefly interesting on account of the old Church of England Mission Station, which lies two miles below the falls. In a large stone building, which is now used as a store, Bishop Selwyn had his library, to consult which he often used to walk over from his head-quarters at Waimate, nine miles off. And an event which is not the least interesting, perhaps, in the history of the bay was the visit of Charles Darwin in 1835, when he stayed

with the Rev. Mr. Williams, and made such observations of the natives and natural features as will be found in the account of his voyage round the world in the *Beagle*.

Proceeding higher up the bay, one is more and more impressed with a sense of its beauty. For him who wishes to leave the outer world for a while, to rest and meditate, to float quietly on the waters and trap their wary denizens, to revel in natural beauty and bask in continual sunshine, there can hardly be a better place than the Bay of Islands. The present writer has often paid it a visit, and has ever found its chief characteristic to be tranquil and unclouded loveliness.

At the head of the bay is a wharf where steamers take in coal. Close by is a railway-station, and a little township called Opua. The coal is brought by rail from the mines of Kawa Kawa, nine miles distant. Kawa Kawa, the inland terminus of the railway, lies on the river of the same name, and is the largest township north of Auckland; it is inhabited chiefly by miners and Maoris, a few storekeepers, and the editor of the *Kawa Kawa Luminary*, but as it cannot otherwise be reasonably called picturesque, it does not come within the scope of this article. Most of the land in its neighbourhood is of poor quality, and if there be any future for the Bay of Islands, it will most likely be as a watering-place and resort for tourists. Possibly it may have good mineral resources. Coal and manganese have already been found, but the cost of labour and transit is very great. The waters teem with fish, and all round the rocky shores there is an abundance of oysters.

If anyone will look at the map of the North Island, he will see that its eastern coast is naturally divided into two parts—one extends from North Cape to East Cape, the other from East Cape to Cape Palliser. Scooped out of this latter strip of coast-line are two semicircular bays. The more northerly of the two is Poverty Bay; and the other, which is by far the larger, is Hawke's Bay. Both of them are associated with a still earlier epoch of New Zealand history than that which is connected with the Bay of Islands. They are associated, in fact, with the dawn of its history, so far as it is related to civilisation. In 1769, a boy named Nicholas Young, nicknamed, in sailor fashion, "Young Nick," of the crew of the *Endeavour* (Captain Cook), first descried the white headland that terminates Poverty Bay to the south, and which is still known as Young Nick's Head.

Here is an account of Cook's first landing, from his own pen:—"We landed abreast of the ship, on the east side of the river, which was here about forty yards broad, but seeing some natives on the west side, with whom I wished to speak, and finding the river not fordable, I ordered the yawl to carry us over, and left the pinnace at the entrance. When we came near the place where the people were assembled, they all ran away: however, we landed, and leaving some boys to take care of the yawl, we walked up to some huts, which were about 200 to 300 yards from the waterside. When we had got some distance from the boat, four men, armed with long lances, rushed out of the woods, and running up to attack the boat, would certainly have cut her off, if the people in the pinnace had not discovered them, and called to the boys to drop down the stream. The boys instantly obeyed; but being closely pursued, the coxswain

of the pinnace, who had charge of the boats, fired a musket over their heads. At this they stopped and looked round them, but in a few minutes renewed the pursuit, brandishing their lances in a threatening manner. The coxswain then fired a second musket over their heads, but of this they took no notice; but one of them lifting up his spear to dart it at the boat, another piece was fired, which shot him dead. When he fell, the other three stood motionless, as if petrified with astonishment. As soon as they recovered, they went back, dragging the dead body, which, however, they soon left, that it might not encumber their flight. At the report of the musket we drew together, having straggled to a little distance from each other, and made the best of our way back to the boat, and crossing the river we saw the native lying dead on the ground."

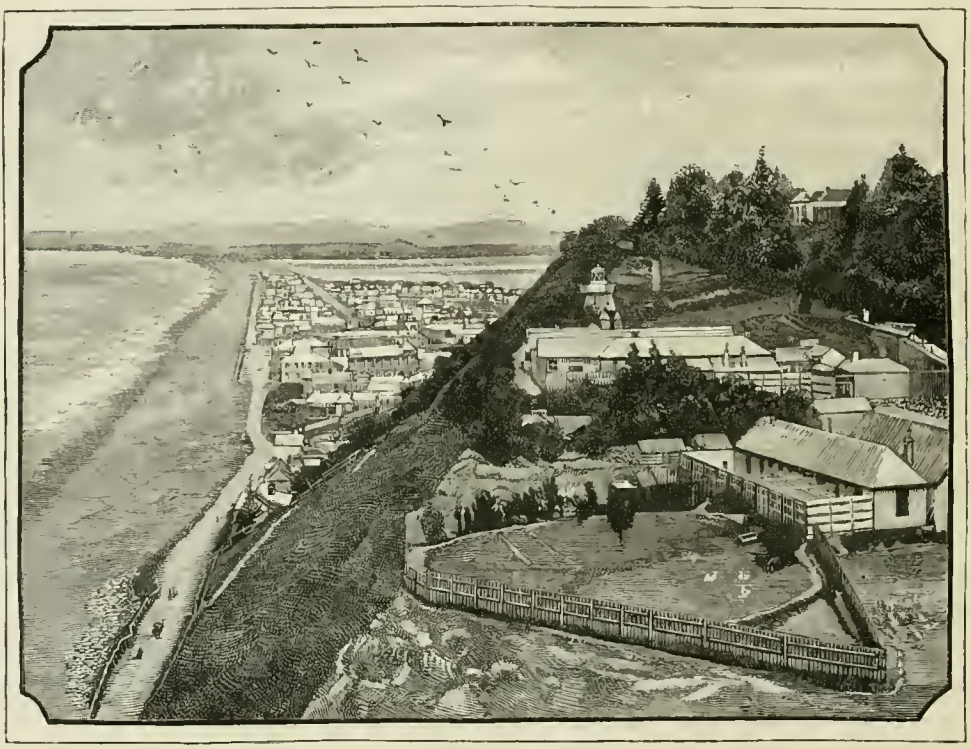
Not only were the natives hostile, but this first place at which Cook had touched in New Zealand was in other ways very unsatisfactory. He called it an "unfortunate and inhospitable place," adding that "it did not afford a single article they wanted, except a little firewood." It is hardly to be wondered at that he branded it for all time with the name Poverty Bay.

Hawke's Bay Captain Cook named after Sir Edward Hawke, the famous English admiral, who had in the glorious year 1759, just ten years earlier, won a brilliant victory over the French Fleet. Cape Kidnappers, at the south end of its great curve, is a high and bare projection of some light coloured rock, dangerous to mariners; here the waves are ever restless and seething. Off this point Cook's favourite little black boy was stolen by the Maoris, but managed to escape by swimming back to the ship.

On Hawke's Bay lies the town of Napier; on Poverty Bay, Gisborne. Of the latter there is not much to be said. It stands on a wide strip of level country between the mountains and the sea. Petroleum is found in the district, but the flow is not great, although in time it may become so, and materially increase the prosperity of the place. The town is made up principally of one long wide street, called Gladstone Road. The population is about two thousand. The climate is dry and warm. The greatest drawback is the want of a good harbour. The citizens are doing all they can to make up for the want by the construction of a breakwater, but breakwaters are not generally brilliant successes. Communication with the vessels that come to the bay is kept up by means of lighters, and even these have to wait for the tide to carry them over the bar at the mouth of the river. In the cemetery that lies near the sea, a little way out of the town, there is a monument on which are inscribed the names and ages of the victims of a horrible massacre. In 1868, during the last Maori war, Te Kooti, a hostile and bloodthirsty chief, surprised the settlement, and butchered men, women, and children, European and native, to the number of seventy. This fierce and undisguised savage, who could murder in cold blood not only white infants, but also his brother natives who refused to join in his nefarious proceedings, is preserved alive to this day. When the aged Te Kooti passes through a settled district, which he does as seldom as possible, he has to be guarded by an escort of police, for the sight of him might be too much for the son of some murdered mother, or the

brother of some sweet baby sister who lies within sound of the waves as they roll into Poverty Bay.

Napier is the chief town of the provincial district of Hawke's Bay. Its population is about seven thousand. It stands on the shores of the bay about fifteen miles north-west of the Kidnappers. The harbour is narrow at the entrance, but after it has penetrated into the land for some distance without increasing its width, it suddenly spreads to north and south in a large expanse of shallow water. Two projections of land are



NAPIER.

thus formed. They are connected by a long wooden bridge. The northern one, called The Spit, is low and sandy. The southern one, called Scinde Island, although only a peninsula, is also low in great part; but in one direction it rises gradually to a pretty good height, and descends perpendicularly to the sea. On this hill and the flat ground to the south of it Napier is built. On Prospect Hill, as it is called, the homes of the wealthier citizens are established. Here also is the hospital, almost an ideal little place for the treatment of the sick, certainly one of the best in the colony. It is this hill, with its villas and gardens and trees, and with its outlook on one of the most beautiful bays in the world, a bay that is ranked with that of Naples, which chiefly entitles Napier to be called picturesque.

But while Napier stands on as fine a bay as that of Naples, it has none of the dirt, disease, and dire poverty of the classic city. Of all the towns in both hemispheres it

is one of the neatest and cleanest, one of the most cheerful and well-to-do. The public buildings are neither many nor imposing. The Government Buildings, Town Hall, and Athenæum are the chief. The principal hotels are as good as any in the colony. The streets in the lower part of the town run parallel with and at right angles to the beach. Their names are sure to arrest the attention of the visitor. Shakespeare, Milton,

NELSON.

Chaucer, Tennyson, and Browning have each a street allotted to them. Poets are evidently much thought of. The poor philosophers are represented by the sole names of Carlyle and Emerson; and the only novelist is Dickens. The society of Napier has some reputation for culture; but it would hardly be rash to say that the attention bestowed by the citizens on these several classes of writers is inversely proportionate to the recognition of them by the municipality.

Over the hill from the town, and on the right bank of the lower harbour—that part of the harbour below the bridge—lies PORT AHURIRI ("Angry Winds"). It has

accommodation for vessels of small tonnage only; and, as at Gisborne, the larger vessels have to be lightered. But here also the Anglo-Saxon is manifesting his contempt for natural obstacles, and his supreme belief in himself. In the open bay, with its powerful tides and currents and bottom of shifting shingle, he is constructing a huge breakwater, inside of which, when the stormy winds are blowing outside, great ships may be safely moored, and on to which they may discharge their cargoes for transit by rail to town and country. It would probably be more dangerous to ridicule than to affirm the accomplishment of the undertaking.

The Hawke's Bay province possesses large tracts of rich country. All around the horizon stand great mountain chains, such as the Ruahine and Kaiweka ranges, which are covered with snow six months in the year. Between these and the sea lie great fertile plains all capable of cultivation, and in great part cultivated. All over these plains are dotted pretty and prosperous villages, of which Hastings may be taken as a type. It is twelve miles from Napier, and is connected with it by rail. All around it there are thousands of acres of sturdy grain, and green fields with great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The broad and still Ngaruroro winds through the neighbourhood. Willows, pines and poplars, and gums red and blue, are scattered all over the pastures, and congregate in many places into clumps that hide comfortable homesteads, or afford shelter to the stock in the glaring and breathless heat of summer. It is hardly consistent with literary dignity nowadays to refer to "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," but as one approaches Hastings, and sees the spires of its little churches peeping over the trees, and notes the fatness of the land, and the good condition of man and beast, he cannot but think that Auburn, under the conditions of modern colonial life, would have been Hastings: although for the latter he hopes a better fate. It has three or four churches, several hotels and stores, a free library and reading-room, and a daily newspaper. The climate for the greater part of the year is delightful.

Wanganui is a town with a population of about five thousand. It lies in a picturesque and romantic neighbourhood on the northern shore of Cook's Strait. Like Kororareka, it possesses much interest, as being in a great degree associated with the tribal feuds of the natives, and the conflicts between the natives and the settlers.* The chief beauty of the district is the Wanganui River, on the banks and near the mouth of which the town is situated. At the entrance there is a somewhat inconvenient bar; but that once crossed, the stream is navigable by small steamers for nearly thirty miles, and by rowing-boats for about seventy miles. It is about two hundred yards wide at the town, and offers splendid facilities for boating and bathing, and indeed is very largely taken advantage of for these purposes. At this part it is spanned by a fine iron swing bridge, so constructed as to admit of the passage of vessels up and down the river. Charming walks, that here and there disclose glimpses of exquisitely beautiful river scenery, run along either bank. Reeds and willows and moving water are, of course, the principal factors of each of these scenes: but, just as in the kaleidoscope a few pieces of coloured glass form so great a variety

* See *ante*, p. 50.

of combinations, so, in this case, Nature, with a skilful and delicate hand, so arranges her few but sufficient materials that fresh vistas of loveliness are ever being presented to the eye.

The native population is more numerous than it is in most other districts of the colony. Native "pahs" or villages abound, especially on the river banks. Each of them—for they are all very much alike—consists of a collection of "whares" or huts thatched with raupo, an indigenous reed. The same entrance serves for light, air, and the persons of the occupants. Nondescript curs, whose appearance is so wretched as to be sometimes pathetic, but more often ludicrous, prowl about, occasionally snarling at each other. The children, wholly or partially naked, behave in very much the same way as all children behave, whether black, brown, or white, whether young barbarians or young Britons. They are entirely absorbed with play. The men and women, whom it is not seldom difficult to differentiate, are loafing about or squatting tailor-wise on the ground, all of them smoking: and they salute every passer-by with a chorus of gruff and shrill "tena koes," their usual formula of greeting.

The principal street of Wanganui is Victoria Avenue, where a good deal of business is done. In the middle of the town is a group of sandhills, on one of which stands a building used as a gaol. It was originally erected, however, in anticipation of an attack from the Hau-Haus, a fanatical up-river tribe (of whom we shall have more to say in a subsequent article), and is called the Rutland Stockade. A monument was erected in memory of the Wanganui natives who were slain in the conflict with the fierce zealots, and records how they fell at Moutoa, May 14th, 1864, "in defence of law and order against fanaticism and barbarism."

Across Cook's Strait, about one hundred and thirty miles in a south-westerly direction, the town of NELSON lies on the northern shore of the South Island. It stands at the head of Tasman Bay, and is the chief town in the province of Nelson. It has a population of about seven thousand. Vessels cannot go right to Nelson, but land passengers and cargo at the port, a mile from the town. It is the centre of the hop industry in New Zealand. The back-country is of a mountainous character, and unsuitable for anything but sheep-farming. The mountains, however, serve to protect the town from the cold southerly winds, and to endow it with such a climate as is to be found in few places on earth. It is, in consequence, a favourite resort for invalids, and those who have withdrawn from the worry of the world to spend their old age in serenity, more particularly retired officers of the Indian Service. In point of beauty, too, it would satisfy the most exacting taste. The settlement is one of the oldest in the colony; and the quaint little houses, encompassed and overrun by a wealth of brilliant flowers and creepers; the many hop-gardens; and the wilder aspects of nature that are manifested in stretches of bush and scrub and fern, and in hill and stream and sea—all these combine into a charming prospect, harmoniously blended in the lucid atmosphere.

From the top of the neighbouring Zigzag Hill a very good view of the town and bay is to be got. Not far from the town is the lighthouse, and stretching across

AKAROA BAY.

the bay for about seven miles is an extraordinary bank of boulders. The chief buildings are the Boys' and Girls' Colleges, which have some fame in the colony as educational institutions, the Hospital, and the Institute, the latter being a sort of combined library, reading-room, and museum. Trafalgar Square lies appropriately in the centre of the town, and near at hand is Church Hill. Along some of the streets there are rows of trees, and through the town there flows a stream dignified by the name of the Matai River. What the Matai lacks, however, in strength and volume, it makes up for in beauty. Its banks are lined with the drooping sprays of the willow, the inevitable adjunct of all urban and suburban rivers in New Zealand. When it has been said of a town that it lies near the sea—that it borders on a rugged and mountainous country—that it has a climate as near perfect as may be—that it has an air of quaintness—that it is surrounded and penetrated with gardens in a state of perennial bloom—and when it is said, also, that through this town there flows a clear, babbling stream, so that to the other amenities are added the joy of motion and the

"Beauty born of murmurous sound"—

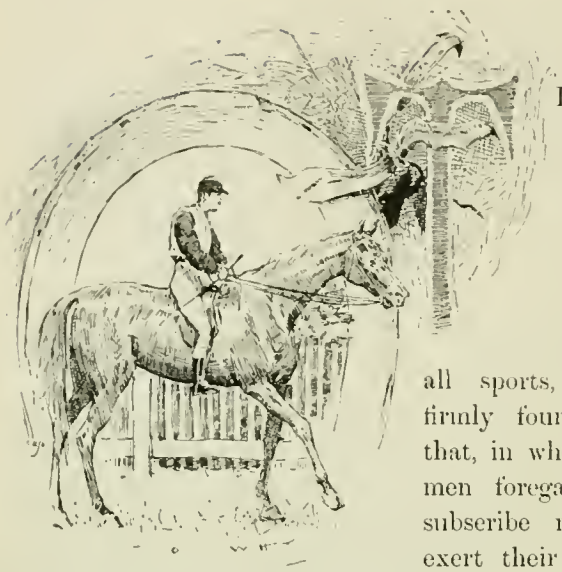
the reader will allow that he has sufficient data on which to exercise his imagination. And whatever mental pictures he may form by combining these materials, every one of them will bear some sort of resemblance to Nelson.

There is only space left for the barest mention of the harbour of Akaroa, on the eastern coast of South Island, although it is one of the finest in New Zealand. It

is about a mile wide at the entrance, and the anchorage is some six miles from the heads in Pakariki Bay. A town of between six and seven hundred souls has grown up on the eastern shore, and as it is not more than forty miles from Christchurch, it is the wont of many of the inhabitants of the "city of the Plains" to flee to it for refuge from the heats of summer.

AKAROA.

THE MELBOURNE CUP RACE.



Like Parent like Child—The Federation of Australia on the Flemington Racecourse—The Course—The Crowd—The Hour and the Steed.

THE love of sport of every description is characteristic of the English people. No matter to what distance they may travel from the Mother Country, nor whether their lot be cast beneath the blazing sun of the tropics or in the frigid temperature of high latitudes, there they set about establishing their national pastimes. Of all sports, perhaps that of horse-racing is more firmly founded than any other; for it is certain that, in whatever country a dozen or more Englishmen foregather, there they measure out distances, subscribe money for stakes, and train horses to exert their speed one against the other.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that, in addition to racing, all other forms of sport are assiduously cultivated by Australians; the laurels won by their cricketing teams and their oarsmen on English fields and streams are evidence that may not be questioned. And that the colonists take a proper pride in these triumphs is but one other proof of their descent from a conquering race. Still, horse-racing holds the premier position in public favour, let the preacher declaim never so strenuously against the evils that beset the paths of those who frequent the racecourse. Owing to the beauty of the climate, it is possible to hold meetings during the greater part of the year, and of this advantage is taken to the utmost.

In pursuit of this particular sport Victoria is more eager, and is also more successful—though that does not necessarily follow—than any one of the sister colonies. This may be due to the fact that her population is more concentrated than theirs, and that, in addition, she possesses a larger proportion of wealthy men of a stamp willing to spend their wealth on that which will give in return amusement combined with the intense excitement of risking money on the turn of Fortune's wheel. The meetings of every race-club worthy of the name, be they held in the suburbs or in the country, are well attended. Travelling is made easy by the network of railways which overlays the country, and the special services of trains devoted to the use of the public on these occasions. Moreover, most of the courses are prettily situated, and many persons patronise them, as much to enjoy the journey and the scenery as to watch the racing.

Although the Victorians are in a constant state of simmering excitement in regard to racing, they do not actually boil over until the near approach of the first

Tuesday in November, the day on which the Melbourne Cup is annually competed for. Then, certainly, the excitement is intense, and it is not confined to the one colony; the feeling is national, and affects all classes in every part of Australasia.

If, during the month of October, it were possible for anyone to free himself for a brief space from the "too, too solid flesh," and, Asmodeus-like, soar above the earth and read the hearts of mortals as he passed, a strange experience would be gained. Rising above the dust and turmoil of the city, winging his flight over vast plains and rugged mountain ranges, over dense forests and treeless wastes, and crossing seas to where the mountain-tops are clad in everlasting snow, he would behold spots where, singly and alone, men sat in shepherd's huts; others where, in threes and fours, they gathered round the fires in the homesteads of the squatters; and others, again, where, in towns and villages, life was more fully represented. It

ON THE ROAD TO FLEMINGTON.

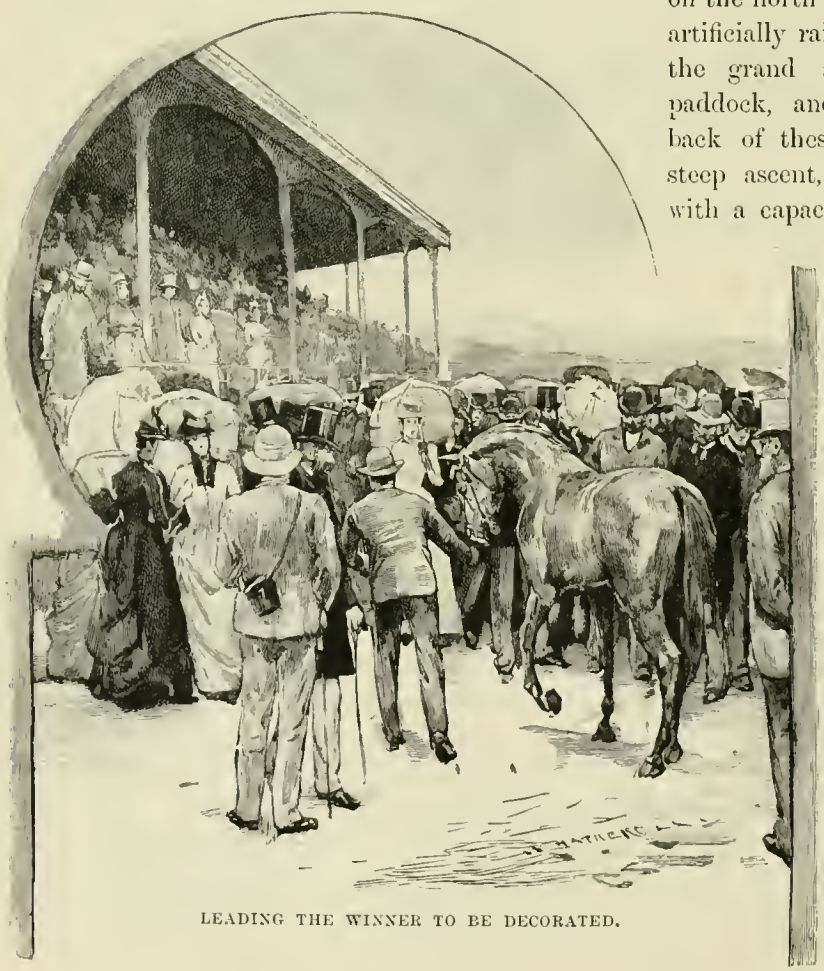
would be observed that the minds of each and all were dominated by one common thought, and that later, as the month drew near its close, this thought prompted men to leave their homes, their businesses, their wives and children. From Queensland and New South Wales, from South Australia and the country districts of Victoria, from New Zealand and Tasmania, these begin to depart, their faces set steadfastly towards one goal—Melbourne; their minds intent on one event—the Cup Race. To those who are ignorant of Australian men and manners this picture may appear overdrawn; but no over-statement is here—it is the simple truth; and from the sheepfolds and the cattle-camps, from mansion and from humble dwelling-place, from the streets and market-places of adjacent cities and villages, they come in crowds—to form the Federation of Australia on the Flemington Racecourse.

One particularly striking feature the festival has—a feature which indicates that the occasion is coming to be considered more in the light of a national gathering than in that of a race-meeting pure and simple. This is, that though the talk on all sides bears upon Flemington, yet it is not so much of the racing as of the crowd that will be there—of the drive to the course, the crush in the trains, the luncheons and flirtations, the friends that may be met, the fights, the drinking, and the other thousand and one incidents that go to make up this great event. That the day

is proclaimed a public holiday goes without saying. All the Government offices, the banks, warehouses, private offices, shops, and schools are closed, and the people of Melbourne, together with the strangers within the gates, awake to the purpose of making at least one long and more or less enjoyable holiday.

The races do not commence before the afternoon, but long before twelve o'clock the human tide begins to flow towards the course, which lies about four miles from the city. The distance may be traversed either by road or by rail. By road travel those who possess four-in-hand drags and well-appointed carriages, together with others who prefer the independence of cabs, and those again who, not having the means to pay for being carried, travel on foot. The trains depart from Spencer Street Station at intervals of a few minutes; all the spare carriages from country and suburban lines are pressed into this special service, and every train is filled to overflowing. From the station a line runs direct to the course, and the railway-tickets admit the bearers to the grand stand or the hill, according as they are first or second class.

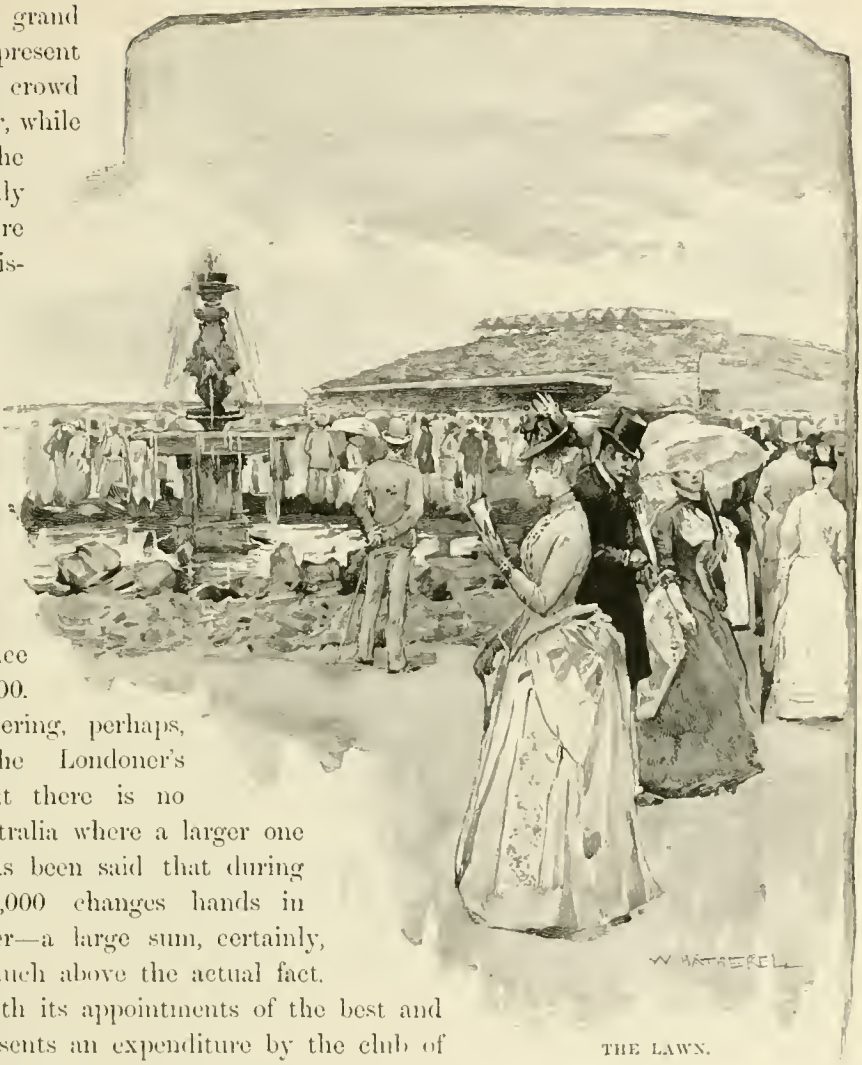
The course itself is situated on a flat on the eastern bank of the Saltwater River; on the north rises a hill, its height artificially raised; at the foot are the grand stand, the saddling-paddock, and the lawn; at the back of these rises the hill, in steep ascent, its summit crowned with a capacious stand; in front of all lies the flat, separated from the grand stand and the hill by the course. Here there is no fee charged for entrance, and the frequenters of this dead level represent the poorer classes of society.



LEADING THE WINNER TO BE DECORATED.

And now, as the time draws near for the starting of the first event, the crowd clusters in dense masses at those points where the finest view is to be obtained. Looking upwards

from the flat, the grand stand and the hill present one thickly-packed crowd of variegated colour, while the shouts of the bookmakers shrilly rise above the more subdued and indistinguishable murmur of the crowd. At a moderate computation, there are upwards of 80,000 persons of both sexes and all ages present. In 1888, the Centennial Exhibition year, the attendance numbered 110,000. Not a large gathering, perhaps, regarded from the Londoner's point of view, but there is no other place in Australia where a larger one takes place. It has been said that during Cup-week £30,000,000 changes hands in one way or another—a large sum, certainly, but perhaps not much above the actual fact.



THE LAWN.

The course, with its appointments of the best and latest design, represents an expenditure by the club of £150,000. The lawn is sown with English grasses, mown, watered, and rolled into a state of perfection. Its brilliant expanse of green is broken by beds of many-hued flowers, and here, in the intervals of the race, the occupants of the grand stand parade in all their glory, representing the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" to all Australia. And if the dresses of the ladies be a little too gay in colour for the austere taste of northern climes, what else is to be expected from people who live in a land where Nature adorns herself in the brightest of flowers and feathers, where the air sparkles with sunshine, where the sky and the sea exhibit the deepest shades of blue, and where, at the close of day, the clouds take to themselves colours more brilliant than the sunsets limned by Turner? As sings Mrs. C. J. Carleton:—

"There is a land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,
Blending in witching harmonies:

And grassy knoll, and forest height
Are flushing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright—
Australia!"

But now the clock points to the hour of four, and the event of the day is about to be decided. A score of the pick of the best horses of Australasia are ready to exert their powers of speed to the utmost. They curvet and prance and rear, proudly conscious that the eyes of a myriad of human beings are upon them, and that in a brief space of time one of their number is to achieve fame. So impatient are they of control that it is difficult to get them into line at the starting-post. The occupants of the stands are upon their feet watching for the falling of the flag, upon the hill and on the flat the crowds are pressing to the front, and the whimper of more than one child in its parent's arms testifies to the crush.

Of this race A. L. Gordon has sung, and his lines are more familiar to Australians than stories that are twice told. Not a great poet this, as even his most ardent admirers will admit; but, for the reason that he wrote of themes and scenes native to the country of his adoption, and infused them with the genius of the clime, his poems have secured a hold upon the affections of the people which is not likely to slacken. In his "Visions in the Smoke" he says:—

"There's a lull in the tumult on yonder hill.
And the clamour has grown less loud,
Though the babel of tongues is never still,
With the presence of such a crowd.
The bell has rung. With their riders up
At the starting-post they muster,
The racers stript for the 'Melbourne Cup'—
All gloss, and polish, and lustre.
And the course is seen, with its emerald sheen,
By the bright springtide renewed,
Like a ribbon of green stretched out between
The ranks of the multitude.

"The flag is lowered. 'They're off!' 'They come!'
The squadron is sweeping on;
A sway in the crowd, a murmuring hum—
'They're here!' 'They're past!' 'They're gone!'
They came with the rush of the southern surf
On the bar of the storm-girt bay;
And, like muffled drums on the sounding turf,
Their hoof-strokes echo away."

And those hoof-strokes cause the blood to flow tingling through the veins of those who hear them. "Like muffled drums," they are sounding a dead march to the hopes of thousands; while to many others one horse at least is beating a gay dance to fortune. Cries from thousands of throats tell of the varying fortunes of the horses, as now one creeps steadily to the front, or others fall hopelessly to the rear. Now they are coming down the "straight" that leads to the winning-post, every jockey

is riding his best, and each gallant thoroughbred strains every nerve and muscle in answer to his rider's call. Once more comes the thunder of the flying hoofs, once again a mighty shout goes up from the crowds on hill and flat and grand stand, and the great race is lost and won. In a little over three minutes the event upon which thousands of pounds have been risked is brought to an end, and the traveller from distant parts has beheld what he so longed to see.

Now a pretty ceremony takes place. The winner, with streaming coat and heaving flanks, with expression distressed, yet game to the last, is led in front of the vice-regal box in the grand stand. The First Gentlewoman in Victoria adorns his neck with the Blue Ribbon of the Turf; and he, to show his pride, kicks at the too near approaching crowd of admirers. There are other events to follow, but already a majority of the crowd begins to move homeward; for *the* race is "over and gone."

NORTHWARDS FROM ADELAIDE.

From Saddleworth to Clare—Auburn—Clare—Inchiquin—Farrell's Flat—The Mintaro Slate Quarry—The Burra: Its Rise and Fall—Port Pirie—Port Augusta—Bullock-Driving—Mount Brown—The Tent Hills—Up the Pichi-Richi Pass—Saltia—The Devil's Peak—Quorn—Mount Remarkable—Melrose—The Cathedral Rock—The Bartagunyah Estate—Chambers' Pillar—Ayer's Rock.

THE traveller who has inspected the great copper mines of Wallaroo and Moonta* may return by train to Hamley Bridge. Thence he may proceed northwards through beautiful country subdivided into farms, which return bountiful harvests to the careful farmer. At Saddleworth it is well to leave the iron track, and, by coach, make a *détour* to visit the pretty township of Clare, which lies a few miles to the north-west. The road is in beautiful order, a feature for which South Australia is justly famed, and seated on the box-seat of a roomy coach behind four spirited horses one feels the twenty-five-miles drive to be one of the prettiest in the colony.

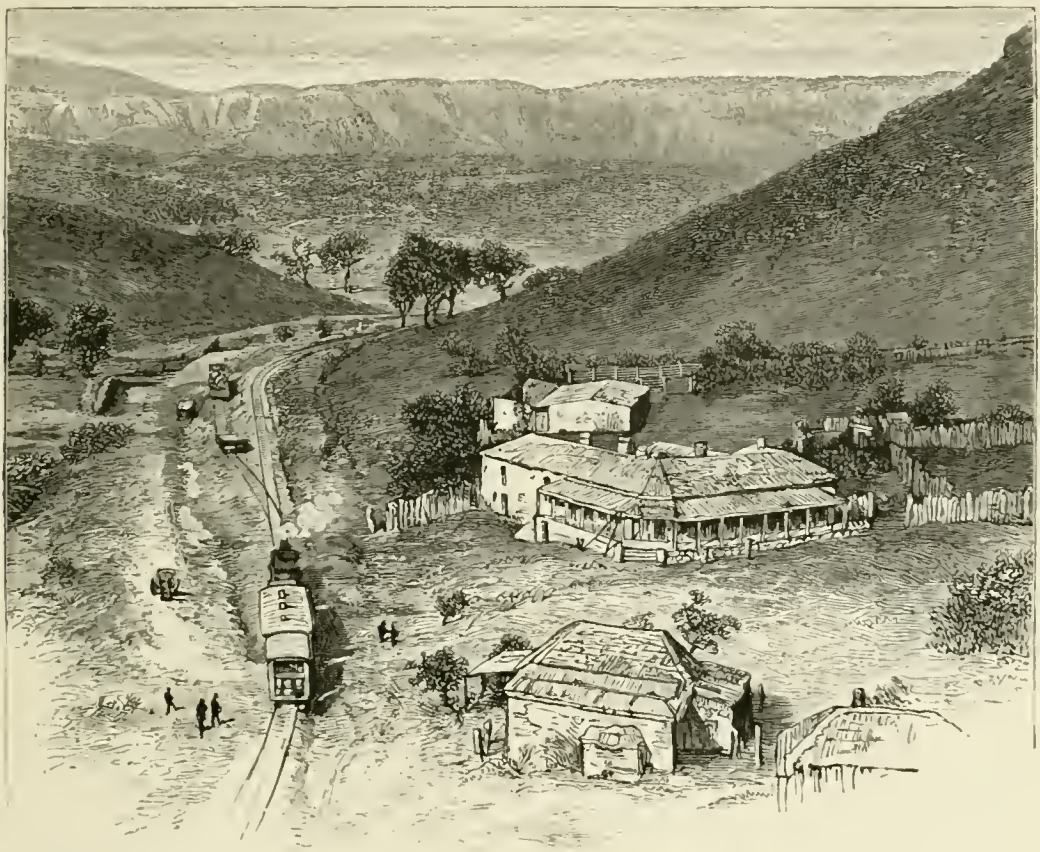
Passing over rolling downs, Auburn—"loveliest village of the plain"—is reached, and a fresh team of horses is harnessed to the coach. Then on over hill and dale, past smiling townships richly endowed with gardens brilliant with flowers and noisy with the hum of bees, until the driver, pulling his team together, dashes down a sharp descent, and, with a flourish, pulls up in front of the Clare post-office. A pretty town it is, built in a valley, and spreading upwards on either slope. The main street runs beside the River Hutt, which not unfrequently overflows its banks and floods the shops and dwelling-houses on the lower levels. Previous to the extension of the northern railway, Clare was a most important place, and did a thriving trade. Now its glory has departed, and the fact that thousands of acres of the surrounding country are in the hands of sheep-farmers forbids the hope that the population can ever greatly increase. A peculiar feature of the town is the public bath, for, after the manner of Goldsmith's chest of drawers, it contrives "a double debt to pay." In the summer months it is simply a bath, but during winter, when nipping frosts scare people from plunging into the water, the bath is boarded over and a roller-skating rink is formed. The near approach to nature in thus having deep water beneath the "ice" is admirable!

On the hillsides are many beautiful villa residences. One of the most prominent of these is Inchiquin, about one mile distant from the township. It is prettily situated on a rise, at the foot of which runs the Hutt, and it is surrounded by a garden four or five acres in extent. Fruit trees of all kinds—oranges, lemons, apples, pears, figs, quinces, and plums—grow luxuriantly, and bear heavy crops. The space allotted to vegetables also yields a large supply of every kind. From the garden there is a fine view of Stanley Flat to the northward, and Clare can be seen very favourably in the other direction. By the late owner, Mr. E. B. Gleeson, who was at one time a large landed proprietor, the township of Clare was surveyed and laid out.

From this pretty place the coach bears passengers through the famed Hill River

* See *post*, pp. 183—191.

estate, the property of Mr. John Howard Angas, and lands them at the Farrell's Flat railway station, thus completing a half-circle from Saddleworth. Southward lies the Mintaro Slate Quarry. It is 110 feet deep, and, including the works, covers about ten acres of ground. The largest stone sent from the quarry measured fifteen feet by nine, and was three inches thick. It was used to cover the family vault of a well-known South Australian member of Parliament. It may be worth mentioning, too,



SALTIA.

that the slates forming the steps leading up to the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition, and a portion of the flooring of the entrance, were from this quarry.

Continuing the journey northward from Farrell's Flat, the train pulls up at the Burra—a place at one time almost as greatly famed for its copper as Moonta and Wallaroo. Like most of the other mines in the colony, it was discovered by a shepherd. The ore was deposited on the surface of the ground in the shape of a huge boil or excrescence, and so extraordinary was the appearance presented that many people travelled from Adelaide simply to inspect it. The discovery was made in 1845, and at that time the hundred miles of country that separated the mine from the capital was but sparsely

settled, roads were unmade, and a railway a thing hardly dreamt of. Indeed, the Burra was the Ultima Thule of civilisation.

The mine proved a great success for some years. The capital invested was £12,320 in £5 shares, and no call was ever made upon the shareholders. £800,000 was paid in dividends. The amount of ore raised annually was from 10,000 to 13,000 tons, averaging from 22 to 23 per cent. of copper. This lasted for many years, until at last the lodes thinned out, and the Company were not inclined to expend money in searching. The deposits were very irregular, and old miners declare that no regular lodes ever existed. Six years after the mine started 1,000 men were employed, but at this time the Victorian gold diggings "broke out," and nine hundred of them left the Burra. The machinery was stopped, and the water allowed to accumulate in the lower workings, and the state of things became so serious that the Government came to the rescue and imported a number of Cornish miners. The water was then reduced and work resumed.

There are other mines in the neighbourhood of the Burra, and the buildings above ground are of a very extensive nature. But these are now mostly fallen into a bad state of repair, and are disused. The great mine is silent, and the townships which were built around it have greatly fallen off in consequence. We say "townships" advisedly, for, though the title of "Burra" applies generally, there are several others, such as Aberdeen and Kooringa, which are merely separated one from the other by narrow streets.

Still northward flies the train along the line which, before many years shall pass away, will find a terminus at Port Darwin on the northern coast of the continent. At Petersburg two lines branch out — one eastward to Silverton, while the other takes a southwesterly course through agricultural areas to Port Pirie, a sea-town on the eastern shore of Spencer's Gulf—a good example this of the rapid strides made in the colonisation of South Australia. Sixteen years ago the spot where now stands the town was nothing more than a swamp, mangrove-lined, and the haunt of sea-birds and wild fowl. The country for miles round was occupied by sheep-farmers, and the idea that the ploughshare would ever tickle the surface of the land, making it laugh with a harvest of golden grain, was never entertained. But after a time the sheep had to give place to the plough, and grain grew on the land that had raised wool. Then a township was talked of, and, being talked of, sprang up as if by magic. The swamp on the western side of the creek was surveyed into allotments, and marked off into streets. At high tides the sea covered the land, and those who had bought ground saw that they must build their houses on piles if they did not wish to be periodically swamped. But the place prospered nevertheless. The population rapidly increased, and before long banks were thrown up to keep out the invading tide. Then the railway was brought down from the nearest point on the main north line, and a still larger area of country sent in its produce to the port. It was evident that the ships must come up the stream to receive their cargoes, and dredgers were got round, and the creek was deepened. In time wharves were built; the railway lines were laid from one end of them to the other, and day after day in the season engines would drag down as many as sixty and seventy trucks loaded with bags of corn.

But the ships could not take it away as quickly as it came in, and so the stacks of grain in the yards of the buyers of wheat grew in size. They were wonderful to look at as they stood in immense square blocks of neatly-packed bags, reaching to a height equal to that of a three-storeyed house. All day long the trucks would be coming in laden to the full. Then the lumpers, taking upon their backs the bags, each weighing over 200 lbs., would transfer them to the holds of the ships, or toil with them up inclined planks to the summits of the stacks.

It was up Spencer's Gulf that Flinders* sailed in 1802 while searching for an outlet to the northwards. When abreast of the spot where Port Pirie now stands, he got the first glimpse of the grand range which was to bear his name, with Mount Brown in the distance, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Fearful of running ashore, Flinders ordered out the boats and rowed onwards. He had lost all hope of finding a sea-way for his ship, but still thought that he would discover a river emptying itself into the sea at the head of the gulf. He passed the spot where the town of Port Augusta now flourishes, and went northwards until the oars touched the shores on either side, and the boat grounded in the mud. He was disappointed: there was no river to be seen, nothing but in front the dry bed of the gulf, dense mangrove swamps on both sides, and the rugged range lying away to the east. He made his way back to the ship, and mentions that he passed through countless flocks of black swans and ducks. This took place eighty-five years ago. Then the country on both sides of the gulf was unknown to all human beings but the aborigines: now it is peopled by thousands of Englishmen; it is laid out in countless farms and sheep-runs, and forms one of the most wealthy portions of the colony.

For many years the progress of Port Augusta was slow but sure. Agriculture was a thing undreamt of in those northern districts in the early days, and the chief wealth of the Port was derived from its traffic with the sheep-stations that lay all round. Even then the place was busy only for about four months out of the twelve. Late in August the first wool ships would arrive, and cast anchor in the stream abreast of the rudely-constructed jetties that ran out from the wool-stores of the two wholesale houses. Then in September the teams would come in from the back country, groaning under the weight of tons of wool neatly packed in bales. The town stood on a sandhill, and heavy was the draught for the patient bullocks as they laboured through the main street.

These teams would comprise from five to six pairs of bullocks each, and were driven by a man euphoniously termed a "bull-puncher." Armed with a six-foot thong fastened to a supple stick seven feet long, the driver had complete control over his team. Walking on the left-hand side, and keeping abreast of the centre pair of bullocks, he could guide them as he wished. A lazy bullock hardly ever escaped detection. No sooner did it begin to hang back in the yoke, than that terrible whip fell upon it with unerring aim and excruciating sting. Sometimes the cut drew blood, but always it induced that particular bullock to do his very best in pulling. Later on, when sheep-stations were pushed further north, where water was scarce, wool would come down on camels the "ships of the desert."

* See also Vol. II., pp. 18–19.

Of late years Port Augusta has made rapid strides in size and wealth. Wheat has come to her wharves as well as wool, and the town is now twice as large as it was a few years ago. The sand is not so noticeable, for the streets are macadamised, the vacant lots are built upon, and trees have been planted upon the reserves. Long lines of wharves are being erected, and the railway has brought Adelaide into daily communication with the Port.

Though the immediate surroundings of Port Augusta are bleak and uninteresting, the hills to the east and west are remarkable. The Flinders range to the east, with Mount Brown towering darkly above, is wild, rugged, and romantic. But to the west,

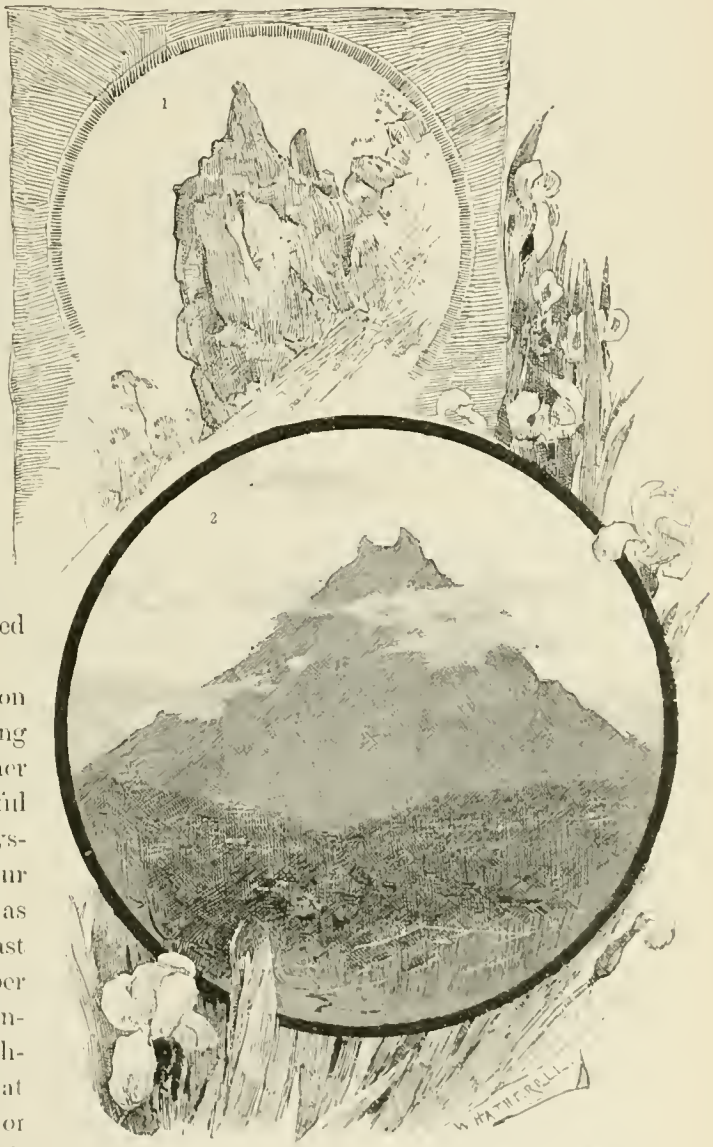
MINTARO SLATE QUARRY.

how different are the features of the country. A low range runs from Point Lowly along the coast until it is abreast of Port Augusta. Its top is perfectly level, and its sides and spurs are apparently smooth, and are perfect in their outlines. North of where the range ends, and north-west from Port Augusta, stand two isolated hills, known as the "Tent Hills." The title is appropriate, for with their flat tops and straight-lined slopes at either end, they exactly resemble immense marquees. The trees on the plains are low, scrubby miall and sandal-wood. The ground is covered with the sage-coloured salt-bush all the year round, but in the winter it blooms with flowers.

From Port Augusta the railway runs eastward through the Flinders Range up a gorge, rough and precipitous, and known as Pichi-Richi Pass. Saltia is a wayside station midway between the Port and Quorn, but it is little more than a name. Here and there from the carriage windows views may be obtained which vary from the

quiet, smiling sea to the westward, to the wild and romantic glens and ravines in the Pass. The rocks swarm with wallaby and euro, and good sport is to be had with the gun.

A remarkable feature of the Pass is the Devil's Peak. With the usual tendency of half-civilised humanity to attribute curious or striking formations to diabolic agency, early settlers called the most noticeable feature of the Flinders Range the "Devil's Punch Bowl." His Satanic Majesty had drained the bowl, and then, with a selfishness and greed peculiarly his own, had turned it upside down. A later generation—more civilised or less poetical—has called the hill the "Devil's Peak." The tourist cannot fail to notice it.



1. CATHEDRAL ROCK. 2. DEVIL'S PEAK, QUORN.

Quorn is situated on the summit of the range, and commands a splendid view of the Willochra plain to the eastward, and the jumble of quaintly shaped hills beyond.

Shortly after leaving the station the line forks, one branch running south to Adelaide, and the other going northward to the wonderful hot springs, and the vast and mysterious interior of Australia. Our cry is still "Northward!" but as the train rushes out upon the vast plain, traversed by belts of timber which indicate watercourses, a splendid view is obtained to the southward. Thirty-five miles in that direction is seen the grand head or Mount Remarkable, towering aloft to a height of over 3,000 feet, its outlines clearly cut against "the skyline's blue burnished resistance." Approaching it from the south, it can be seen a distance of fifty miles, when it appears to be nothing more than a hill of moderate proportions. But as the distance lessens, the hill looms forth in all its grandeur, and demonstrates that its title, if prosaic to a ludicrous degree is at any rate not open to the charge of exaggeration. On the southern, the

western, and the northern sides, it is surrounded by the wooded hills of the Flinders Range, but on the eastern side the Mount springs sheer from the plain. Its side is indented by ravines, and scarred by avalanches of shale and rock that have slipped from the summit. Trees and shrubs grow here and there, and set off the bareness of the rock.

In winter, heavy clouds rest upon its top and hang midway down its slopes. Occasionally it has been crowned with snow—a rare sight to South Australians. But

PORT AUGUSTA.

in summer Mount Remarkable stands out boldly against the unfathomable deep blue sky. At this season of the year, the dwellers in Melrose—the township which nestles at its foot—are able to congratulate themselves upon being placed so close to it; for the shadow of the hill falls upon them soon after three in the afternoon, and the sweltering heat of the summer's day is sensibly mitigated.

On the south-west side of the Mount stands the Cathedral Rock, which is not easy of access. Those who enjoy a rough, scrambling, up-hill-and-down-dale walk, can reduce the distance from Melrose by keeping round the southern end of the Mount. But the easiest route, and one that is also varied and pretty, is to take trap or horse and travel southward through the Bartagumyah Estate. Travelling through low, timber-covered hills for about two miles, the Homestead is reached, and also the point where vehicular traffic must cease. For now there is no road, but a winding and indistinct bridle-path or "track" through the hills. Keeping along this for about a mile and a half, you descend a slope, and find yourself once more at the foot of the Mount. A brook, or creek, fringed with rushes, runs murmuring over its rocky bed eastward to the plain. Following it upwards towards the source, a spur of the Mount is rounded, and the Cathedral Rock confronts you—a huge mass standing up from the hillside, its jagged and pointed crest rising to a height of from seventy to eighty feet from the base. It is hoary with lichens, and its sides and crest are stained with the rains and cracked by the heats of the winters and summers that have come and gone.

We will suppose it to be a day in the month of October, when in those sheltered gullies and dells the grass is yet green, and the wild flowers still bloom in all their freshness and endless variety. The solitude is intense, but it is not unbroken. A grey-plumaged bird flits past and alights on the dead branch of a tree near the rock. The

bird has an immense beak and a bright quick-glancing eye. It is a laughing jackass, and now, throwing back its head, it indulges in a peal of those extraordinary sounds which ofttimes have startled the solitary wayfarer in the Australian bush. But suddenly the laugh ceases, for the sun has thrown to earth the shadow of the king of birds. Moving in stately circles, an eagle comes from his eyrie on the mountain top. Nearer and nearer he comes, the jackass meanwhile watching him with wary eye. Now the great wings are folded, and, perched upon the topmost crag of the Cathedral Rock, the eagle scans the earth for food. He has not long to wait; a wallaby, ignorant of the presence of an enemy, leaves the shelter of the rock and scampers up the grassy hillside. It is his last effort in life, for, with the swiftness of a thunderbolt the foe has swooped upon him, and is bearing him to where the eaglets wait for food.

As the sun sets, the range, and the mountain more especially, become softened with the luminous delicate purple tint peculiar to the evening shades of this southern land, and—

> "Gnarled, knotted trunks eucalyptian
> Seem carved, like weird columns Egyptian,
> With curious device—quaint inscription,
> And hieroglyph strange."

But now we must pass on to distant places. In 1860, John McDouall Stuart, then leading an exploring expedition towards Central Australia, noticed, when about a hundred miles north-west of Charlotte Waters, a strangely-shaped rock some miles in advance. In appearance it resembled a locomotive engine, with its funnel. It proved to be a pillar of sandstone, standing upwards of 105 feet high, and rising from a pedestal of the same rock. Its sides measured twenty feet by ten feet in depth, and were quite perpendicular. The top is divided into two peaks. The rocks forming the pedestal are white, and the pillar is of the same colour to within about thirty feet of the summit, when it becomes red. It is so soft that names can be cut deeply into it with an ordinary pocket-knife, and so loose that the bystander more than half fears it will fall and crush him.

The pillar stands in latitude 117° 26′ 15″ south, and is almost in the very centre of Australia. On April 23rd Stuart stood on the exact centre, and celebrated the event by raising a mound of stones. Upon the top of this he set a pole bearing the British flag, and, following the example of Nelson, he nailed his colours to the mast, and called for three cheers for Her Majesty Queen Victoria. His men gallantly responded, and the centre, not to be outdone in loyalty, joined with Echo's voice. In remembrance of his friend John Chambers, Stuart named this landmark "Chambers' Pillar."*

Another curious feature in this far-away country was discovered by Mr. W. C. Gosse, late Deputy Surveyor-General of South Australia, who named it Ayer's Rock. It is a huge rock granite situated in latitude 25° 21′ 28″ south, and is 244 miles west by north from Charlotte Waters—a station on the trans-continental line 804 miles from Adelaide.

* See also Vol. III., p. 284.

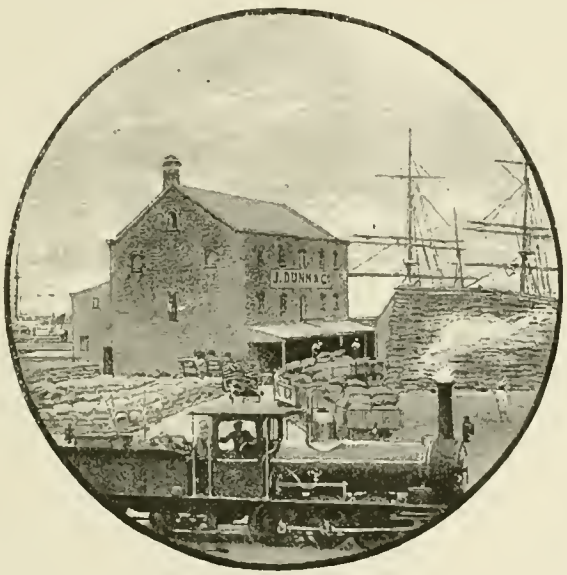
It rears itself to a height of 1,100 feet above the plains, and is two miles in length east and west, and one mile wide. Before the exploring party which Mr. Gosse was leading reached the rock they had to traverse eighty-four miles of waterless sandhills. These were covered with spinifex, or porcupine-grass, the leaves of which are needle-pointed, so that it is difficult to induce either camels or horses to force their way through. In this instance it was necessary to persevere, for the camels were in want of water, and a hill was a spot where it might most probably be found.

MOUNT REMARKABLE.

As the explorers approached, the hill presented a most peculiar appearance. It was one immense rock, rising abruptly from the plain, with its face riddled with holes and caves. At the point where the explorers touched the hill they found a little water, but sufficient only to fill the bags and canteens of the men. The camels had yet to wait, but, happily, not for long. On the west side a spring was found flowing from the centre of the rock, down some steep gullies, into a deep hole at the base. Mr. Gosse essayed to climb to the top, but the sides were almost perpendicular. It was not until after several failures that, in company with an Afghan, and barefooted, he succeeded. The summit he found to be pierced with holes ranging from two to twelve

feet in diameter, and all were partly filled with water. Although of granite, the rock is rapidly decomposing.

The explorers rested pleasantly beneath the shadow of this great rock in a weary land for fourteen days, during which time they witnessed a very beautiful sight. Heavy rain fell, and each crevice, crack, and gully became a waterfall, thundering down the precipitous walls and turning the ground beneath into a swamp. It was evident that the spot was a favourite resort of the natives, for in addition to the remains of old camp fires, many of the caves bore traces of rude attempts to draw birds. Mice and rats were outlined, and in one instance the artist had essayed to depict a creek with an emu walking up its dry bed.



PORT PIRIE.

THE EAST COAST OF TASMANIA.

The Journey from Hobart to the East Coast in Former Days—Pittwater—Sorell—The Causeway across the Pittwater Lagoon—Grass-Tree Hill—Risdon—Richmond—Runnymede—Mount Morrison—Buckland—Prosser's River—Orford—Meredith Bridge—Triabunna—A Model Estate—Buxton's Point—Swansea—Beautiful for Situation—The Schoutens—Avoca—Fingal—St. Patrick's Head—St. Mary's Pass—An Impressive Scene—Falmouth—A Route to Launceston—Mounts Horror and Barrow—Scottsdale—Beaconsfield and Lefroy.

UP to the seventh decade of the present century a journey to the East Coast from Hobart was a matter of difficulty, not unaccompanied by danger. As far as Richmond there was an excellent road, but soon after passing it the journey was by ill-made and ill-kept cross-roads, so steep in some parts that the ascent was laborious and the descent perilous. One part of the road up Mount Morrison was known as Break-my-neck, another as Burst-my-gall; then the track skirted the side of the hill, often running along the tops of precipices, and in some places so narrow that there was merely room for the wheels of a dog-cart, the outer end of the seat actually overhanging descents of hundreds of feet. Country settlers would sometimes take their wives to Hobart in tandem or buggy by these wretched roads; but it was a journey which the ladies always looked forward to with dread, and which they only took when their own wardrobe or their children's needed renewal, or when the longing to break the monotony of country life overpowered the terror of the journey.

In these days the journey is neither difficult nor dangerous. Instead of the break-neck ascents with the ugly names, there is now a well-graduated and fairly well-kept road winding round the mountain. The dangerous track along the edge of gorges and ravines no longer forms part of the recognised route, and from the Campania Station, on the main line of railway, a well-appointed coach starts twice a week to Swansea, and accomplishes the journey in one day.

Instead, however, of going to Campania by rail, we will take a rather circuitous route thither in order to visit an interesting district which lies at an easy distance from Hobart. The map of Tasmania shows a large, irregular peninsula dividing the estuary of the Derwent from Frederick Henry Bay. The upper end of this bay communicates with a sort of salt-water lake named Pittwater, into which several rivers empty themselves. At a very early period in the history of the colony many settlers took up land on the north and east shores of Pittwater, and a township grew up there, which received the name of Sorell, from that of the Governor who presided over the affairs of the colony between the years 1817 and 1824. The town is sixteen miles from Hobart. To reach it we cross to Bellerive, and follow a road which leads through the township of Clarence, the centre of a fine agricultural district known as Clarence Plains. The road passes the foot of Mount Rumney, and crosses the Pittwater Lagoon by means of a causeway three miles in length. This causeway is an object of interest to all tourists and visitors. It was completed and opened in the year 1876, after having occupied many years in the construction, and having been the ruin

of several contractors. It is an immense boon to the people of Sorell, as enabling them to bring their produce direct to the Hobart market without any transhipment, for by means of the causeway they have an uninterrupted journey to Bellerive, and there a powerful steam-ferry crosses hourly to Hobart. It is so constructed that a loaded waggon can drive straight on board and be conveyed across without unloading or unharnessing.

Retracing our steps from Sorell, we find a road turning abruptly to the right near the foot of Mount Rumney. This leads to Richmond and the East Coast. Richmond lies on the Coal River, and is surrounded by hilly ranges. Before the opening of the railway there was a regular conveyance to it by way of Risdon, and along one of those magnificent roads which were constructed by prison labour in the time of Governer Arthur and his successors before the abolition of transportation. This road winds round Grass-tree Hill, a detached mount 1,800 feet in height. The road is beautifully graduated in a series of terraces, having a deep valley on the one side and wooded rocky heights on the other. The terraces climb the mountain in a series of abrupt zigzags, and each bend discloses new and unexpected beauties as we ascend from Risdon, and even greater beauties as we descend towards Richmond. There are numerous pleasant residences in the neighbourhood of Richmond, but many of them no longer find tenants. Those whose recollections go back thirty-five years remember it as the centre of a pleasant, cultivated society; but that was before the penal establishments were broken up, and Richmond was then one of the Government head-quarters. In spite of a certain air of decadence, it is a pretty township, and the bridge over the Coal River is a fine, solid structure.

A coach runs every evening from Richmond to Campania, and from Campania another conveyance starts every morning for Buckland, Orford, Spring Bay, and Swansea. The road passes through many fine properties, amongst others the estate of Runnymede, formerly the property of Mr. Askin Morrison, a leading merchant of Hobart. It was from him that Mount Morrison was named. For twelve miles or more from Runnymede the road gradually ascends, winding round the lower slopes of Mount Morrison, and passing through a region of forests and mountain-gullies until we arrive within two miles of Buckland. The township of Buckland is situated on a table-land known as Prosser's Plains. To the north of it is a broken country much infested by the Tasmanian tiger, an animal resembling the hyæna in size and appearance, and very destructive to sheep. Seven miles beyond Buckland the road strikes the course of the Prosser's River, and proceeds along the right bank. It is a narrow shelf-roadway, formed by hewing and blasting the rocks which skirt the stream. The drive is now through majestic scenery. Mighty rocks tower high above us; great masses jut out from the hillside in a fashion which gives rise to the feeling that they may at any moment come down with a crash and destroy both coach and passengers. The river widens as we advance; a fine wooden bridge stretches across it near its entrance into Prosser's Bay, one of the inlets of Spring Bay. This bridge was one of the numerous public works carried out by the Hon. Charles Meredith, when Minister of Lands and Works, and it is popularly known as the Meredith Bridge. Close to it

lies the scattered hamlet known as Orford. This owes its existence to some quarries of very fine white freestone, which were in active work at the beginning of the last decade (1870), and which furnished the stone of many of the finest buildings in Melbourne, including the Town Hall. The only noticeable thing in Orford now, besides the Meredith Bridge, is a pretty and tasteful cottage, the abode of Mrs. Charles Meredith, widow of him from whom the bridge was named, and author of many well-known works illustrative of the land of her adoption.

Crossing the Meredith Bridge, and proceeding about five miles on a road which

MARIA ISLAND, FROM THE MAINLAND.

now takes a northerly direction, we arrive at Spring Bay or Triabunna. This township has no commercial importance, but it has the finest harbour of the whole coast of Tasmania, with the one exception of Hobart. Ships of any size can enter it safely in any weather, sheltered as it is by Maria Island on the south, and Okehampton Point on the east. From Triabunna the road runs northward through half-reclaimed bush-land. About twelve miles brings us to the head of Little Swanport, a shallow inlet of the sea, once noted for the abundance of its wildfowl, including the black swan. From this point onwards the road runs near the coast. A few miles beyond Little Swanport we pass through the Lisdillon Estate, a large pastoral property belonging to Mr. Mark Mitchell, who employs a great number of hands, for whom he

RICHMOND.

has provided comfortable cottages. A church, too, has been built by him, which is also used as a school, and is well supported by himself and by those members of his family who reside with or near him. Close to Lisdillon is Buxton's Point, one of the headlands at the entrance of Oyster Bay.

From Buxton's Point onwards the road runs in close and sometimes alarming proximity to the sea. It is in many parts a shelf-road terraced out on the side of the cliffs—high, rocky hills on the left, and a precipitous descent to the sea on the right. The evening of the day which sees the start from Campania beholds the arrival at Swansea. The situation of this township is very fine indeed. It lies at the head of Oyster Bay, a large gulf fifteen miles in length and nearly the same in breadth, enclosed between the mainland and Freycinet's Peninsula, with its pendent Schouten Island. The southern part of the peninsula and the island are collectively designated the Schoutens. Of all parts of the coast of Tasmania there is none more beautiful than this. If Swansea were easily accessible by rail or steamer it would probably be the favourite watering-place of the whole island, and would attract visitors from the neighbouring colonies, as well as from the inland districts of Tasmania itself. The view of the mountainous Schoutens, with their granite peaks, their cliffs, ravines, and many-folded slopes, their turret-rocks, their precipitous gorges and sombre forests, affords endless variety and delight to the eye. In the evening sunshine more especially they assume a variety of brilliant colours, which call to mind the most gorgeous of Turner's landscapes. Then, again, there is a magnificent beach of hard sand, where we can get an uninterrupted gallop of nine miles if we are inclined for horse-exercise; and there are good bathing-places at various points of the beach.

From Swansea to Avoca is a journey of nine hours by mail conveyance. There are no townships on the road, but the trip is a very pleasant one through grand and romantic scenery, and over the highest road in the colony. Having left Swansea at eight in the morning, we arrive at Avoca by five in the afternoon. This pretty village is worthy of its poetical name. It lies at "the meeting of the waters" of the South Esk and St. Paul's Rivers, and under the shadow of the great Ben Lomond. The distance herefrom to Fingal is eighteen miles, the road a good one, along a fine table-land, with mountains bounding the view on every side. Fingal is the first place where gold-bearing quartz was discovered in Tasmania. Its gold-mines have not been very productive, but tin exists in the neighbourhood, and for many years past a good bituminous coal has been extracted from the surrounding hills.

But Fingal is merely a stage on the way to St. Mary's Pass. The road from the former place to the coast crosses the Break-o'-day rivulet, and proceeds for about twelve miles through the Break-o'-day Valley. It then passes through Cullenswood, a scattered village which stretches in a straggling manner along the road till it reaches St. Mary's. Cullenswood is prettily situated, and enjoys the advantage of a clear, cool mountain rivulet, which never fails. St. Patrick's Head, with its pyramidal form, rises grandly in front. Horses are changed at the village inn, and we are soon being whirled along through an avenue of fine wattle-trees, whose branches meet overhead, and if they are in bloom, the perfume from their golden blossoms is almost

intoxicating. We may now prepare ourselves to see in a few minutes one of the grandest pieces of natural scenery in the Southern Hemisphere. Like Venice, or the Bay of Naples, St. Mary's Pass is a sight of one's lifetime.

For some time we have been ascending a gentle acclivity, and when the top is gained, we are at the entrance of the Pass. An abrupt turn in the road, and lo! far beneath us is a yawning gulf with almost perpendicular mountains ascending on both sides. From a narrow rock-hewn road we look down on the awful chasm with a shudder. There is scarce room for a foot passenger to pass between the vehicle and the edge of the gorge. There is no fence except at the very sharpest turns of the road. Downwards, ever downwards, is the course of the tortuous causeway—higher, and ever higher, ascend the tree-crowned heights. Every foot of ground is covered with timber and undergrowth; while far below in the cool mossy depths can be seen the ever lovely fern-trees, their tender green contrasting strongly with the deeper hue of the surrounding gum-trees. At a turn in the road is a stone trough, fed by a mountain rill which comes leaping down from a great height in tiny falls. At times the Pass seems to have turned back upon itself, so acute are its windings as it rounds the heads of the many gullies. A little more than a mile of descent is accomplished, when another sharp turn unfolds to view the ocean rolling in long lines of surge on the shore. That little hamlet which we see in the distance, consisting of an inn and some half-dozen cottages, is Falmouth. Down, and still down, with endless windings, goes the Pass. Deeper, and still deeper, seems to grow the mighty gorge. On one hand is a high wall of rock produced by forming the road. High overhead the mountain soars, and huge masses of rock impending seem ready to come thundering down on the slightest provocation, carrying destruction and death in their course. For eight miles we wind along through the wondrous chasm, and at last find ourselves on the sandy plateau of Falmouth, with the ocean in front, and a large lagoon of imprisoned sea water on our left, into which the waters of the gorge empty themselves.

Before making our bow we may point out a route which will take the tourist to Launceston, if he so desire, through a country which has risen to importance within the last few years, primarily through the richness of its alluvial tin-deposits, and secondarily through the increase of agricultural settlement which has taken place since tracks and roads were opened to the tin-mines. The route carries the traveller to George's Bay, the last point of the coast which offers any attraction to tourists, thence by road to Goule's Country and Moorina, important tin-producing districts, the latter lying on that Kingarooma River which has given its name to the north-east corner of Tasmania; then to Branxholme, another centre of mining enterprise, and then along the Scottsdale road—no less beautiful than that which connects Hobart with the Huon, and not unlike it in the scenery traversed. On the right Mount Horror seems to track the footsteps of the traveller, remaining in view all through the Scottsdale region: on the left, the still loftier Mount Barrow stands out clear and large against the southern sky. The road brings us to a township marked Ellesmere on the maps: but the name is found only on charts and in official documents. The people of Scottsdale repudiate it, and insist on calling the township by the same name as the district. The coach-

road from Scottsdale to Launceston leads through a fine agricultural district named Patersonia, but a railway from Launceston to Ellesmere is in course of construction, and this follows a quite different route.

Having arrived at Launceston, the tourist might avail himself of the opportunity of visiting the goldfields of Beaconsfield and Lefroy. That of Beaconsfield has already added immensely to the wealth of the colony, and shows as yet no symptom of exhaustion. The mines of Lefroy no longer yield richly, but the Native Youth Mine here is the one that should be visited by anybody who wishes to know what a gold mine is like. It has four levels at 200, 400, 600, and 800 feet depth, and the two uppermost of these extend in their winding underground course nearly half-a-mile. Beaconsfield lies on the left bank of the Tamar; a service of small steamers connects it with Georgetown. Lefroy is on the right bank, and within ten miles of Georgetown by road. The river steamers which ply between Launceston and Georgetown give easy access to both these interesting goldfields.

ON THE DERWENT.

A MAORI WAR CANOE.

MAORI LEGENDS.

The Origin of the Maori—His Religion and Legends—Hinemoa and Tutanekai—Hatupatu and the Patu-paearehe—The Exploits of Maui—Tawhaki's Ascent to Heaven.

THE Maori is now generally regarded as a very remarkable savage—if it be fair to call him a savage at all. A book has, indeed, been written to prove that he is an Aryan, of the same original stock as ourselves, and therefore, of course, not a savage. Where he came from is a puzzle. His own account is that he came from Hawaiki in the great canoes Arawa, Tainui, Matatua, Pakitumu, Kura-hau-po, Toko-maru, and Matawhaorua, and that the cause of the migration was dissension. Although it is thought by some that Hawaiki must be the islands of Hawaii, otherwise known as the Sandwich Islands, there are those who say that the people of Hawaii themselves migrated from Hawaiki, and that the word itself simply means "land left behind." But we will leave these questions to philologists and ethnologists, and will gratefully accept their conclusions when they come to an agreement among themselves.

The religion of the Maori was polytheistic. In the beginning were Rangi and Papa, the sky and the earth. From these sprang the gods Tawhiri-ma-tea, the Maori Æolus, god of winds and storms; Tangaroa, the Maori Neptune, god of seas and fishes; Tu-matauenga, god and father of human beings; and others. Then there was a great rebellion of the gods against Rangi and Papa, and they rose up and tore them asunder, and Rangi, the sky, was removed far above his spouse, Papa, the earth. But the god of winds refused to become a traitor, and remained faithful to Rangi. Often he rushes in wild rage through the firmament, with clouds and showers, and wages war against the god of forests and the god of seas, and against men themselves.

The legends of the Maori vary greatly in the different accounts of them, and that not only in the details, but often also in essentials. Anyone who wishes to go into the matter more deeply will find abundant materials for research and comparison in Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology," to which the present writer must acknowledge his indebtedness, in Taylor's "Te Ika a Maui," in Mr. John White's "Ancient History of the Maori," and in the papers of Mr. Colenso and the Rev. J. W. Stack in "The Transactions of the New Zealand Institute." The legends which follow are a few of the most interesting. Many of the others are extremely childish, and, although they may have an historical and mythological value, are quite unattractive in themselves.

Hinemoa and Tutanekai.

Hinemoa was the great ancestress of the Rotorua district. The name of her husband was Tutanekai; and the story of their love is one of the most pleasing of the Maori traditions. Those who have read the article entitled "A Vanished Wonderland"* will remember that Lake Rotorua lies in a district where hydro-thermal phenomena are common. Springs tepid, hot, and boiling, quiescent, seething, and spouting, abound everywhere. Smells are there to be met with that bring to the least imaginative mind suggestions of fire and brimstone, and the various sounds, from almost inaudible muttering to hyper-audible screeching, which you hear below your feet and on all sides, might easily be explained as the complainings of lost spirits, each according to its individual temperament. On the shores of the lake there stands a native village, where the inhabitants pass a life of easy idleness, and levy contributions from the many tourists that visit the hot springs. In the centre of the lake lies the island of Mokoia, a guide to which can be got at Ohinemutu, the village aforesaid. And in this isle there is a natural hot bath called Waikimihia, but more commonly known as Hinemoa's Bath. The legend connected with it, guides generally relate to visitors on the spot, with many flourishes of rhetoric and passages of fervid imagery worthy of the chroniclers of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The tradition is well enough known to all the Maoris in the district, but probably no two of them would relate it with exactly the same details. The account of it which follows is substantially the narrative that was given to Sir George Grey when he visited the place during the term of his governorship.

Rangi-Uru was the wife of Whakaue-Kaipapa, the great ancestor of the Ngati-Whakaue tribe, and she lived with her husband on the island of Mokoia. By him she had three sons, whose names were Tawakeheimoa, Ngararanui, and Tuteaiti. But not long after the birth of the last of these three sons there came to Rotorua the mighty chief Tuwharetoa, ancestor of the Te-Heuheu and the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe; and Rangi-Uru was smitten with a passion for Tuwharetoa, and when he returned to his own country, she left her husband and her three sons and went off with him. From this runaway match sprang Tutanekai. By-and-by the truant Rangi-Uru whose passion was as short-lived as it had been sudden, was reconciled to the offended Whakaue, and, along with her son that was born out of wedlock, she came to live

* Vol. I., pp. 89—100.

GROUP OF MAORIES.

once more at Mokoia, and Tutanekai was received into the family of Whakaue, and treated as one of his own sons. After her return Rangi-Uru had another son, called Kopako, and then she had a daughter, whose name was Tupa, and more children she had none.

Now, there dwelt upon the adjacent shore a maiden whose name was the softly-sounding name of Hinemoa (pronounced Hee-nay-mó-a). She was exceeding fair to look upon, and the fame of her beauty spread far abroad. Tutanekai and his brothers heard the good reports of her, and each of them desired to have her to wife. The maiden, too, besides being well favoured, was of noble birth, for was not her father Umukaria, the great ancestor of the Ngati-Umukaria *hapu* or sub-tribe? What great presumption was it, then, that Tutanekai—the base-born Tutanekai, child of his mother's shame—should aspire to the hand of the fair and noble Hinemoa. But Hinemoa and Tutanekai had often seen one another when the people gathered from all parts at Rotorua, and they had often caught each other's glances, and each seemed pleasing in the other's eyes, and within the heart of each there grew up a secret passion. Thus they loved, but neither of them ventured to speak.

Tutanekai had a dear friend whose name was Tiki. Like the Trojan Æneas and his faithful Achates, Tutanekai and Tiki were quite inseparable; and doubtless Tutanekai made Tiki the confidant of his love for the peerless Hinemoa. On the slopes of the hill which rises in the middle of the island, and which is called Kaiweka, the two friends would sit in the evenings when the darkness had fallen, and the gentle zephyrs were stealing about the lake in the silver moonlight: and there they would play for hours together on the pipe and the horn, discoursing sweet music to the silent night—sweet music that was caught up by the winds, and carried over the waves to the ears of the listening Hinemoa. And Hinemoa's heart would throb and flutter when she heard the horn of Tutanekai and the pipe of Tiki, and she would say, "Ah, that is the music of Tutanekai I hear, and his faithful friend Tiki."

So things went on, and they never told their love. Many longing glances they cast upon each other, but they never spoke or touched each other's hands—for though the eyes sometimes tell of love, yet sometimes they hide it: but the pressure of the hand is ever a sure token. At last Tutanekai was so overcome that he sent a messenger to Hinemoa to declare his love for her, and when Hinemoa heard it she sighed a great sigh of gladness and said, "And so we have been loving each other all the time." After this the lovers often met on the shores of the lake, and behaved to each other in such a way as it is needless to tell to any that have ever loved. But Hinemoa's people would not hear of her marrying Tutanekai. They were of opinion that even a great chief was not good enough for such an incomparable maiden.

One night, when the family of Tutanekai were all sitting together in the *whare puni*, or warm house, of common assembly, the eldest brother said, "To which of us has Hinemoa given signs of love?" And Tutanekai answered, "I have pressed the hand of Hinemoa, and she has pressed mine in return." His brothers laughed a loud laugh of derision, and they cried out, "What a rogue you are, Tutanekai! What would Hinemoa have to do with such a low-born fellow as you?" But he assured them that

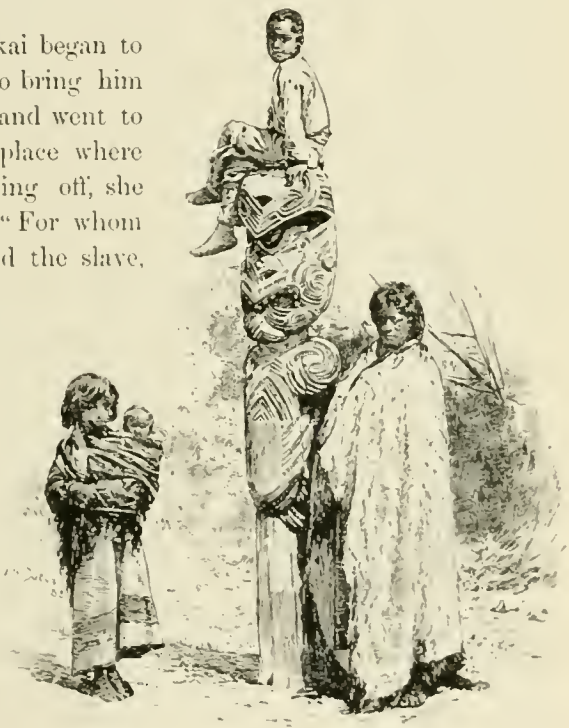
what he said was true, and that it had been actually arranged that Hinemoa should run away from her people and come to him, her lover, on the island of Mokoia. She was to make her escape by night, and make for the place whence the music came. And so every night the two friends made sweet music—Tutanekai on his horn, and Tiki on his pipe; and when Hinemoa heard it, she was greatly desirous to fly to her lover. But her people suspected something, and every night the canoes were hauled far up the beach; and Hinemoa, greatly lamenting, was forced to remain apart from her Tutanekai. One night, as she sat on the shore listening to the music from the

MAORI IDOL-CARVERS.

island, the strains became so soft and tender and persuasive that it seemed as if Tutanekai were breathing his whole soul into the music, and beseeching Hinemoa to come to him, for he was sad and lonely. "And the young and beautiful chieftainess felt as if an earthquake shook her, to make her go to the beloved of her heart." But alas! the canoes were far up the beach, and what could she do? But still the soft melodious pleadings of Tutanekai came beating in upon her heart, as the little waves that glittered in the moonlight came gently beating in upon the shore, and all said, or seemed to say, "Come, Hinemoa, come." So Hinemoa made up her mind to swim.

She took six large gourds, and tied three on each side of her, so that when she

was tired with swimming she might float and rest herself. From the rock which is called Iri-iri-kapua she threw herself into the water, and swam till she reached the stump of a sunken tree which used to stand in the lake, and which was called Hinewhata, and she laid hold of it, and so rested her weary shoulders. Swimming and resting, and all the time following the music of Tutanekai, she came at last to the hot spring in the island of Mokoia, which is called Waikimihia. That spring is separated from the lake only by a narrow ridge of rocks. Exhausted by her efforts, and bitterly cold from being so long in the lake, she cast herself into the warm waters of the spring, and there she was soon restored. As the morning drew on she remembered she was naked, and she went and hid herself behind some rocks, and the water covered her up to the chin.



MAORI WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Shortly after the sun had risen Tutanekai began to feel thirsty, and he called to his servant to bring him some water. The servant took a calabash, and went to the lake and drew some water near the place where Hinemoa was concealed. As he was making off, she called out in a gruff voice, like a man's, "For whom is that water?" "It is for Tutanekai," said the slave, accustomed to answer when spoken to with authority. "Give it to me, then," said Hinemoa; and the slave obeyed. When she had drunk it all, she dashed the calabash to pieces on the rocks, and the slave ran off to his master, and told him how his calabash had been broken by a man in the bath. Tutanekai was very angry, and said, "Oh! I shall die of rage!" and he put on his clothes and took up his club, and made haste to the bath. And when Tutanekai cried out, "Where is the fellow who broke my calabash?" Hinemoa was delighted to hear the sound of his voice; but full of maiden bashfulness and playful coyness, she hid herself closely, so that Tutanekai might not find her all at once. After he had searched all round the bath, and in and out every nook and ledge of the rocks, at last he spied the hand of Hinemoa, and he exclaimed, "Hallo, what's this?" "It is I, Tutanekai." "Are you the scoundrel that broke my calabash?" "Oh! I assure you, it was quite accidental." "Come out here, and we'll see about that." Then Hinemoa, all smiles and loveliness, came out and said, "It is I, Tutanekai." And Tutanekai laughed for joy, and he shared his garments with her, and took her home, and they lived together in the same house. "And thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maoris, they were man and wife."

And we may be sure that, like the lovers of our own tales, they lived happily ever after; and they still live as pleasant memories in the hearts of a dusky people. It may be, also, that the happy ending of this old love-story will gladden many a pink-and-white little maid to whom the big busy world is only a name and the world of romance is all in all.

Hatupatu and the Patu-paearehe.

The Patu-paearehe are the fairies of the Maoris. That is to say, they occupy in many respects the same place in Maori legends that the fairies do in the legends of North-western Europe. And, of course, they are having a similar fate with the Maoris to that which the fairies had with us. They do not, however, at all correspond to the popular notion of what a fairy ought to be. They are neither ghouls, ghosts, sprites, fays, elves, nor brownies. They are Patu-paearehe, a race by themselves. Instead of being little folk or queer folk, they are gigantic, majestic, mysterious. They occupied the country before the Maoris came to it, and lived in "pahs," or villages, on the summits of lofty mountains. They were usually invisible to all except the seers, but sometimes a sight of them was to be had in the early morning, and they were said to be white, and clad in white garments. The following legend recounts how Hatupatu, the Maori, was caught by the female Patu-paearehe whose name was Kurangai-tuku.

Kurangai-tuku, like the rest of her race, was of giant size. Her nails were of great length, and she used them as spears wherewith to transfix her game. One day, when she was out hunting, she spied a pigeon on a tree; and as the wild pigeon of New Zealand makes very good eating, she darted at it with her long, sharp nails, which went right through the tree. Now Hatupatu, the chief, was hunting in the same neighbourhood at the same time, and from the opposite side of the tree—which was a totara, hardest of woods—he saw the same pigeon. He let fly his spear, and lo, it went through the trunk of the totara. And just as the barb of it appeared to the Patu-paearehe on the other side, her nails appeared to him on his side. As the Patu-paearehe had never seen a man before, she was much astonished, and, leaving the pigeon, she picked up this new sort of animal. His astonishment was doubtless very much greater; but, in spite of his protestations and entreaties, he was carried off to the home of the giantess.

It appears that this supernatural being was so far human as to possess, or be possessed by, a hobby. She was a bird-fancier. She had a large collection of birds of all sorts, and she tended them with great care. Her new specimen was treated with special attention, you may be sure, as being a very great rarity. But although the collector was very pleased with her specimen, the specimen himself was very anxious to get off. One day, after her usual kind manner, she asked him if he wanted anything to eat. He replied that he did. What would he have? Some birds. Where was she to go for them? To the mountains. Would she go to the first range? Oh, no. To the second? No. To the third, fourth, or fifth? No, no; farther yet. Would she go to the sixth, then? Yes, the sixth would do. For Hatapatu had all the cunning and cleverness of a Maori, and he wished her to go a long distance, so that meanwhile

he might make his escape. After she had gone, he stopped up all the chinks and crevices in the walls with flax, that none of her favourite birds might be able to go and tell its mistress of his escape. But he overlooked one very small hole, and a little wren managed to squeeze itself through, and it flew off to Kurangai-tuku and cried, "Kurangai-tuku, Kurangai-tuku, the man is riro, riro, riro!"—that is, gone, gone, gone. And to this day the bird is known as the riro-riro. With her gigantic strides the Patu-paearehe was soon at home. Having got on the fugitive's scent, she came in sight of him in a short time, and very nearly caught him as he was climbing a steep rock. But Hatupatu was the youngest son of his mother, and, as if that were a misfortune, his grandmother had made known to him a spell which would serve him in times of danger. So now, when the giantess was striking at him with her relentless claws, he shouted out "Matiti matata," and straightway the rock was riven asunder, and Hatupatu was sheltered in its strong depths from the impending disaster. His pursuer, with all her supernaturalness, was sorely puzzled to know what had become of him, and she scratched the rock with her nails and cried, "Oh, what has become of you, Hatupatu?" On the rocks between Lake Rotorua and Lake Tarawera these scratches are still to be seen, to confound the scoffer and convince the sceptic.

After a while Hatupatu came out from his hiding-place a good way off: but he was again sighted by his late mistress, who pressed after him in hot pursuit. When she was close at his heels he again uttered the potent words, "Matiti matata," addressing them more particularly to a tuft of the coarse grass which is known as toi-toi. The tuft was lifted up, and the hunted chief entered the cavity so formed, and the grass closed over him. When he left the bosom of Mother Earth the second time he emerged close by a boiling spring near Ohinemutu. The spring was covered in great part by a thin and brittle crust; and Kurangai-tuku, in her breathless haste, inconsiderately stepped on this crust. It broke beneath her, and she fell into the boiling pool. And so she was no more, and Hatupatu was safe. This spring is one of the most famous in the Hot Lake district, being the well-known geyser of Whaka-rewa-rewa, upon which hundreds of "pakehas" have gazed with something of fear in their admiration.

The Exploits of Maui.

Maui is the great hero and enchanter of Maori mythology. The scene of his great deeds was not New Zealand, but that far-off land from which the Maori came—the unknown land of Hawaiki. He might be compared to the Grecian Hercules, except that his labours were for the most part mischievous and even malevolent. He is generally introduced in company with brothers, of whom he is variously said to have had two, four, and five.

Maui's opinion about the sun was that he went too fast, that sunset followed dawn too soon, and he resolved to catch him in a snare, and compel him to go more slowly, so that men might have more time to labour and to procure wealth and happiness. But when he asked the help of his brothers, they thought the undertaking both foolhardy and impossible: but the young hero proudly answered, "Have you not beheld what a multitude of mighty feats I have already accomplished? and do you think I

shall fail in this that I have undertaken?" His brothers at last consented to assist him, and they began to spin a great many ropes of all kinds—round ropes, and square ropes, and flat ropes, all thick, long, and strong. The weapon with which Maui accomplished all his great achievements was a jawbone, not the jawbone of a mere brute, as was Samson's, but the sacred jawbone of his ancestress, Muriranga-whenua. When he and his brothers set out, therefore, he took with him this deadly instrument, besides the ropes and other necessary provisions. They travelled only by night, and hid themselves by day, that they might not be seen by the sun. And thus they travelled for a long time to the eastward, "until they came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises." On both sides of this place they built huts with the boughs of trees, in which to lie in ambush, and from hut to hut they stretched a great noose. Maui occupied one of the huts, and his brothers the other. Before the sun rose the young hero addressed his brothers somewhat after this fashion: "Remember, my brothers, to keep yourselves well concealed, and do not frighten the sun by foolishly showing yourselves; and when he has got his head and forelegs into the noose, pull away at the ropes with all your might. Hold on firmly, and I will rush out and attack him with my grandmother's jawbone, and belabour him till he is almost at the point of death. Do not allow yourselves to be moved by his screams or appeals for mercy, but when you hear them hold on even more firmly than before. When I have almost killed him you can let him go."

THE RIRO-RIRO.

At length the unsuspecting sun rose gradually from the abyss, and the glory of his presence was shed abroad over the mountains and the forests, but the cruel Maui had no eye for his beauty and no fear of his awful majesty. When his head and forelegs had passed into the snare, Maui shouted to his brothers to haul away and hold fast. Then he rushed out and beat him unmercifully, so that he screamed out, and cried: "Why am I thus beaten by you, O man? Why should you wish to kill Tama-nui-te-Ra?" But all his cries were in vain, for not till he was half-dead did Maui let him go. And then, and ever since, he has crept slowly on his course, being enfeebled by the wounds inflicted on him by Maui.

There is another story that tells how Maui was very disrespectful to his great ancestress, Mahu-ika. It was Mahu-ika who supplied the world with fire; and Maui resolved, either by fraud or by force, to take it all away from her. One night, when everyone was asleep, he got up and put out every fire in the "pah," and when morning came he called out for some food. But there was no fire in the house with which to cook it, and one of the servants went round to all the other "whares," and found there was no fire anywhere. Maui's mother then said that someone must go to Mahu-ika and beg for some fire, for none was left upon earth; but none of the servants would

A GEYSER.

go, being afraid. Then Maui himself volunteered to go, and his mother said to him: "Follow the path that lies before you, and you will come to the abode of your great ancestress, and if you tell her that you are a descendant of hers, she will give you some fire. I have heard that you possess great power, and that your deeds are greater than the deeds of men, but be careful not to play tricks on Mahu-ika, or it may be the worse for you."

Well, Maui followed the path, and at last came to the place where dwelt the goddess of fire. And when he asked for some fire, after making known his pedigree, she welcomed him graciously, and said he should surely have his request granted. She then pulled out one of her nails, and fire flowed from it, and she gave it to him. Maui received it with a great profusion of thanks, and, carefully sheltering it, went off. After going a short distance he put it out, and came back saying it had gone out by

accident, and begged for more. Having pulled out another nail, she procured more fire, and gave it to him, telling him to be careful. This also went out, and Maui went back with a very apologetic aspect, and humbly begged for another light. This, too, after the same manner, was extinguished. So Mahu-ika went on pulling out her nails, all the time scolding her descendant for being so careless, and telling him that if he were not Maui he would not have any more. At last there was left only the big-toe-nail of the left foot; and when for the nineteenth time the fire was lost, and Maui besought her to tap its last source, she began to suspect she was being tricked, and dashing the fire on the ground, she set the whole place in a blaze. Then, indeed, had the mischievous Maui to fly for his life. As the flames gained fast upon him he changed himself into a fleet-winged eagle, but even then his feathers were scorched. So he prayed to Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god of winds and storms, that he would send a great flood; and Tawhiri-ma-tea sent abundant rain, which all but quenched the conflagration and nearly drowned the poor fire-goddess. Before it was quite extinguished, however, she threw some of the fire into certain trees, and from the wood of these trees to this day the Maori obtains fire by rubbing two pieces together. When Maui got home he was told by his parents that he had been very properly served for trying to cheat his great-grandmother.

In these two legends Maui is credited with having four brothers, in the two which follow he has only two; and the jawbone is represented as being not that of his forefather, but his own.

As Cinderella was treated by her two sisters, so was little Maui-potiki treated by his two brothers, Maui-mua and Maui-roto. They left him at home when they made expeditions abroad. They would not allow him to sit at meals with them, but threw him scraps and leavings as if he were a dog. But as Maui-potiki began to be conscious of his great power, he was less and less inclined to submit to such treatment, and one day, when his brothers were going out fishing, he insisted on going too. When they got to the fishing-ground, he pulled out his jawbone, and, using it as a hook, dropped it far down into the water. Then he began pulling it up; but, as he had caught something of enormous weight, it was with great difficulty that he brought it to the surface. When it appeared at last, it turned out to be land. This land was therefore called "Te Ika a Maui"—the fish of Maui—and its modern name is the North Island of New Zealand. The great curve of Hawke's Bay is "Te matau a Maui"—the fish-hook of Maui—of which the point is the steep, sharp cape called the Kidnappers.

This same Maui-potiki resolved once upon a time to pay a visit to the habitation of the terrible Hine-nui-a-te-po—the great Daughter of the Night—who lived not far off. Having got within a little distance of the place, he sat down and played on his flute. When Hine-nui-a-te-po heard the sound of music, she told her slaves to go and see who was there. "If," said she, "he comes on his hands and feet, with his face towards the sky, he is an "atua," a god; but if he walks upright, then he is a man, and you must bring him to me." Of course, Maui-potiki heard all this, and, crawling on his hands and feet, he made for the goddess's store, where was kept a

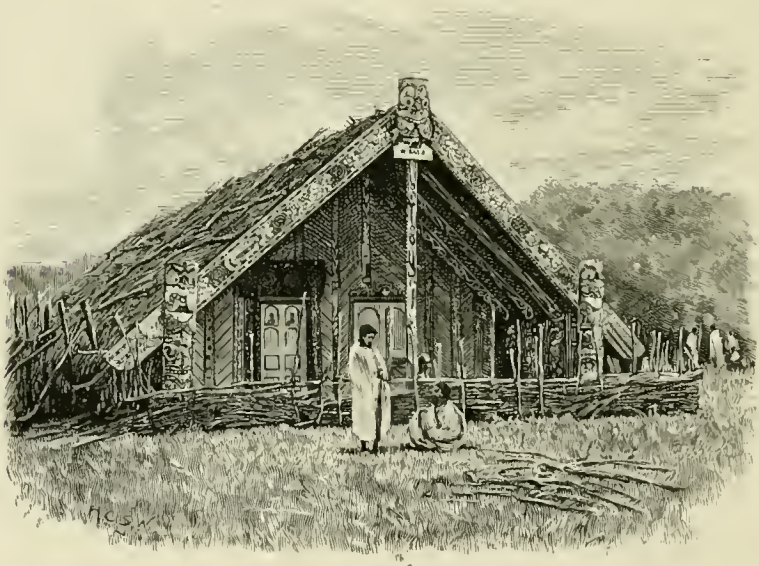
large supply of "kumaras," or sweet potatoes. The slaves, having made observations of his mode of locomotion, left him unmolested, and he was allowed to gorge himself to his complete satisfaction. He then went home; and wishing to be revenged on his brothers, he told them what a splendid feast he had been having in the pantry of Hine-nui-a-te-po, and gave them a few "kumaras," that they might taste how palatable they were. On this, Maui-mua and Maui-roto determined to make a raid on their own account. Little Maui-potiki warned them that if they did not walk very erectly, but went sneaking in on hands and feet, the slaves of the goddess would catch them and punish them very severely—would probably kill them. With this injunction the brothers set off, and walking towards the place where the delicious root was kept, with their spinal columns carefully preserved at a correct right angle to the plane of their progression, they were caught by the slaves and taken to the great Daughter of the Night, who immediately squeezed them to death.

Tawhaki's Ascent to Heaven.

Tawhaki was another great chief, who lived ages ago in the cradle of the race at Hawaiki. Tango-tango, a celestial maiden, became enamoured of him, and came to earth to live with him as his wife. They had a daughter, to whom the name of Arahuta was afterwards given. Shortly after she was born, Tawhaki made some unpleasant remark about his offspring, and his wife was greatly offended and wept bitterly. Then, taking her child with her, she ascended once more to the heavenly regions. Tawhaki repented of his rashness, and was inconsolable for the loss of his beautiful wife. At length he could no longer bear to be separated from her, and determined to search her out. For this purpose he made a journey to the dwelling of the blind old woman, Matakerepo, who had charge of the tendrils that hung from heaven to earth. He touched her eyes, and she received her sight; and beholding one in whom she recognised a descendant, she wept for joy. Tawhaki told her why he had come, and she directed him to lay hold of one of the tendrils that was firmly rooted in the earth, and to beware of those that swayed to and fro in the wind. So laying hold of one that was fixed at both ends, he climbed to heaven. And here the reader cannot fail to notice the resemblance of this part of the story to that which he knew in his childhood as "Jack and the Bean-stalk."

When Tawhaki reached the heavens, he changed himself from a handsome and noble-looking chief into a lean and miserable old man. Journeying through the forest, he came upon a party who were shaping out a canoe from the trunk of a huge tree, and when they saw him, they cried, "Oh, look at that old fellow! We must make a slave of him. Come here, old man, and carry home these axes for us." Tawhaki did as he was bid, but he loitered behind the others on the way, and when they were out of sight he turned back, and with two strokes of the axe he finished the canoe upon which they had been working. Next morning, his brothers-in-law, for they were the brothers of Tango-tango, his wife, were astonished to find the canoe all ready to be launched, and, suspecting the old man, they watched him the following night. Then they saw him finish off another canoe; but he did not now look like an old man

at all. He seemed to be a mighty warrior. They ran home, and asked Tango-tango to describe her husband Tawhaki, and when she had done so, they cried, "He is here! he is here!" When Tawhaki came back that night in the guise of an old man still, Tango-tango said to him, "Now, tell me who you are. Are you Tawhaki?' to which Tawhaki merely gave a grunt of assent, and straightway assumed his own noble form. He then caught up his little daughter, and embraced her with much affection. Thereafter he remained in heaven with his wife and child, and when he walks about, his footsteps cause thunder and lightning to be seen upon the earth.



A MAORI DWELLING.

THE COURTHOUSE, FROM THE GARDENS, MARYBOROUGH.

SOME INLAND TOWNS OF VICTORIA.

Characteristics of Victorian Towns—The Country between the Loddon and Ballarat—What William Howitt Thought of it—Maryborough—Dunolly—Tarnagulla—St. Arnaud—Donald—Lake Buloke—Carisbrook—Another Quotation from William Howitt—"Good Rough Names"—Castlemaine and Forest Creek—Maldon and Mount Tarrangower—Eggs at Two Shillings each!—A Dentist's Investment—Heathcote and Mount Ida—The Ordeal of Fire—Gratuitous Ferocity—A Trying Night—Cats and Dogs at a Premium—Daylesford—Wombat Hill.

AS Victoria, with the smallest area, has the largest population of all the Australian colonies, so it follows that, as a matter of course, even though fully a third of that population is contained in and around Melbourne, she has a far greater number of inland towns—towns which form in themselves small centres for the country districts around them, which are of infinite importance to the wealth and welfare of the colony, and yet which to the stranger who may happen to find himself within their gates present but few points of interest. They are all built after the same fashion; they are all surveyed and laid out, it seems, on the same pattern; the streets seem to be planted with the same trees: and State schools, court-houses, town-halls, post-offices, and other public buildings are all turned out after a plan varying only with the size of the town, the resources of its municipal council, and the begging powers of its representatives in Parliament.

The majority, too, in a certain measure owe their existence to the "breaking out" of the gold, and on investigation it will be found that they were proclaimed towns or boroughs somewhere in the decade between 1850 and 1860. There is a newness about them, therefore—an aggravating, arrogant, pushing newness—even in the smallest, sleepiest country township, which fails not to make an impression on the Englishman fresh from the calm, dignified age of the old land. Forty years—which is as nothing compared

with England's centuries—is a very large slice of Victoria's lifetime. Forty years ago, Port Phillip was a little-known and somewhat despised dependency of the mother colony, and the lands whereon are now rich goldfields, fertile farms, and prosperous townships, were held by one or two squatters whose flocks were herded by half-a-dozen shepherds, with vaguest notions of the ill-defined boundaries, and who complained bitterly of the loneliness of their life. Ballarat—busy, thriving Ballarat—was a lonely sheep-walk in those days, and it is not likely that the country to the north of that town which we propose now to describe was any more lively.

The railway to the north-west passes through country somewhat uninteresting, as most auriferous country in Australia looks, but all along the line are numerous towns and townships, and still more numerous stations, at every one of which the slow-travelling train stays, or seems to stay, an unnecessary length of time. And yet the country is in parts beautiful. Even old William Howitt, that most unadmiring of Victoria's chroniclers, when he passed through in 1852 on his way from the Mount Alexander diggings to Ballarat, speaks in terms of the warmest admiration:—"Between the Loddon and Ballarat," he says, "we alternately travelled through woody ranges and over wide extents of these high green downs as finely turfed as the South Downs themselves, and of course grazed by immense flocks of sheep. Most of these lie higher than the wooded ranges, and show themselves afar off. We had actually to descend into the wooded hills. These downs are all of volcanic origin, and covered with the black, rich soil which is always found on the volcanic plains. Here and there rises upon them a lofty conical hill, evidently an extinct volcano. These hills are smooth, and very green, and only thinly clothed with trees. At the feet of most of them lies a lake or a great reedy swamp, as if the ground had sunk in the place from which the hill had been heaved up. These downs are remarkably pleasant, and must in summer be fine fresh places to live upon. They are splendid pastoral regions. It is curious that the gum-trees, the usual trees of the country, and which cover all the ranges around them, rarely or ever will grow on this soil. On the contrary, the acacias, the banksias, and the casuarinas flourish there. The lightwood, a species of acacia, grows finely; but they are principally the banksias and the casuarinas, or she-oaks, which prevail, and, in the moist parts, wattles. The she-oaks are thinly scattered over these verdant plains, downs, and high table-lands, and present a very pleasing aspect, their broom-like and flowing tresses giving a great relief to the eye from the eternal sameness of the eucalyptic forests. Fine clear streams, too, traverse these magnificent downs, like those of the green pastoral hills of the south of Scotland."

All the country thus described, now thickly populated, is left to the right by the railway line which connects Ballarat with Maryborough. Anything more unlike its Old World namesake than this Victorian town it would be difficult to conceive. The best view to be had is from the railway station—a view of a quiet little town nestling among greenery, for, like most Victorian towns, it is well planted with trees—oaks, and elms, and limes from Europe, dark, straight pines from the slopes of California, and the native blue gum-trees, which are well grown now, and which in the years to come will

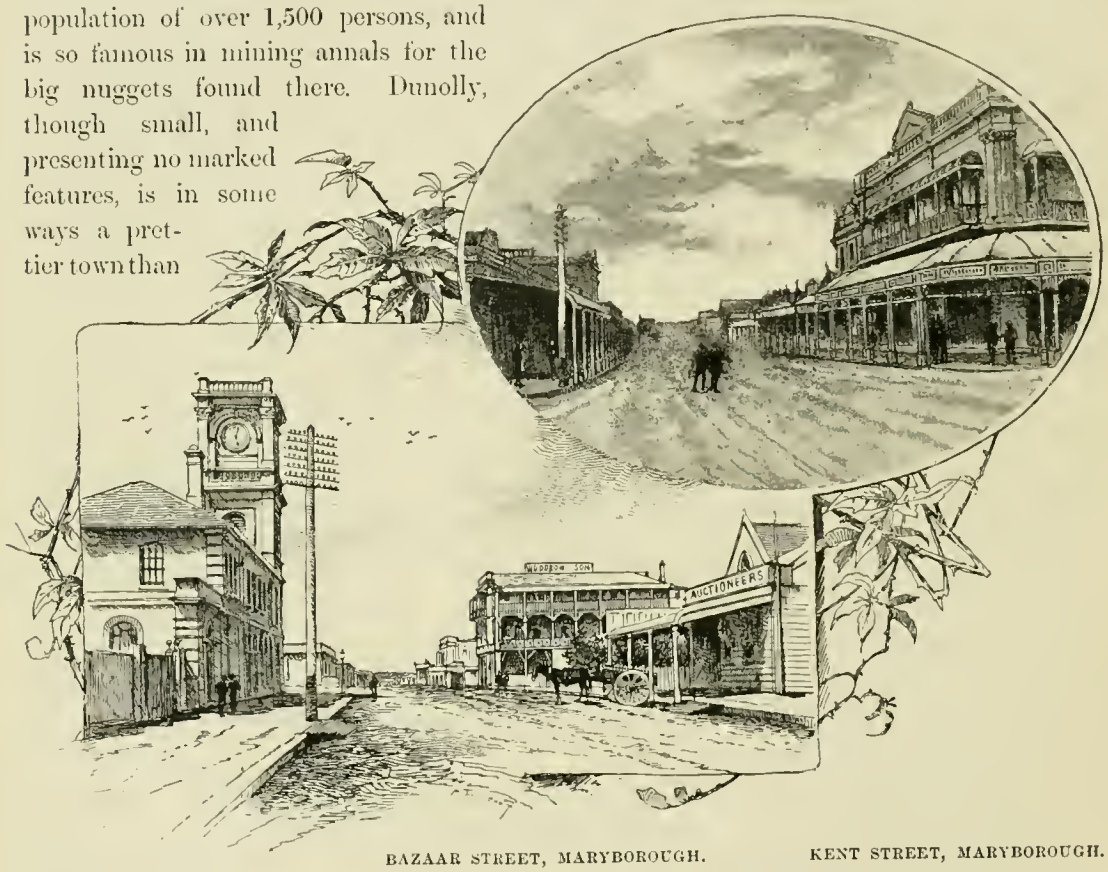
certainly make Maryborough very beautiful. The principal streets are narrow—very narrow—and this, which strikes the new-comer as strange in a place where land was not originally very valuable, is explained by the fact that the land was taken up by the diggers before it was surveyed, and the surveyors, coming late in the day to lay out the town, found shops and places of business already permanently established, and were perforce obliged to follow the line of diggers' huts.

The town itself is not large, containing, in fact, not quite 3,500 inhabitants, but it is the centre of a large and important mining district, and is also the meeting-place of four lines of railway. South-east to Ballarat, north-west to St. Arnaud and Donald, north-east to Castlemaine, and west to Avoca and the Pyrenees, rushes the iron horse, through country which forty years ago was hardly known even as a sheep-run, and which, ten years before that, Major Mitchell was troublously toiling through with a following of soldiers and convicts, bullocks, waggons, and all the impedimenta of the old-time explorer. With so many trains coming in and out, the railway station gives to Maryborough a bustling and important air which otherwise it would lack. The town is about 800 feet above the sea-level, and therefore considerably warmer than Ballarat, and yet, though the heat of a summer's day is sometimes very great, the nights are always cool and the climate generally healthy. The iron bark ranges around are rough and stony, and the soil is arid and somewhat barren, so that agricultural pursuits are but little carried on. Still, oranges and vines are grown, and bear well, and apples and pears, peaches, apricots, and all the fruits of Southern Europe, grow readily. This is due less to a favourable climate than to the fact that nowhere do trees of all sorts flourish so lustily as on the old diggings, where the ground has been turned up to a great depth, and that not once merely, but over and over again. It is, perhaps, in consequence of all trees and shrubs growing so easily that there are several reserves and recreation-grounds in and about Maryborough; and though in 1865 we find the *Victorian Gazetteer* declaring that the town suffered greatly from want of water, now there is in Prince's Park a pretty little lake, on which small steamers and boats ply throughout the summer, while a permanent water-supply is assured by reservoirs quite as large as the needs of the town demand.

The gold "broke out" at Maryborough, or Simson's Ranges, as it was then called, late in 1854, and there was a tremendous "rush," for the lead known as the Adelaide Lead, like all other newly discovered leads, was reported to be well-nigh inexhaustible. Want of water was, of course, a drawback, for the Four Mile Creek, on which Maryborough stands, a tributary of the Bet Bet Creek, was a very intermittent stream indeed. Still the diggers—men of every class and nation under the sun—crowded there, and the scenes of less than forty years ago make strange contrast with the quiet, orderly, little town of to-day. Instead of the railway, grumbled at nowadays for its slowness, but which brings the town within six hours of Melbourne, there was then only the crowded coach or the slow-going bullock-dray, while the road lay through a country beset with dangers for man and beast: for convicts and bad characters of all kinds swarmed on and around the goldfields, and the digger who was fortunate ran great risk of being murdered for his gold, while he who was penniless was little better off, for once "stuck

up," it was hardly likely that rogues disappointed in their greed would let him go scot free. Various were the devices resorted to by the traveller to hide his money; perhaps the best was that of a bullock-driver who, when on the road, used to plant his money at night in the wheel track before or behind the wheel, where the stone is usually placed to keep it from moving.

Leaving Maryborough by the north-western line, the train, after passing Havelock and Bet Bet, small townships which owe their existence to the gold, stops at the larger township of Dunolly, which has a population of over 1,500 persons, and is so famous in mining annals for the big nuggets found there. Dunolly, though small, and presenting no marked features, is in some ways a prettier town than

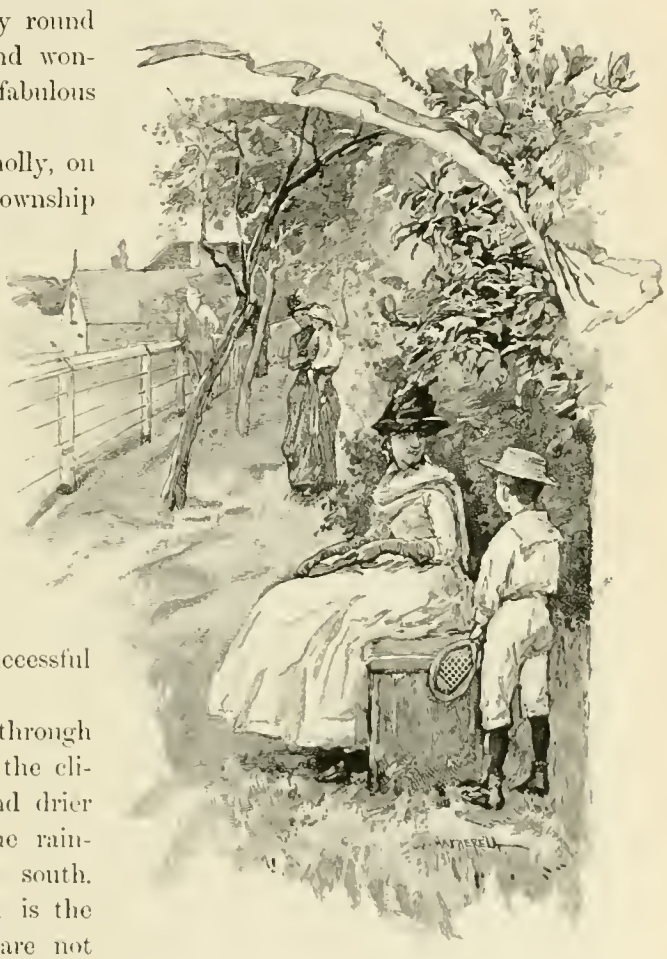


BAZAAR STREET, MARYBOROUGH. KENT STREET, MARYBOROUGH.

Maryborough, for the country round is hilly, lightly grassed and timbered, and more under cultivation, and the whole place is brighter and greener, as indeed it ought to be, for whereas the rainfall in Maryborough is never more than nineteen inches per annum, at Dunolly, which is only thirteen miles distant, it is frequently as much as thirty inches. Hence there are many vineyards and orchards, and the canned fruits sent out from the little township bid fair to rival those of California. Gold was first discovered here in 1856 by a party of Chinese, who, driven off the neighbouring goldfield in Simson's Ranges by the jealousy of their European brethren, had camped on the Burnt Creek, a small tributary of the Loddon, and were disconsolately and

hopelessly—if a Chinaman ever is disconsolate and hopeless—picking at its yellow, crumbling banks. John Chinaman did not keep his secret well, "for," says Kelly, "in a very few days wild streams of diggers, more resembling terrorised beings fleeing from a plague than sanguine men hastening to fortune, might be seen scampering across plains and over ranges to snatch a sheaf of the golden harvest brought to light by Chinese enterprise." And an abundant harvest it proved, for all the country round was found to be highly auriferous, and wonderful are the tales told of the fabulous wealth taken from the soil.

About nine miles north of Dunolly, on the line to Inglewood, is the small township of TARNAGULLA, formerly known as Sandy Creek Diggings. Here two men had pegged out claims, and worked and laboured steadily, seeking the fortune which daily seemed no nearer. Between their claims they had left the regulation "wall," about two feet three inches wide. This "wall" an unscrupulous digger, spite of the Commissioner and the mining laws, "jumped," and, before he could be ousted, took out, under the very eyes of the unsuccessful ones, £22,000 worth of gold.



IN THE GARDENS, MARYBOROUGH.

From Dunolly the line passes on through several small townships or hamlets, the climate becoming perceptibly warmer and drier as it advances northward, leaving the rain-producing Dividing Range to the south. About forty miles from Maryborough is the mining town of ST. ARNAUD, where are not only gold but paying silver mines. The township itself is, for this part of Victoria of considerable importance, containing over 2,000 inhabitants, and the country round is flat, for once at St. Arnaud we are not far from the Mallee Country, and are fairly out on the great plains which stretch away northward to the Murray. The township started in life, as its name suggests, during the Crimean War, and was so called in honour of the general who commanded our Allies, an honour of which, in all probability, he remained quite ignorant.

From St. Arnaud to DONALD, the terminus, twenty-four miles distant, the rails make almost a bee line, for the country is all plain, here and there intersected by

creeks and water-courses, and belts of timber. Donald itself is an agricultural town situated on the Avon, which is hardly worthy the name of river, for, as a rule, it is represented by a chain of water-holes, though at times—flood times—immense volumes of water come down the channel and lose themselves in the waters of Lake Buloke, four miles to the north of the township. This lake covers an area of 11,000 acres, and, like many Australian lakes, is very often nothing but a swampy, fresh-water marsh. Only when the Avon comes down a banker does it overflow, and, drowning all the reeds, becomes a magnificent sheet of water, offering great attractions to the sportsman; for on it are water-fowl innumerable, tall native companions, with their beautiful French-grey plumage, dainty nankeen birds, and cranes of all sorts and sizes, wild duck and teal, and that *rara avis*—a *rara avis* no longer—the black swan.

Having traced up the north-western line from Maryborough, it now behoves us to return and take up the north-eastern route, a line which joins the main line from Melbourne at Castlemaine, and which passes through a more populous district than the north-western one. First of the towns is Carisbrook, only four and a half miles from Maryborough, and containing over a thousand inhabitants. Further on are several smaller townships—Joyce's Creek, taking its name from one of the tributaries of the Loddon, Newstead on the Loddon itself, Guilford, and Strath Loddon, all of which form small centres for the rich agricultural land around.

In the old days, the aspect of the country, all untilled and uncultivated as it was, won from William Howitt, as did that between Maryborough and Ballarat, his very warmest admiration. "Such glorious prairies," he says, "green as emerald, rich as the primeval Paradise." And he goes on to wonder that such land is not already parcelled out into farms, and that wheatfields and orchards did not meet his eye at every turn. He was somewhat in a hurry, this chronicler of the good old times—which he deemed very bad times indeed—and the country, and that alone, found favour in his eyes. Its government he considered execrable, and scrupled not to say so. More especially did he object to the names which, just at this period, were being bestowed on all the mining camps which seemed likely to prove permanent, and Castlemaine, the name given to the camp and town which formed a sort of centre for the Mount Alexander, Forest Creek, and Campbell's Creek diggings, all of which lay close to one another, was specially offensive to him. For a name, he says, he prefers either the native names, full of meaning and euphonious, as they often are, or the good rough names given by the earlier settlers. With the first part of his remark we quite agree; but the "good rough names of the earlier settlers" were of rather a trying character. There is little euphony and less beauty in such names as Tinpot Gully, Murderer's Flat, and Chokem Gully.

Castlemaine, on the direct line from Melbourne to Sandhurst, is a flourishing provincial town, well laid out, and well planted with trees, and has a population of nearly 6,000 souls. It is decidedly pretty, nestling as it does among the ranges and almost at the foot of Mount Alexander, an isolated peak of that rugged range of hills which runs north and south between Sandhurst and Castlemaine. Looking at the pleasant town, with its well-kept and carefully-planted streets, it is difficult to imagine it is the

same place that Kelly declared in 1857 was a "stark, unsightly district, stretching far and wide, looking, I was going to say, as if it were rooted all over by hogs; but rhinoceroses would be a more suitable simile, if these animals are prone to that propensity. The whole region seemed in reality turned inside out, entrails uppermost, producing as repugnant an effect as can well be imagined. Not a tree was left standing, nor a blade of vegetation was anywhere to be seen over the vast surface."

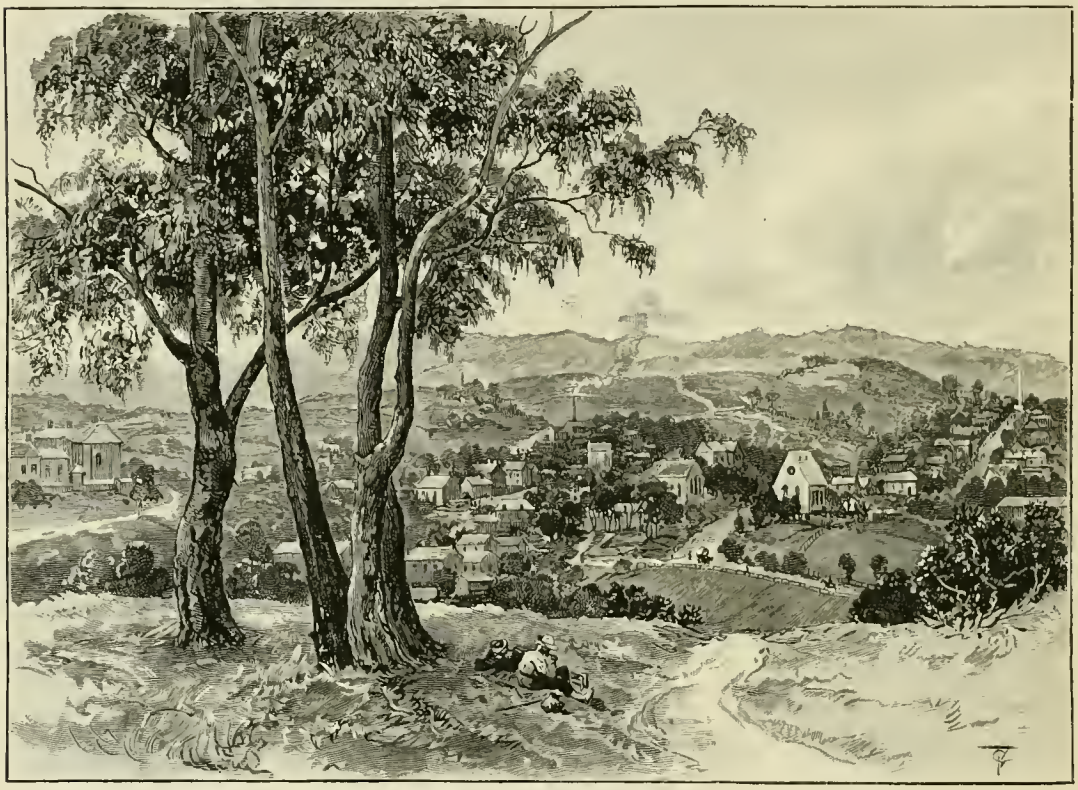
Had this writer come five years earlier, very different would his impressions have been. Gold was in all probability found at Forest Creek long before it was thought of in any other part of the colony. The discovery was made by the nephew of the squatter who owned all the country for miles, while sheep-washing in the creek. At first he thought it mica, but further inspection showed it to be pure gold. He was naturally overjoyed at his discovery; but on carrying a pannikin full of the precious metal to his uncle, that old patriarch, bound up as he was in his flocks and herds, with a stolidity and want of foresight sometimes met with in the squatter of the old days, at once threw cold water on his hopes, and bound him to strictest secrecy, "lest the people should come to turn up the soil and the shepherds abandon the flocks." The secret, strange to say, was kept till after the discoveries at Ballarat, when—whether young Campbell broke faith history sayeth not—there was an immense "rush" at Forest Creek. The town itself is situate about four miles from the scene of the rush, on a small tributary of that creek known as Barker's Creek. Among the memories of old Castlemaine is not likely to be forgotten the fact that Burke, the ill-fated explorer, was at one time stationed there as inspector of police, and in consequence the people, counting him something of their own, have raised a monument to his memory.

Ten miles north-west of Castlemaine, and connected with it by a branch line railway, is the flourishing township of MALDON, picturesquely situated at the foot of Mount Tarrangower, a volcano from whose deep crater the fires within have long since ceased to vomit forth lava and red-hot ashes. It nestles amidst vineyards and orchards, but naturally in so small a town—it contains about 2,000 inhabitants—there are no striking architectural features. Tarrangower, as it was then called, was discovered as a goldfield early in 1854, and soon several thousands of people were gathered there; but the gold, plentiful as it undoubtedly was, unlike that at Forest Creek was difficult to get at, and water, even for drinking, had to be brought a distance of eight miles. Indeed, want of water was the great difficulty. All the diggers could do was to dig out the surface stuff and cart it down to the gullies, very often at the cost of £1 per load, where they hoped there would be a little water in the winter. Thousands of tons were thus piled up, and when the long-expected rain came were washed, when it was found that, instead of the pounds of gold they were expected to yield, in the majority of cases it was only pennyweights, and in very many nothing at all. Such results, after long waiting, must have been crushing, for the cost of living was enormous.

"Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" So ran an advertisement of those days. "Immense reduction in Eggs! Eggs now only One Shilling each!" and it *was* an immense reduction, for eggs had before been two shillings each, while potatoes were one shilling and sixpence a pound, and a cabbage was cheap at three shillings and sixpence. Indeed,

the more we study the history of the gold-fever—and it is all the history these smaller towns of Victoria can boast—the more we are struck by the fact that quite as great fortunes were made by those who, not without care and toil and forethought, catered for the comfort and well-being of the diggers, as by the diggers themselves.

A surgeon, for example, tells how he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus just as a patient was going out. "I have been stopping a tooth," said the



CASTLEMAINE.

surgeon. "Do you get good cement here?" inquired the visitor. "Admirable," replied the surgeon. "I saw an old gutta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at an auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta-percha at a guinea each, and shall no doubt stop some thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me from far and near."

Though those first-comers pronounced Tarrangower a failure, subsequent years have shown that Maldon still has much buried treasure. The water difficulty has been overcome, for Maldon reservoir has a storage capacity of 8,000,000 gallons, and quartz-reefing is still in its infancy in the district. It is not so very long since the new Beehive

Mine yielded, at a depth of 650 feet, thirty tons of stuff, which, without picking, averaged ninety-nine ounces of gold to the ton, and still more recently a Mr. Oswald took out of his claim there an immense fortune. He knew the reef was rich, but doubting his ability to work it himself, he went to England, and endeavoured to float a company on very low terms indeed. But English speculators, once bitten twice shy, would have none of him or his claim; therefore he returned and worked it himself, with the result we have mentioned.

VINEYARD NEAR MARYBOROUGH.

The two prettiest of this cluster of inland towns we have left to the last. HEATHCOTE is situated at the foot of classically-named Mount Ida, and is so called, says William Howitt, "because there isn't a scrap of heather about the place." It is very evident that this gentleman, so hard to please, never visited McIvor, as it was then called, in the winter or early spring-time, when the ranges around were and are clothed with heath, purple, and red, and white, and every shade of pink, though whether this had anything to do with its name is, we should think, extremely

GATHERING THE GRAPES.

doubtful. The town itself is on a flat surrounded by gently sloping ranges culminating in Mount Ida, "many-fountained Ida," from whose breast spring creeks innumerable, making "the lawns and meadow ledges rich in flowers." "The country surrounding McIvor," says one who knew it well in the old days, "is not to be excelled by any other in Victoria in features of natural loveliness, nor in the capabilities of its soil, either for grass or tillage. The timber, in places, is really grand; and there are very few districts so well supplied with water, an element alike indispensable to settlement and gold-digging."

Heathcote is a quiet enough little township nowadays, spite of its 1,200 inhabitants and the railway which has just been opened to Sandhurst; but it, like other diggings towns, saw stirring times in the early days of the colony. It was while travelling from here that the escort was "stuck up" and robbed at the Mia Mia, as we have told in another section,* and many other are the stories of outrage and robbery perpetrated at McIvor. At one time there seemed to be a carefully-organised gang of robbers at work on the field, who were destitute alike of scruple and of fear, and so bold did they become that they plundered two young fellows whose tent adjoined the camp fence. The lads had worked on hopefully through evil fortune for several weeks, and only the day before had struck a patch which yielded them eighty-seven ounces, but as they were winding up the last load the rope broke, and letting one of them down with a run, dislocated his shoulder. The news was evidently quickly carried to the thieves' tent, for quite early in the evening a couple of rogues, clad in the usual garb of the diggers, their faces hidden by masks of black cloth, walked quietly into the tent, and without either threats or violence, demanded the gold as of right, naming the exact amount. The poor sick fellow—he was but a boy—who lay in his bunk, put his sound arm under his pillow for a pistol, but the movement was seen by one of the robbers, who promptly drew a revolver, swearing death to the first who moved or gave the alarm—for there were tents quite close. At first the diggers declared that all their gold was safe in the Commissioner's keeping, that they had handed it all over to him earlier in the evening; but the unwelcome guests at once asked, "Where, then, did you get the two ounces that feed the surgeon, and the remainder that paid for the wine and brandy at the Kangaroo Store?" And further cross-examination betrayed the fact that the gold had not been handed over to the Commissioner at all, but was "planted" somewhere in the tent.

As a last resource they declined to reveal the place of concealment; but the mercileſs robbers, heating a frying-pan red-hot, forced the uninjured lad to sit down on it by holding a revolver to his head. Pluckily, he still refused to tell, but at last his mate, seeing the agony he was enduring, and, indeed, absolutely smelling the odour that came from his burnt flesh, pointed out the place of concealment, and the robbers, promptly seizing the treasure, decamped with it, and were no more heard of. It is some satisfaction to know that this was about the last of the robberies on McIvor, for the boys happening to be great favourites there, a public meeting was held, and though the culprits were not brought to book, yet every idle or suspicious

* See Vol. I., pp. 180–181.

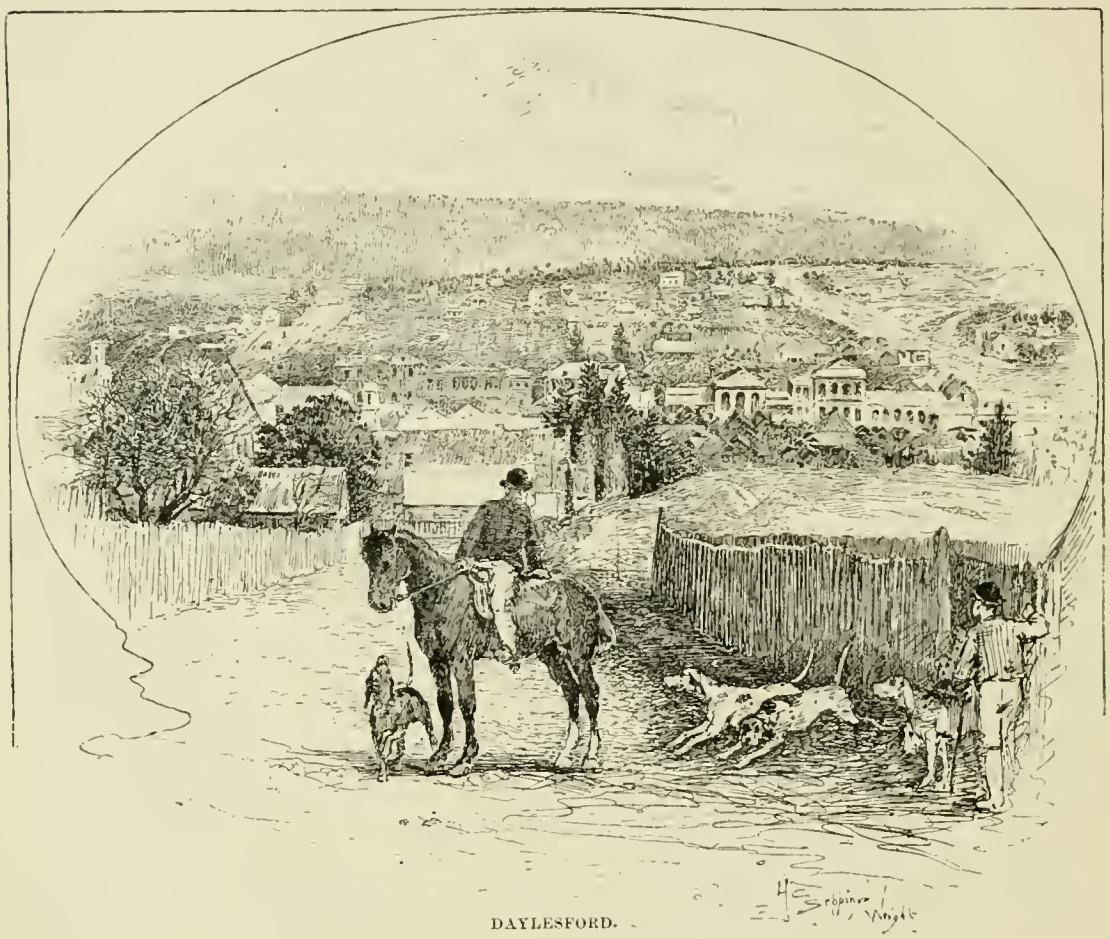
character was so closely watched that the place became too hot to hold them, and they disappeared.

Yet even in those wild times there was such a thing as being over-careful, and a story is told by one of Victoria's historians about two young barristers, who were once, so they thought, "stuck up" by bushrangers. It was just at the outbreak at the McIvor diggings, and these "gentlemen of the long robe," storing their wigs and gowns, and establishing themselves in water-tights and jumpers, betook themselves to the scene of fortune. Disdaining, with true professional exclusiveness, to mingle with the common herd of fortune-hunters, they travelled by themselves; and camping one night on the outskirts of Mr. M—ll—n's station, they were suddenly visited by two mounted cavaliers, who politely inquired how far off might be the homestead. But the acute barristers—too clever to be caught with chaff—determined to put an end to the reconnoitring by unceremoniously presenting revolvers, and desiring their visitors to be off—advice which they followed after a deliberate fashion, and with a great degree of apparent enjoyment. The brothers Doe and Roe piqued themselves upon their achievement, and in default of gold-dust they plumed themselves on their gallantry when they came back to Chancery Lane; but in attending a levee soon after their return their glory was transmuted to ridicule on discovering that Mr. Latrobe and one of his *aides-de-camp* were the suspected bushrangers. The recognition was mutual, and his Excellency enjoyed the misapprehension beyond measure. The Governor was in the habit of taking these unostentatious up-country rides, and on the evening in question was on his way to spend the night with Mr. M—ll—n.

Now there are comfortable hotels, more than one, in Heathcote, but in those days, unless the stranger chose to camp out in the open and "do" for himself, the only house of entertainment was a refreshment tent, which combined the advantages of sly grog shop, boarding-house, and gambling hell all in one. Certainly the resources of the boarding-house part of the establishment were meagre in the extreme, and the proprietor might just as well have announced on his sign, "No beds provided," for the unfortunate boarder retired to rest in the refreshment room. "I could," says a victim piteously, "wink at the greasy enamel of the wiped tin plates, or the deltas of unctuous deposit which settled between the prongs of the forks, or round the hafts of the knives, if I were allowed any moderate period for undisturbed repose on my corded boxes; but rest in the refreshment tent was even more impossible than on the boiler of a steam-engine with the riveters at work. The senses, after a lapse, may become reconciled to a repetition of torturing sounds, provided they all come of the same family, but when they are capriciously afflicted with an infernal medley of oaths, thumps, screams, drunken songs, and a delirium tremens of bottles and glasses, nothing short of death, or at least that partial phase of it which follows an excess of whisky, could even feign composure." A night of this description not infrequently ended in a free fight, into which the non-bellicose boarder, vainly struggling for a wink or two of sleep on his corded boxes, was usually drawn, so that after a very few days our friend decided he had had enough of McIvor, bought a ragged, raw-boned colt, and decided to make tracks for Melbourne. "My last night at McIvor," he says, "I spent

in a back shed alongside my Rosinante, with one of his forelegs hobbled to my arm, for otherwise the odds would have been that he and I would have been travelling different roads on the morrow," so little security was there for property in those days.

This same traveller, who appears to have let nothing escape him, remarks on the



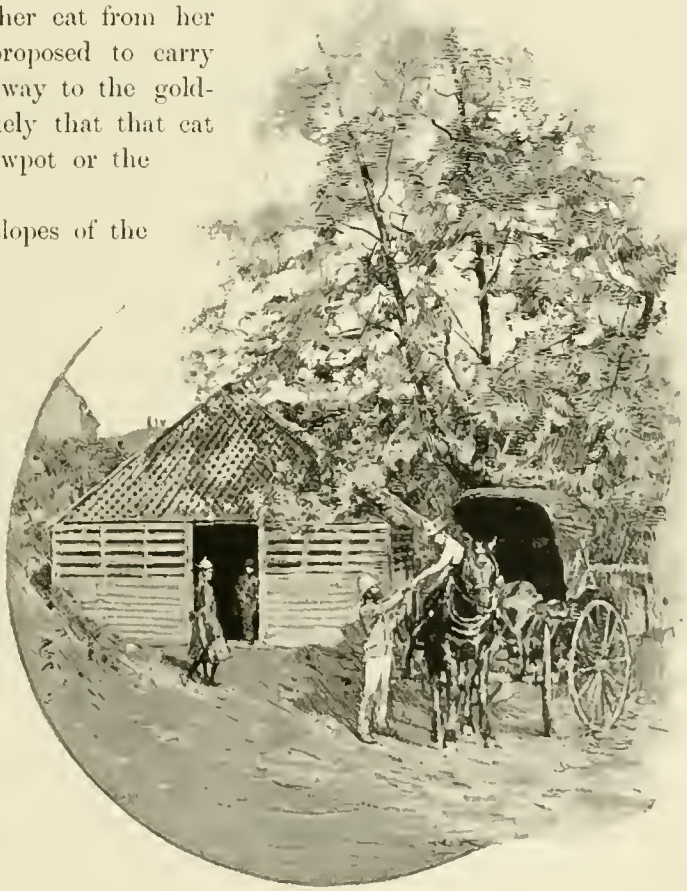
DAYLESFORD.

partiality of the average digger for plain roast and boiled. Plain joints, with *entrées* of steaks and chops, were considered the most desirable fare. Pies were regarded with suspicion, stews, haricots, and hashes of all sorts were disposed of by the summary method of "chucking out." They had a "dead down" on all made dishes, and, for a long time, sausages were regarded as an abomination too strong for civilised stomachs. This fastidiousness seems the more strange when it is remembered that beef and mutton were by far the cheapest and most easily procured meats. Dogs of all sorts were too highly prized to be made into stews, and cats were so scarce that from £2 to £3 was paid for one, making it almost as dear as a bullock.

Poor pussy was much considered in those days, and her owners took great care of

her. A gold commissioner, bound for his first independent command on the gold-fields, tells how he noted among the array of horsemen, troopers, diggers, bullock-drays, and all the medley stream of humanity, journeying the same way as himself, one strangely pathetic old couple. The man, evidently of the labouring class, bent and bowed with age, was stolidly pushing before him the hand-cart which held the great part of their worldly goods, while behind trudged the wife, patiently wheeling a barrow with the rest, thinking only, apparently, that each step along that hot, rough road, brought her nearer to Melvor, still more than thirty miles away. Around the old lady's shoulders was a heavy woollen shawl, and a long hairy black tail protruding from this greatly excited the young man's curiosity. As he rode past he stopped his horse. "My good woman," he said, "would you mind telling me what on earth you're carrying on your back?" The old lady dropped the handles of the barrow, wiped her hot face, and made a curtsey to the young horseman; the "grand officer" as she thought him, in his gold lace and military coat. "Eh, dear Lord sakes, sir!" she said, putting a caressing hand over her shoulder, "but it's just the wee bit cat. Puir puss, we could na leave her ahint." Further questioning elicited the fact that she had brought her cat from her home in Tasmania, and now proposed to carry her, laden as she was, all the way to the gold-fields. It was certainly not likely that that cat would find her way to the stewpot or the sausage machine.

Right up on the northern slopes of the Great Dividing Range, more than 2,000 feet above the sea-level, is situated one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest township in Victoria. Never was any mining town so little distigured by the digger as DAYLESFORD. Here and there, perhaps, may be seen mining plant and the mounds of earth thrown up in search for gold; but the primeval bush creeps lovingly around, as if to hide the unsightly blot on the fair landscape, and the peeps through the hills are so beautiful, and the views so extensive, that a stranger hardly realises he is on the old Jim



THE MINERAL SPRINGS, DAYLESFORD.

Crow Diggings, and that Daylesford, too, owes its existence to the gold. It is not wholly out of the world, quiet as the little town seems, for right through the hills has come the iron horse, and Daylesford is connected by railway with both Melbourne and Ballarat. In the summer-time its population is largely augmented by visitors who are weary of the heat and dust of the capital, and who come to this cool nook among the hills to recruit and to drink the waters. For Daylesford boasts not only a cool and invigorating climate, but also springs of mineral waters—waters which are more palatable, they say, than the majority of medicinal waters, while they possess all, and more than all, their virtues.

Right in the centre of the township rises Wombat Hill, a conical mount of volcanic formation, and here, most picturesquely, has the site been chosen for the Botanical Gardens. The soil is rich, as most volcanic soil is, and on the spot where thirty years ago was wildest bush, which even the digger, because of the steepness of the hillside, did not care to penetrate, is now a beautiful garden, where trees, shrubs, and flowers, exotics from every clime, flourish luxuriantly. On the north there is a cleft in the hill where possibly, in ages gone by, the lava may have poured down on to the plain below; and this Art, following Nature carefully, has, with uncommon skill, transformed into a beautiful fern-tree gully. Tall tree-ferns, such as abound in every nook and corner of the surrounding hills, delicate coral fern, the common hart's-tongue, ferns from New South Wales and from New Zealand, that land of ferns, are all to be met with in this gully; while down the centre, amidst crags, and rocks, and stones, half hidden by green mosses and creeping plants, trickles a silver stream, which not only adds to the beauty, but keeps the gully green and cool throughout the hottest summer's day. The hill is as steep as of old, but the climber who reaches the summit is amply rewarded, for there, seated in a shady nook, beneath one of the native gums, all ivy-grown, or under a pine-tree from that lovely crime-stained island in the South Pacific, he may look across the surrounding champaign away to Mount Franklin, and all down the rich valley of the Loddon, where numerous farms, surrounded by orchards and fields of yellow corn, white to the harvest—no stranger visits Daylesford save in the height of summer—testify to the fertility of the soil. A smiling, prosperous scene, contrasting well with the dark rugged outlines of the Ranges to the south, which stretch away east and west till they are lost in the dim blue distance. All that this view wants to make it perfect, says the Englishman, thinking of the rivers and lakes of his own country, is water; and even that want—the want common to all Australian scenery—is soon to be remedied for already the people of Daylesford are contemplating new reservoirs, one of which is to be right on top of Wombat Hill.

THE BRONZE AGE.

Port Wallaroo—How the Deposits were Discovered—Transit Facilities—A Big Strike—Hard Times—A Fresh Start under Captain Hancock—The Machinery of the Mine—Bad Drainage—The Smelting Works—Calcining—The Traffic with Newcastle—Ladling—Turning the Ingots—Skimming the Slag—The Jetty—The Old Pier—Moonta—A Successful Corporation—Local Institutions—The Mines—Results—The Machinery—The Lodes—Social and Moral.

ONE of the largest industries native to South Australia is the production of copper. The colony, after the fashion of well-built ships, is copper bottomed and copper fastened, for there are few districts throughout the territory in which this mineral is not present in some shape or form.

The Moonta and Wallaroo mines, on Yorke's Peninsula, though not the first discovered, are far and away the largest in this or in any of the sister colonies. Port Wallaroo is situated on the eastern shore of Spencer's Gulf, and is about 100 miles north-west of Adelaide. It is one of the most important outports of the colony, being the outlet for the great mineral wealth of Northern Yorke's Peninsula, as well as for a very extensive agricultural settlement. The Port is a good one, the entrance presenting no difficulties of any kind, and the anchorage is first-class. The town extends over a very large area, and has a population of about 2,000. The chief employment is provided at the local smelting works, at the railway, and in loading and discharging vessels. The local corporation has done much to improve the streets and general appearance of the town. There are an institute, various churches, a large State school, halls belonging to different friendly societies, a gaol, and a commodious hospital.

The town owes its existence to the Wallaroo mines. These are not, as one might expect from the name, near Wallaroo, but some five miles to the eastward, and about a mile from Kadina. At the time of the discovery, in 1860, the northern portion of the Peninsula formed part of a sheep-run belonging to the late Sir Walter Watson (then Captain) Hughes. The country is flat, and was then thickly covered with mallee scrub and a thick undergrowth, and was about one of the last places in the world in which anyone would have dreamt of finding rich mineral deposits. However, from surface indications in different places, notably on the Wallaroo beach, where small particles of green carbonate may be picked up amongst the rocks at low water, Captain Hughes felt confident that there were some rich deposits of copper in the neighbourhood. He therefore gave instructions to his shepherds to watch carefully for any indications which might come under their notice when tending the sheep, and it was in this way that the treasure was first discovered. There are large numbers of wombats in the district, and these animals, burrowing after the fashion of rabbits, at times reach a great depth, and throw up large mounds. James Boor, a shepherd who was employed by Captain Hughes, when examining one of these mounds one day, came across some rich carbonate, which he took to his master. The Captain at once secured the sections on lease from the Government, and set about the work of development. As might have been expected, he had numerous difficulties to contend with, but although apparently slow in his

movements, when he had once made up his mind opposition proved only a stimulus to him. The colony had already had a taste of the benefits accruing from a rich copper mine in the profits which had been reaped by the proprietors of the Burra Burra. Messrs. Elder and Stirling (now Elder, Smith, and Co.), who were agents for Captain Hughes, assisted him pecuniarily at first, and it was not long before a rift in the cloud of difficulties was discernible. Skilled labour was easily available, as even then it was found that some of the richer "blows" at the Burra Burra were being worked out, and the Cornish miners were only too glad to avail themselves of the prospects offered by the new field.

Before long the quantity of ore raised suggested the necessity of smelting works, and soon some furnaces were erected, forming the nucleus of the present large works at Wallaroo, which are under the same proprietors. There was an abundant supply of timber, and the country being flat, and the surface hard, the cartage of the ores by teams was not difficult. Soon the vast increase of population in the mine attracted business people to the district, and the towns of Kadina and Wallaroo rapidly sprang up. Subsequently the large traffic induced an enterprising gentleman (Mr. A. H. Gouge) to construct a tram-line from Wallaroo mines to the Port, and this quickly superseded the teams, which, however, found abundance of employment in carrying ore from the Moonta mines, discovered a few months after the Wallaroo. A few years later the tram-line was purchased by the Kadina and Wallaroo Railway and Pier Company, who subsequently constructed another line from Wallaroo to Moonta, and the concern proved one of the most remunerative undertakings in the colony. Thus the Wallaroo mine continued to prosper, and altogether five lodes were discovered, their direction being east and west. But in addition to these there are numerous connecting cross-courses, forming a kind of network. The country is chiefly chloritic schist. The ores, which average about 10 per cent., are not so rich as those of Moonta, but still they were such that it was never necessary to make a call. The average cost of raising ore has been a little over £4 per ton, including loss and depreciation in plant. When the mine was in full work there were about 800 hands employed, and one year the total reached 1,003. The average output of ore has been over 17,000 tons, and the maximum for one year 29,000 tons, while the average annual expenditure has exceeded £74,000.

During the early days of the mine it was under different managements, and, like many similar undertakings in other countries, it was the scene of many storms between employers and employees. The last strike occurred in 1874, and was of a most serious character. It extended to all the principal mines, and it was after this date that the system of letting work by contract took its rise. It was introduced at Moonta, and those who understand the system affirm that it would be almost impossible now to get up a strike, from the fact that many of the "takes" extend over a long period; there is no uniform time for completion, so that while some might be anxious to strike, there are others who have too much at stake to undertake the risk.

Owing to the fall in copper, which commenced about 1876, a large number of the smaller mines in the district were shut down, and in 1878, although copper was over £70 per ton, the Wallaroo mine had to follow suit. This proved most disastrous to a large number of persons, but fortunately the Government works at Kadina, five miles from

Port Wallaroo, were the means of relieving many until they found other ways of earning a livelihood. Many of the miners left the colony, while others took up land and commenced farming.

Although mining operations were virtually suspended, the pumping engines were

LADLING.

kept at work, and also a small number of miners. Subsequently, however, it was decided to vest the management in Captain Hancock, who is also superintendent of the Moonta mine. Fresh ore-separating machinery was introduced, as was also the contract system. The company acquired the Devon Consols mine, an adjoining property to the southward, and in 1886 they purchased the Kurilla mine which joins the southern boundary of the Devon.

Operations have never resumed their former proportions, but, as a proof of what may be accomplished by careful management and modern appliances, it may be mentioned that although copper fell at the end of 1886 to less than £45 per ton, the mine which stopped eight years previously because it would not pay to produce copper at £72 per ton, is being worked now without incurring any loss. It must be acknowledged, however, that much of this is due to the competition amongst the men, many of them—rather than be out of work during a time when the colony generally was under a cloud of depression—having taken work at a rate which barely provided food.

The majority of the miners reside in cottages of their own building on the mineral sections, having to pay a ground rent of 10s. per year to the Government. Outwardly some of these dwellings are not inviting, but inside the majority are very comfortable, and many are patterns of cleanliness. A few years ago the company constructed about 150 stone cottages for the reception of some miners whom they brought out from Cornwall, but, owing to the gradual decline in the price of copper, and other causes, the undertaking was unsatisfactory to all concerned.

The machinery of the mine is very extensive, and in itself amply repays the trouble of inspection. There are three large pumping engines, besides a number of hauling or winding engines of lesser size. Not long ago the company purchased the engine-house and machinery belonging to the New Cornwall mine, near Kadina. The whole was taken down—the stones being numbered—and re-erected at Wallaroo mines, but, owing to the depression, the work has not been completed. There is also a large workshop in the mine, besides extensive offices and stables.

The country being flat, the drainage during wet weather is bad, and consequently the sanitary condition of the place is not all that might be desired. Still, sickness is not more prevalent than in other parts of the colony where equal population enjoys the advantages of more extensive sanitary aids. There are no hotels or places of business on the mines, but the towns are close at hand, where all wants are readily supplied. It must be said to the credit of the people that sobriety is a marked characteristic. It is seldom that anyone is seen the worse for liquor, and often weeks pass during which the Kadina Police Court does not have a single charge of drunkenness brought before it.

In connection with the mines, the smelting works naturally hold a prominent place. Smelting the copper forms the chief industry of the town of Wallaroo, and the works, which are situated in close proximity to the jetty, rank among the largest of their kind in the world. They were established in 1861, in connection with the Wallaroo Mining Company, with the object of treating the ores that were being raised from the recently discovered mines. With the extension of mining which followed the discovery of the Moonta mines, they rapidly developed, until there were twenty-one calcining kilns, twenty-eight reducing and roasting furnaces, and six refiners. There was quite a forest of chimneys, for the works covered several acres of ground, a large extent of which had been reclaimed from the foreshore by means of the refuse slag from the works. The calcining kilns are used for burning the sulphur of the ores, the Wallaroo ores especially being strongly impregnated with it.

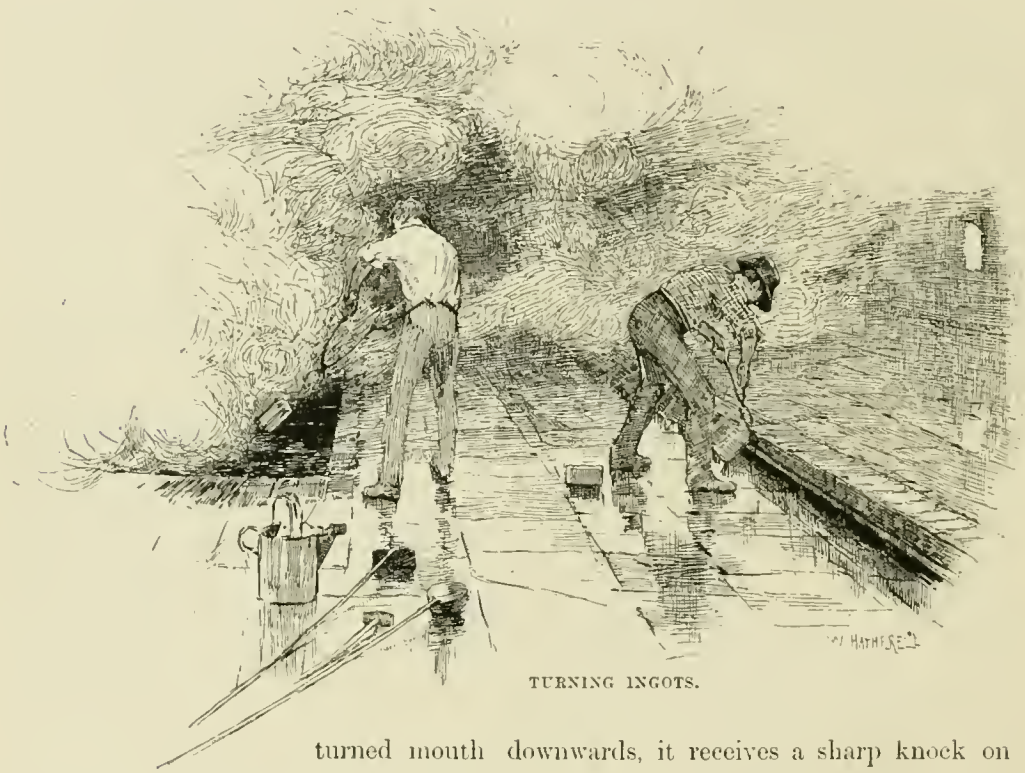
The process is simple. A quantity of small wood is laid underneath, and the ore to be treated, broken to the size of small road metal, is shot in until the kiln, the capacity of which is from 140 to 170 tons, is full. The kiln is sealed and the wood ignited, and by the aid of the sulphur in the ore this fire burns for a period varying from ten to thirteen weeks. In addition to getting rid of the sulphur, this operation has the effect of softening the stone and rendering it more subservient to the crushers. In the earlier years of the works the old Welsh system was adopted, but under the able management of Mr. T. C. Cloud, modern methods have been introduced, which, according to the testimony of experts, have been of great advantage, both in the way of preventing waste and of reducing the cost of smelting generally. To give an idea of the extent of the old works, when all the furnaces were at work, over a thousand tons of coal were consumed weekly. Every two or three furnaces had a small chimney, so that at times the whole neighbourhood was enveloped in smoke, so strongly impregnated with sulphur that visitors to the town for the first time often wondered how the people could live in such an atmosphere. Latterly, however, the chimney-stacks have disappeared, and underground passages or culverts have taken their place. These are led to the main stock, which stands on the high ground on the eastern side, and is nearly 130 feet high. The result is that the smoke is less injurious to vegetation, and hundreds of tons of sulphur are yearly taken out of these culverts, containing in some instances a large percentage of copper, and very serviceable as a flux in smelting other ores. Some time ago one of Oxland and Hocking's revolving calciners was erected, and this has been followed by another. The "smalls" are put through these, and the process, which occupies so many weeks in the kilns, is thus completed in seven hours. Since the depression in the copper trade, a much larger quantity of the poorer ores has been sent to the company's works on the Hunter River (New South Wales), so that many of the furnaces are now idle.

A large number of vessels are engaged in conveying coal from Newcastle to Wallaroo for the works. At first these had to go back in ballast, but it was found subsequently that the cheaper ores could be smelted with greater advantage in New South Wales than at Wallaroo, and so it came about that in 1867 the company erected branch works on the Hunter River. Coal vessels now take back a quantity of ore equal to their register tonnage. Of recent years one of the crushing engines has been engaged in the manufacture of firebricks, suitable clay being obtained in the district. Before this was done, a large amount of money was yearly sent to England for the purchase of firebricks.

One of the most interesting features of the refining process is that known as ladling. The charge has been carefully examined by the chief smelter or refiner, who alone is in the possession of the secret, a knowledge of which is a *sine quâ non* in the production of first-class copper. With a long-handled spoon he has taken a small quantity out, and retired to a small sacred chamber, into which none but this "high priest" is allowed to enter, and, having satisfied himself that the moment for ladling has arrived, he gives the order, and a band of stalwart Welshmen, apparently regardless of the intense heat, immediately commence to dip the molten metal out by means of large ladles, which hold from 14 to 20 lbs. of copper. From sixty to eighty large moulds are arranged in a quadrangle, and, after completing a round, the men commence with the first row again, the former

quantity having cooled sufficiently to form a cake. This is continued until all are filled. When sufficiently cooled, the moulds are turned over and the cakes fall out. Some of the moulds hold four and others six cakes, which vary in weight from 40 to 60 lbs. A large quantity is made into ingots; these moulds are much smaller, the ingot weighing about 14 lbs.

After these have cooled, the work of turning ingots begins. This task is generally entrusted to youths. With a pair of long pincers the mould is seized near the end. The pincers, being sharp-pointed, allow the mould to swing round, and, after being thus



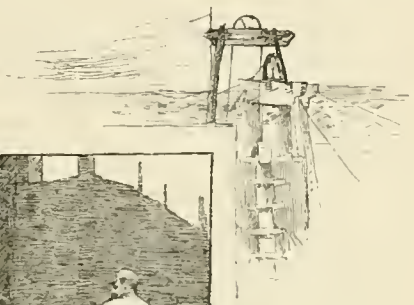
TURNING INGOTS.

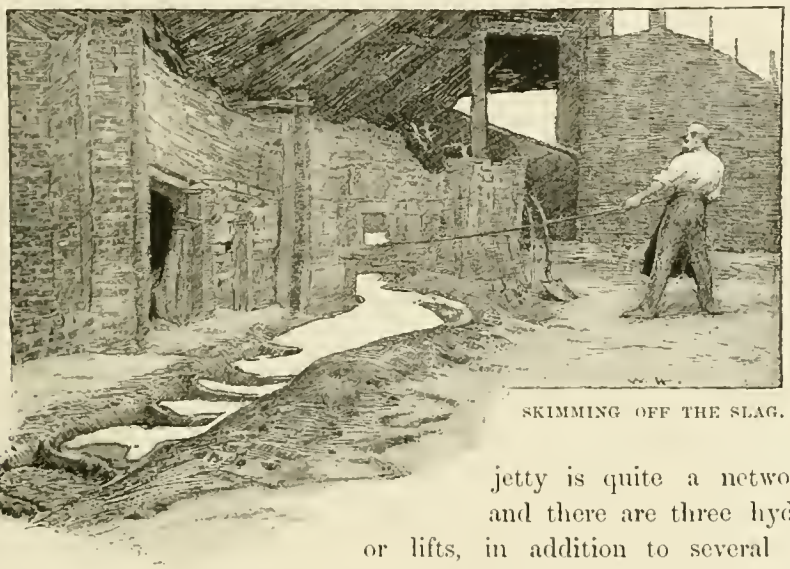
turned mouth downwards, it receives a sharp knock on the floor, when the ingot falls out, and is immediately seized by another lad armed with similar pincers, who throws it into a large trough sunk to the level of the floor, where it remains until cool enough to be removed to the store room. This also has the effect of preserving the rich colour of the copper.

Another part of the process consists of skimming the slag off one of the roasters. Before this is begun, a bed of sand is laid down and wetted; after which some twenty indentations are made, with small connecting branches. The furnace is then tapped, and the smelter, with a scraper-like instrument, about 15 feet long, skims off the slag, which runs into the small sandpits, and is left there until it cools. Of course the same process takes place at the reducing furnaces, and the slag from these is broken up and carted away. Already some fifteen acres of land has been reclaimed from the foreshore by means of this slag, besides a breakwater. But the slag from the roaster, containing as it does

at times a large percentage of copper, is broken up and returned to the ore yard, where it is mixed in a certain proportion with the ores that are being sent to the reducers, this slag forming an excellent flux. After the skimming is done, a lower cavity of the furnace is tapped, and the rough copper is run into similar sandbeds, from which, after it cools, it is conveyed to the refinery.

The jetty alongside which the vessels come to deliver and receive cargo, is one of the most substantial structures of the kind in the colonies. It is of wood, is 1,605 feet in length, and was completed in August, 1881, at a cost of about £22,000. The depth of water at the outer berths is 24 feet at extreme low water, but the average depth is seldom below 27 feet. The jetty is quite a network of railways, and there are three hydraulic "whips" or lifts, in addition to several steam winches. The old pier, some 400 yards north-east of the new one, has done good service, and vessels belonging to the coal fleet and coasters use it in preference to the new one, as it is much lower. It is 800 feet long, and vessels with upwards of 1,000 tons of coal have frequently discharged at it, while others have taken away from it over 1,400 tons of wheat without lightering.





SKIMMING OFF THE SLAG.

Leaving Wallaroo, and proceeding by tramway ten miles in a southerly direction across a plain covered with dwarf scrub, the township of Moonta, with its mines, is reached. It is the youngest of the three large mining towns, and although its population is not quite so large as that of either of its two neighbours, in other respects it surpasses them. It is well laid out, is smaller in area than Kadina or Wallaroo, and is therefore more closely built upon. It soon followed the examples of the other towns in the matter of creating a local governing body, and its corporation has been singularly successful. Every street in the town is macadamised, all the footpaths in the main streets are kerbed and asphalted, and are kept remarkably clean; and, in short, the town is the perfection of neatness. There is an ornamental square, too, in the centre, tastefully laid out, and

planted with trees, while at one corner of the square has been erected a large Institute, costing nearly £3,000.

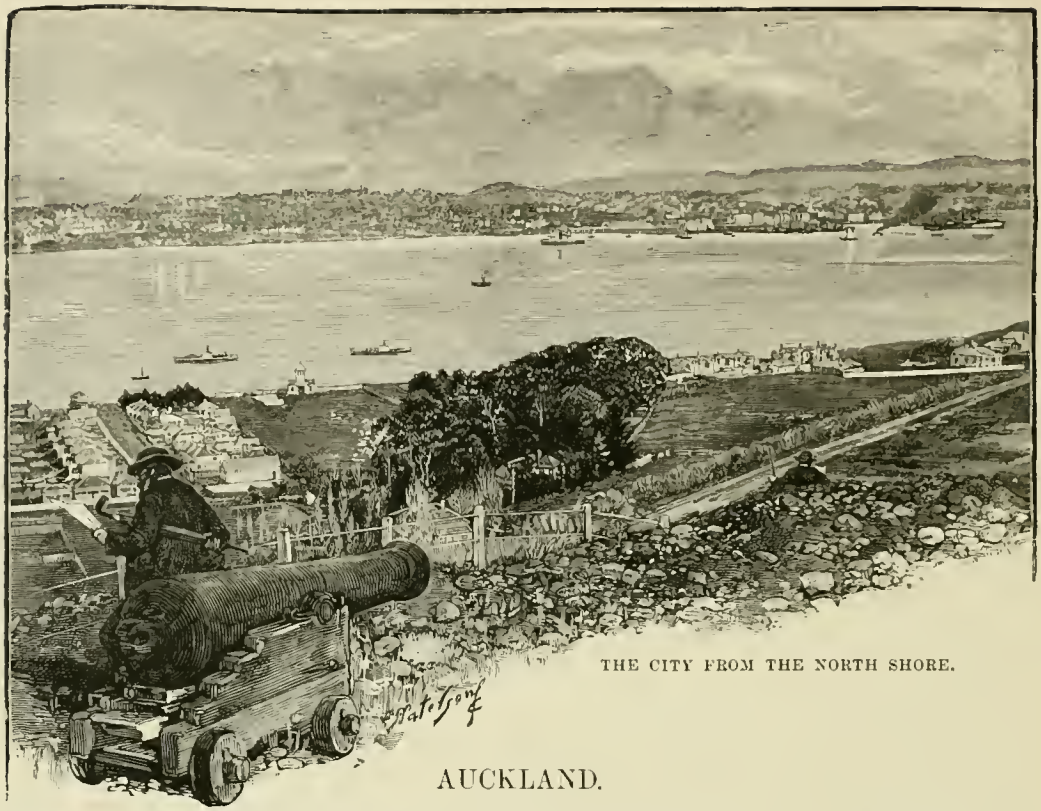
In addition to the Local Court, Moonta has a Local Court of Insolvency; the Licensing Bench for the Peninsula also sits here, as does the Peninsula Road Board. There are main roads leading into the town from Green's Plains, Clinton, and Maitland, and the place is connected with Wallaroo by means of the tram-line which was constructed to carry the ore traffic of the Moonta mines. But notwithstanding these numerous roads, Moonta reaps less benefit from its agricultural districts than is enjoyed by Kadina and Wallaroo. Still, the town has been fortunate, inasmuch as the Moonta and Hamley mines, which are about a mile away, have scarcely ever had fewer than 1,500 men working on them, which is equivalent to a population of 6,000 or 7,000. Moonta has a large State school; the Freemasons and Friendly Societies have halls of their own; and the town has also some of the largest and handsomest churches on the Peninsula. On the whole, the buildings at Moonta are much more pretentious, from an architectural point of view, than those in the other towns. The Bank of South Australia is a handsome edifice, and so is the National Bank. The Miners' Union has a large store, conducted on cash principles, no profit other than that required for working expenses being charged. The water supply is from tanks and reservoirs.

The mines are about three miles south-east of Moonta Bay. The first of them was discovered a few months later than the Wallaroo by another shepherd employed by Captain Hughes, named Patrick Ryan. It is much more extensive than its big neighbour, and the ores are richer, and less expensive to smelt, and very soon after it started handsome dividends were obtained by the lucky proprietors. Many of the less profitable workings have now been stopped. Up to 1884, since when it has paid nothing, the mine had yielded in dividends £1,072,000. The Moonta was the first mine or company in the colonies to pay a million in dividends.

The machinery, apart from the underground workings, is one of the wonders of the colony, and what makes it more interesting is the fact that a large portion of it has been made in the workshops of the company, which are fitted with all modern appliances (including large steam hammers), and have, in addition, facilities for turning out castings of the largest size required. There is not so much pumping required at Moonta as at Wallaroo mines, but, in addition to a larger number of hauling engines, the Moonta mines are provided with three large crushing engines, the largest having 35-inch cylinders. These are always fully employed, and what with these and the "jigging" machines introduced by Captain Hancock, the ore, which in some cases is not much better than that at Wallaroo, is dressed to 20 per cent. These "jiggers" are capable of putting through about 150 tons per day. In cases where they are not able to effectually separate the ore, stampers are used, and the copper is extracted by means of "buddles." Of these both the Cornish and the German types are in use. In fact, labour-saving appliances have been made a particular study. The winding-engines have frequently to work shafts some hundreds of fathoms away. This is done by means of wire ropes conveyed along pulleys supported on wooden uprights, a perfect forest of which meets the eye in every direction.

One gratifying feature in connection with these mines is that, notwithstanding the temptation offered to "pick the eyes" out of the mine in order to keep up dividends, exploring operations have been carried on vigorously, so that if times should improve, everything is clear for increasing the staff and making the most of the mine. The lodes run north and south, and traverse a porphyritic rock formation. The green ore (hydrous oxychloride of copper) is found not only near the surface, but also from the surface to a depth of from ten to fifteen fathoms, and often in large masses. Below fifteen fathoms only small quantities are occasionally found, which may, in fact, be regarded as mere specimens. Native copper is found at a depth ranging from seven to twenty fathoms, and is frequently met with in company with rich black ore in somewhat larger quantities. Below twenty fathoms only casual patches are found. The red oxide of copper in a crystallised and massive state is only met with here and there at a depth of twelve fathoms, where the lodes are intersected by cross-courses. The grey sulphide is usually found under the oxides, while the purple sulphides, and copper pyrites of various classes, are lighted upon at all depths below the shallow levels. We are told that some very rich copper pyrites, yielding 30 per cent. of pure metal, and some very rich purple sulphide, yielding 50 per cent., have been disclosed at the deepest level of the mine, viz., 200 fathoms. The average output is from 18,000 to 20,000 tons, and one year it reached 23,600 tons.

We may remark, concerning the social and moral condition of the people, that the mining centres have earned an exceptionally good character. In April, 1887, there was only one policeman each at Kadina, Wallaroo mines, Moonta, and Moonta mines. The convictions for crime are 75 per cent. less than the average of the whole province, and convictions for drunkenness are over 50 per cent. below the average of the colony. At Moonta mines is one of the largest schools in the colony, which has obtained excellent averages at the annual examinations. The number of churches is, or seems to be, abnormally great, but the denominations represented are confined to the Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Bible Christians.



THE CITY FROM THE NORTH SHORE.

AUCKLAND.

Conformation of North Island—The Approach to Auckland by Sea—Devonport—The Wharf—Officers of the Harbour Board—Calliope Dock—Picturesqueness of the City—Its Names—Queen Street—A Mixed Population—Climate—A Land of Wind—Artistic—Public Parks—Manufactories—View from Mount Eden—The Caves—Onehunga—Dying like Heroes—Rangitoto: a Mountain Isle—Tiri-Tiri—Barrier Islands—A Tragedy—Kawau Island—The Future of Auckland—"Twice Blessed."

THE North Island of New Zealand is one of the most irregular and fantastic of the islands of the sea. The basis of its formation is a square with the angles pointing north, south, east, and west. At the western corner it bulges out, and is terminated by Cape Egmont. From the east it sends out a tongue of land fifty miles in length, the uttermost point of which is East Cape. From the southern angle there extend for a hundred miles in a south-westerly direction, with a backbone of mountains, the rich plains of Wairarapa, of which the windy and precipitous Cape Palliser is the southern limit. And from the northern corner of this huge square there stretches away for two hundred miles to the north-north-west a strip of land of varying breadth, diversified by a thousand vagaries of island, hill, and harbour, but for the greater part unfruitful. As it approaches its northern limits it degenerates into low hills of white sand, and then, being suddenly endowed with new life, it bids defiance to the Pacific from the rocky heights of the North Cape. At what may be said to be the junction of this strip of land with the mainland of the North Island it is not more than three miles wide, Manukau Harbour being on the western side and Waitemata, or Auckland Harbour, on the eastern. On the slopes which form the southern shore of the latter stands Auckland, which, with its environs, has a population of some fifty thousand.

The approach to Auckland by sea on a fine summer day is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined. The ship suddenly rounds the North Head at the entrance to the harbour, and an exquisite scene bursts into view. The harbour itself, in point of beauty, is as fine a one as could be found anywhere, being in this respect a

THE WHARF.

dangerous rival even to that of Sydney, although it does not afford such good accommodation to ships. Some patriotic Aucklanders assert that in point both of beauty and of convenience it is the best harbour in the world, and a few travellers have been known to support them in their claims. There are many and good grounds for these assertions, but their value may to some extent be tested by the single fact that steamers drawing eighteen feet are, or were very recently, often aground at low-water, and have to await the rise of the tide to get under way. Moreover, the tide has a rise of about ten feet, and sometimes causes no small inconvenience. Patriotism is capable

of much pardonable self-deception. We have met a man, well-read and much-travelled, who believed more firmly than most people believe the Thirty-nine Articles that Glasgow, city of smoke and turmoil and grey skies, is the most beautiful city in the world.

Steaming towards the wharf, you have on your right hand, and just under the shelter of the North Head, the pretty village of Devonport, a quiet nook on the north shore of the Waitemata, inhabited to a great extent by well-to-do people, who make their money on the opposite shore. A few miles further up on the same side may be seen a tall chimney belching forth volumes of smoke into the clear blue sky. It is surrounded by buildings of such a kind as suggests that some important manufacture is going on within. These are the sugar-works, and there is a little town close by where the work-people live in neat little cottages, nearly all of the same design. The New Zealand Sugar Company manufactures various qualities of sugar from cane grown on their plantations in the Fiji Islands, and commands a good market. Here and there all over the harbour are merchant ships lying at anchor. Some have just arrived, after a tedious voyage, and are stained and weather-beaten. Others are in all the glory of fresh paint, and, with sails newly bent, are ready for their outward journey. On your left hand, in the foreground, is the wharf, with the town stretching away behind it. The wharf reaches far out into the harbour, and at a busy time offers but scant room to the large number of vessels that would take advantage of it, notwithstanding that it has been recently enlarged. It is crowded with steamers and sailing-vessels of all sorts and sizes. Here are to be seen, conspicuous by their cheerful red funnels, the steamers of the Union Company, which run to all parts of New Zealand and to Australia, and a number of smaller fry, of every tint of hull and funnel, which trade on the adjacent coasts, some as far as Wellington. Here, too, may perhaps be seen a big four-master about to proceed to Calcutta or San Francisco under ballast, or to London with a cargo of wool, tallow, and kauri gum; and scores of smaller vessels, from the barks, brigs, and schooners with white hulls and graceful spars, which trade to the islands of the Pacific, down to the humble lighters and ketches, whose daily drudgery confines them within the limits of the harbour and its immediate neighbourhood.

At the head of the wharf, on the right hand, going towards the town, there is a commodious and handsome square building of three storeys—the offices of the Harbour Board. As one looks at it, and includes in the field of vision the less pretentious structures it may be said to control, the thought is suggested—as it might be by many other instances throughout New Zealand—that governing bodies with money to expend on public works do not always disburse it in the most judicious way. In this instance, for example, thinks the intelligent stranger, would it not have been better to extend the wharf before housing its administrators in such magnificent quarters? Much, however, may be forgiven them on account of another work which has recently been completed—a graving dock, called the Calliope Dock. Auckland is very proud of it, and justly. It is one of the largest in the world, and is capable of admitting vessels of the largest size, being five hundred feet long, and at high-water, during ordinary spring tides, containing thirty-three feet of water. It is expected it will be used by the greater number of the ships of war on the Pacific station, and not only by British

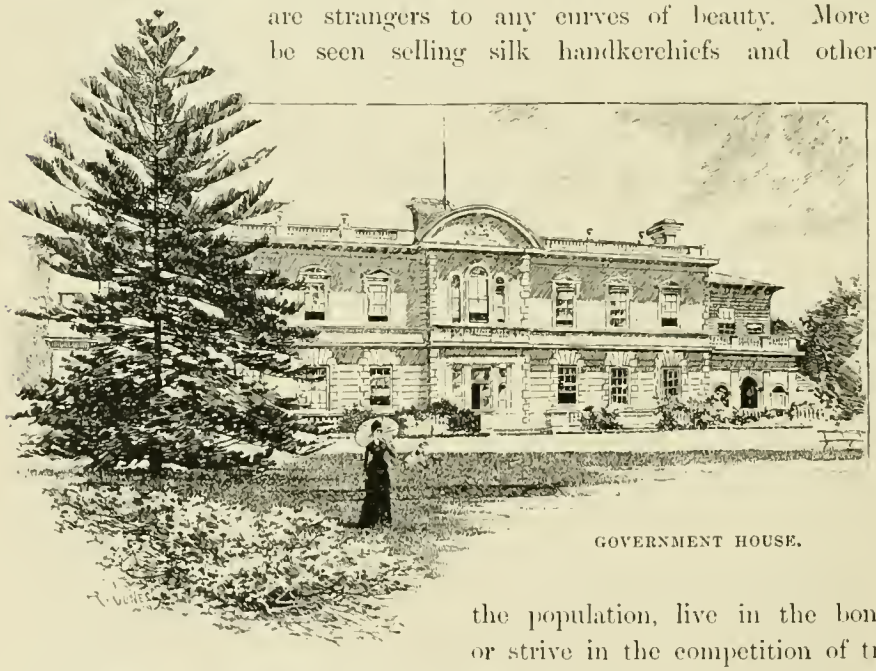
men-of-war, but by those of foreign nations as well; and that it will make Auckland an important naval rendezvous, a position for which it has eminent natural qualifications. To show that these hopes are not baseless, it may be mentioned that a French warship, the *Duquesne*, was kept several months at Honolulu awaiting the completion of the dock, and was at last obliged to go to San Francisco, because it could wait no longer.

The picturesqueness of Auckland is apparent in the sky, in the air, in the turrets and spires, in the labyrinth of ropes, masts, and shrouds; in the suburban villas peeping coquettishly from bowers of evergreens; and in the ever-changing water, at one time content to drink in and treasure up in its serene depths all the beauty that surrounds it, and at another taking to itself a beauty all its own of spray, foam, and wave, and an exuberant life and gaiety which is communicated to the beholder according to his capacity to receive it. And not only in all these, but in the very names of the places in and around it there is an element of the picturesque. The mixture of names from savage and civilised sources has a romantic and pleasing effect on the minds of those whom familiarity has not rendered insensible to it. Thus, there are Victoria Street and Karangahape Road, Devonport and Onehunga, Parnell and Remuera, Mount Eden and Mount Rangitoto; and then there is the aforesaid Calliope Dock, named after the man-of-war which, in 1846–48, used to practise gunnery at a point on the north shore of the harbour. Auckland, by the way, has now two docks, there being another much smaller one near the wharf.

Queen Street, which runs from the head of the wharf and in a straight line with it, is the principal street of the city. As you enter it you see on your left the new railway-station—a few low buildings enclosed by a brick wall. The street presents no very striking features, and for the principal thoroughfare of such a large and thriving place as Auckland it is decidedly unattractive, considered from an architectural point of view. After dark it is positively dismal, most of the shops being closed, and the gas-lamps few and far between. In this respect it shows a marked contrast to Bourke Street in Melbourne, and even to Princes Street in Dunedin, both of which between the hours of seven and ten are more or less brilliant and bustling. On the afternoon of a fine day, however, the variety of human nature and costume which Queen Street presents is very remarkable. Auckland, from its position on the route between Sydney and San Francisco, and on account of its being a centre of the South Sea Island trade, has come to have a population of a very mixed sort. As you saunter about town, you may hear half-a-dozen different languages, from Maori to Gaelic. The original inhabitants of the country have for the most part abandoned their savage ways, and now dress, smoke, and drink, and otherwise behave themselves, just like Europeans. The men look quite handsome in the garments of civilisation; but on the women these sit somewhat grotesquely. Indeed, some of the latter, although exceedingly anxious to conform at all points to the ways of their white sisters, cannot bear to have their plump, dusky feet encased in boots of any kind; and it has been the lot of more than one to see the wife or daughter of some wealthy native, like a daw in borrowed feathers, strutting barefooted along Queen Street, dressed in the height of

fashion as prescribed by the last mail, and with the addition, it may be, of a briar-root pipe between her snowy teeth. The humbler of the native females are content to go about bareheaded and barefooted, if they can only get a cotton skirt of sufficiently outrageous pattern and a checkered shawl of some gaudy material. Once in a while you will meet a copper-coloured South Sea Islander who has made a few slight concessions to Anglo-Saxon notions of propriety, by adding some nondescript articles of attire to his original waist-cloth. His bleached and tawny hair, sticking out in every direction at right angles to his skull, is the nearest approach to a mop that ever was made by human head, and renders him the cynosure of all eyes.

Here, too, but mostly driving a prosperous trade in vegetables in the suburbs, you will find the unobtrusive and universal Chinaman. He is completely assimilated in outward appearance to those whom he calls barbarians, except in the matter of boots. In that particular the wise Celestial adheres to the dress of his fatherland. There must be some serious defect of comfort or appearance in the boot of modern civilisation, when it is both rejected by the most intelligent of savage races and condemned by the long experience of a people whose civilisation, such as it is, was mature when ours was in its infancy, and whose beginning is lost in those dim ages before Homer sang or the builder of Troy had seen the light. Sometimes, too, you may fall in with an immigrant from Hindostan, clad in a flowing robe of some dark material. He wears a gaily embroidered smoking-cap, and swings a light cane as he glides stealthily along the street on a pair of emaciated legs, whose outlines in every part are strangers to any curves of beauty. More likely he is to be seen selling silk handkerchiefs and other Eastern goods at the street-corners. Here, as everywhere, Jews are abundant and prosperous; and French, Germans, and Italians together with the Saxons and Celts—including not a few Yankees—who form the bulk of the population, live in the bonds of friendship, or strive in the competition of trade.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Auckland lies about thirty-seven degrees below the line. It occupies a position south of the Equator similar to that which is occupied by Athens and Seville to the north of it, and has the same mean temperature as Rome. There is the same Italian

AUCKLAND FROM THE WHARF.

blueness of sky, the same gladness of superabundant sunshine, the same fierce summer heat that drives the inhabitants to flimsy and diaphanous garments, and to general perspiration and breathlessness. Up till now, at any rate, these have not robbed them of their energy of brain and muscle, as to some extent they have done with the Italians. Nay, one might even say that, while this intensity of climate has taken nothing from them, it has endowed them with that swarthy cheek and more restless eye which are the outward tokens of a more sprightly disposition. But nature does not always smile, and it is well that it is so. Even the sunshine itself, from its splendour and continuity, becomes tiresome and baneful to the very organisms of which it is the primary source of life. Human energies flag. Hard work is as impossible a luxury as sound sleep. The supremest effort of which the lazy brain can dream is of lounging along the shady side of the street with a cigarette, of lying full-length on a verandah, or of assuming in turn, in the deepest shade of the blue-gums, all the attitudes which are compatible with a small expenditure of power. Plant-life takes on the appearance of premature old age. The grass whitens, and sometimes puts an end to its long-drawn agony by going off in a blaze. In the neighbourhood of Auckland, however, things seldom come to such a pass.

New Zealand is a land of wind—not mere local draughts that blow about from one mountain range to another, but great, wide, irresistible, sweeping winds, that rush impetuously from the south-west and east their gloom of clouds on the whole land, and howl through every mountain gorge and rage across every plain that lies between the Bluff and the North Cape. The thermometer sinks fifty degrees, and rain falls in torrents, especially upon Auckland. Still the scene loses nothing of its picturesque effect. The tall trees sway and groan, and the little ones creak and rustle, in the mighty wind. The waves, not having room enough to indulge the full extent of their

spleen, chase each other round the harbour, and foam with wrath at the impotence of their pursuit. The ships at anchor swing round with their heads to the blast, and the masts of those at the wharf rock gently to and fro, whilst the cordage rattles as if with terror at the memory of similar days and nights passed in places of less security. The signals flying at the North Head are in imminent danger of being torn to shreds; and beyond, all the islands, capes, and seas are lost in a haze of beneficent mist and rain. By-and-by the sun regains his sway, the winds and vapours are driven back to their antarctic caverns, and everything, from the face of man to the meanest blade that grows, seems vastly invigorated by its term of hydropathic treatment. In fact, owing to the proximity of great expanses of water, the atmosphere of Auckland is often characterised by humidity, and the rain is sometimes too frequent and continuous to be pleasant.

There does not seem to be very much method in the manner in which the city has been laid out. The hilly and irregular nature of the ground has doubtless something to do with this, and it is perhaps hardly to be regretted, for though a little awkward to the visitor who is trying to find his way about, it adds to the artistic effect of the whole. Apropos of art, a splendid art gallery and public library are now open. To these Sir George Grey, the veteran statesman of New Zealand, has presented a very valuable collection of old and rare books, MSS., and pictures, of which he had long been an assiduous and appreciative collector. Auckland is now the possessor of works of art which æsthetic circles in Melbourne and Sydney, and even in other places that could be named, might, and possibly do, regard with a longing eye.

Although Wellington, on account of its central position, is now the seat of Government, that honour was once held by Auckland, and the old Government House and grounds are still one of the features of the place. There is a very good hospital, too—a fine building, situated on the higher ground, and commanding a wide view of the surroundings. The post-office in Shortland Street is an unpretentious building, but suits its purpose just as well as a more imposing structure. There are numerous churches and banks, which would seem to be *primâ facie* proofs of the spiritual and temporal welfare of the inhabitants; and some of the hotels are very good. Few of these buildings, however, exhibit the architectural magnificence which it is usual to find in Australasian towns of any size, or else they do not possess the same advantages of situation. The city supports three daily newspapers—the *Herald*, the *Star*, and the *Bell*.

Besides several very good schools of various grades, there is a College of the New Zealand University, with a small but talented staff of professors. Of these the most eminent is Professor Aldis, who is, according to Froude, "the most brilliant mathematician that Cambridge has produced for half a century."

There are two public parks—Albert Park and the Domain. The former, which is the more recent, is on the face of the rising ground to the east of Queen Street, and can be reached after a short walk by one of the cross streets. It is laid out, after the orthodox fashion, into walks, flower-beds, and stretches of green turf. The latter lies in

a valley between Auckland proper and the suburb of Parnell. It is several hundred acres in extent, and its walks wind in and out among trees of all sorts and by patches of the original bush, where ferns flourish luxuriantly.

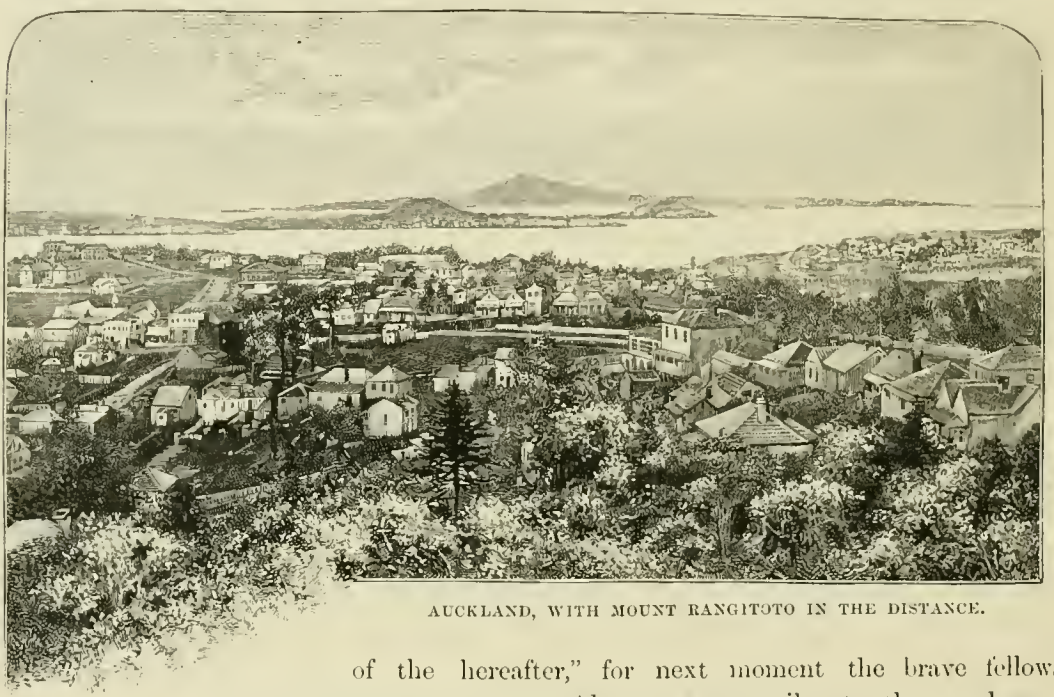
Besides the sugar-works already mentioned, there are several other manufactories in Auckland. Then there are the freezing-works near the railway-wharf, where the canning of preserved meats is extensively carried on. Eggs and butter are also exported in pretty large quantities. The cream from which the butter is made is extracted by a cream-separator, and the persons who supply the milk, after waiting a little, can take the skim-milk away with them to feed their pigs. Of course the principal business of the works is to freeze mutton for exportation to England, where, unfortunately, it has not yet surmounted the groundless prejudice against it. The good people of Britain do not know how good the mutton is, or how much good they would do themselves, and also their New Zealand cousins, by eating it. Then there are manufactories of confections and preserves, soap and candle works, and flour and grain mills. Neither must the various timber companies be forgotten. They deal for the most part in the invaluable kauri—durable, handsome, and easily worked. It is exported to Australia, not only in sawn boards, but also manufactured into doors and sashes. There used to be immense forests of it in the provincial district of Auckland, but now there is a cry going up that it will soon be extinct. At the Colonial Exhibition it came more closely under the notice of timber experts, and, being highly approved of, it is likely to command a market at home. Vehicles of all sorts are manufactured from various colonial timbers, and are as good as are made anywhere.

One of the chief sights of Auckland is the view from Mount Eden—a truncated cone of no great height, which offers no difficulties of ascent, and is within easy distance of the city. The summit commands a peculiarly fine prospect. Owing to the extreme narrowness of the island at this part, there can be seen, stretching away into the dim blue distance, both the eastern and western coasts, with their inlets and promontories and adjacent seas, and their intermediate concourse of mountains. The landscape is of a strongly-marked volcanic type, and cone rises behind cone in apparently never-ending succession. More positive proof of this was furnished not long ago, when a land that is generally spoken of as flowing with milk and honey had a short turn of volcanic *ejecta* in the shape of dust and ashes, fire and clouds, the noise and sulphurous odour of which penetrated to the very heart of Auckland, and brought with them an indefinable horror. Mount Eden itself shows signs of activity at a comparatively recent geologic period. The dregs of the last eruption lie congealed at the bottom of a deep crater whose sides are covered with vegetation, and the surrounding country is strewn with scoriæ. It was also at one time a fortified Maori "pah," or village, and on its sides the excavations and terraces are still visible in a state of almost complete preservation. They evince much intelligence and skill, and with the addition of palisades of strong timber, they must have been nigh impregnable to such modes and engines of war as could be directed against them.

Another remarkable sight, about five miles to the south of Auckland, is a number of caves, big and little, said to be caused by the bursting of immense bubbles of cooling

lava. The entrance to each is through a bower of ferns, whose beauty ill consorts with the ghastly collection of bleached and broken bones strewn about in the sepulchral gloom of the interior. They lie in the vicinity of a group of extinct volcanoes called the Three Kings, and are connected with the town by a good road.

A few miles from the city by road or rail is Onehunga, on the Manukau Harbour. It is by means of this port that the traffic with Wellington and the West Coast is chiefly conducted. At the entrance to the harbour is one of the most dangerous bars in New Zealand, which are certainly not a few. On this terrible bar was lost H.M.S. *Orpheus* with nearly all on board. As the masts went by the board, the men who were clustered in the rigging gave a cheer, which must have echoed through the "land



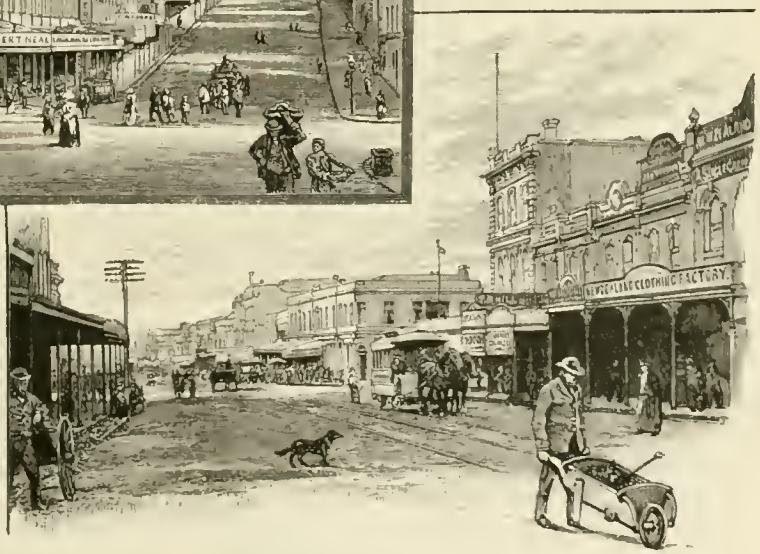
AUCKLAND, WITH MOUNT RANGITOTO IN THE DISTANCE.

of the hereafter," for next moment the brave fellows were no more. About twenty miles to the north-west lies Helensville, on the southern reaches of the Kaipara Harbour. It is united to Auckland by rail, and is the centre of the timber trade. Returning again to the north shore of the Waitemata, and journeying three or four miles by road from Devonport, you come upon Lake Takapuna, a small but beautiful sheet of water with very pretty surroundings. It is yearly becoming a more favourite resort of Aucklanders on account of its being completely out of sight and hearing of what they are pleased to call the city's din; and a large hotel has just been erected, where one may have all the conveniences which are to be had within sound of the city's "central roar."

Just outside the harbour, and on the southern side of the channel leading to its entrance, is the mountain isle of Rangitoto. It is an extinct volcano, whose regularly ascending sides, covered with dense bush, rise to a height of 920 feet. The meaning of its name is the mount of the "bloody sky," and it has, perhaps, some reference to

the rising or setting of the sun, or more likely to an eruption witnessed at, or soon after, the arrival of the Maoris from Hawaiki, their traditional birthplace. Away to the north of it is the small island of Tiri-Tiri, on the highest point of which, three hundred feet above the sea, there is a lighthouse. Still further north, and towards the deep sea, are the Great and Little Barrier Islands, with many more that spring up for miles all along the eastern coast almost as far as the North Cape. Both the Barrier Islands, as their names signify, act as huge breakwaters to the mighty Pacific waves and swells that might otherwise seriously discompose the offing of the harbour, and even the harbour itself. They are nearly covered

VICTORIA STREET.



QUEEN STREET.

with bush, and are very precipitous, the Little Barrier being 1,400 feet high, and the Great Barrier 2,300 feet.

With the greater of these islands is connected a singular tragedy. Less than half-a-dozen years ago the captain and mate of a small but fast-sailing vessel, called the *Sovereign of the Seas,* proceeded therein to the Great Barrier, taking with them, by her own consent, a young woman. At the Barrier the captain attempted to carry off a woman who had once been his sweetheart, but who was now married to another man. In the scuffle that followed the woman escaped, but her father was shot dead. The murderers then fled to their vessel, and sailed away with the black flag at the masthead. For some time nothing was heard of them. The whole coast and neighbouring seas were scoured, but to no purpose. Three months later the *Sovereign of the Seas* was dashed to pieces on the Australian coast. Her crew escaped the waves only to fall into the hands of

the law. They had suffered terrible privations, and the men had lived in mortal fear of each other. They were brought back to Auckland. On the evidence of the girl the men were condemned and hanged, and shortly after their execution she might have been seen about town in the deepest mourning, and evidently highly gratified by the notoriety she had attained.

Kawau Island also deserves mention, as having been for some time the residence of Sir George Grey. It is thirty miles, almost due north, from Auckland, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait. It is a well-wooded, picturesque island, four or five miles in length, and about the same breadth at its broadest part, and is much indented on its western side. It has now been purchased, for £12,000, by some Victorian Crœsus, who intends to make of it a home, and indeed it is a home worthy not merely of a Crœsus, but of a poet or a transcendental philosopher. The residence lies at the head of Bon Accord Harbour, the largest of the bays on the western side, and looks more like an English manor-house than the ornamental piles of wood and ironwork which are usually met with. In the grounds which surround it there is a rare collection of flowers, shrubs, and trees from almost every latitude—pines, palms, roses, magnolias, peaches, plums, bananas, oranges, not to mention half a hundred more. A native tree called the pohutukawa ("dipped in spray"), whose limbs are strangely twisted and gnarled, and which bears a wealth of crimson flowers at Christmas-tide, grows all round the shores. Over the island there roam flocks of sheep, cattle, wallabies, and fallow deer; at every part of its rocky coast are to be found colonies of delicious oysters, and in the waters that surround it there is an abundance of fish, from shark to mullet. The most striking feature of the island is the woody promontory of Momona, which runs out into the sea, and forms the southern shore of Bon Accord Harbour. In ante-European times it was the point of vantage from which a powerful tribe of marauders made their descents on the neighbouring mainland and islands, till they were at last dislodged, and in great part eaten, by a grand alliance of the injured tribes. On the coast, halfway between Tiri-Tiri and Kawau, lies the pleasant little watering-place of Waiwera. It has regular communication with Auckland by steamer, and is becoming a favourite health resort on account of the hot springs in its neighbourhood. Waiwera means "hot water."

Of the future of Auckland it may not be out of place to say a few words. America and Australia are two great continents which do not yet contain more than a very small fraction of the population which it is possible for them to support. As their populations increase, and their magnificent resources develop, and when the march of intellect and the dear lessons of experience have combined to teach sounder economic principles than now prevail, a great trade is sure to spring up between them. In this traffic Auckland will always be a port of call, not only because it is in the direct route, but also because it has command of large supplies of coal from the mines of Kawa-Kawa, Kamo, Taupiri, Waikato, &c., besides others which may yet be opened. It will moreover be the outlet through which the tributary of New Zealand trade will join the larger stream. The South Sea Islands, though not the El Dorados our forefathers believed them, possess a sufficient abundance of wealth and

of possibilities of wealth. Auckland is the most convenient port for carrying on trade between them and New Zealand, and has already engaged, in what will become an important traffic, scores of small craft and at least two steamers. But space would fail if all were to be told that the Auckland of the future will certainly be, long before the sun begins to burn low. It will be a sort of Neapolitan Liverpool, with docks, wharves, shipbuilding-yards, and immense warehouses, and also a kind of Tyrrhenian Portsmouth, with war-ships, forts, and arsenals.

It cannot be doubted that the circumstances of a more genial climate, of natural features more varied, fantastic, and rugged, of a situation amidst apparent infinitudes of ocean, of economical conditions of existence which take all the fever, strife, and bitterness out of the struggle for a livelihood, of contact and amalgamation with other races, and of a somewhat different diet—it cannot be doubted that these circumstances are slowly evolving from the original Anglo-Saxon elements a people which will differ from the parent stock as much as, and probably a great deal more than, the typical American of the States does; or as the Spaniard of the Mexican plateaus differs from him of the Castilian sierras; or as the Boer of the South African mountains from the plodding Dutchman of dykes and canals. What by the lapse of centuries will become the leading characteristics of the inhabitants of this maritime city it would be presumptuous to predict in detail; but it cannot be wrong to say that they will not be quite the same as those which will be developed in the inhabitants of more southern cities—Dunedin, for example, where the climate is colder, and there is less diversity of type among the present settlers. Doubtless they will be a vivacious and pleasure-loving community of merchants and sailors, with an aristocracy of politicians and men of letters, though their policy may be more dashing than prudent, and their literature more brilliant than profound, more Byronic than Wordsworthian, more Pickwickian than Johnsonian.

Altogether, Auckland is a place twice blessed—blessed in climate and blessed in situation, blessed in the present and likely to be more than ever blessed in the future provided its municipal conduct be in accordance with those laws which, with cities as with men, are the inexorable conditions of greatness.

THE SUPREME COURT.

THROUGH TASMANIA BY RAIL AND ROAD.

From Burnie to Launceston—Castra and its Origin—Hamilton-on-Forth—Latrobe—Deloraine—Westbury—Hagley—Quamby and Sir Richard Dry—Bishopsbourne—Longford—Perth—From Launceston to Hobart by Road—Epping Forest and Cleveland—A Railway Disaster—Campbell Town—Ross—Horton College—Mona Vale—Tunbridge—The "Half-way House"—Oatlands—Jericho—Melton Mowbray—Green Ponds—Bagdad—Pontville—Horseshoe Bridge—Bridgewater Causeway.

IN other articles on Tasmania, we have conducted our readers through the principal objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Hobart, of the Lakes, of Launceston, and of the North-West Coast, and have also taken them to Mount Bischoff. We will now make the famous Mount our starting-place for another trip. The journey herefrom to Launceston must be by rail to Burnie, the town which has risen on Emu Bay. This is a prettily-situated little place, of increasing importance. A coach runs daily hence to Formby. Having made the excursion from Launceston along the coast by water, it will give agreeable variety to do the return journey by land.

The road is a very pleasant one. It is almost always within sight of the sea, and in some places actually on the hard sand of the beach. From Ulverstone, through which it passes, a plank-road runs to the settlement of Castra, interesting both for its history and for its influence on the colonisation of this part of Tasmania. In the year 1867 the Tasmanian Government was induced by Colonel Crawford, a retired Indian officer, to set apart a block of 50,000 acres for selection by officers of the Indian Civil and Military Services. The colonel published a pamphlet which was circulated widely throughout India and had the effect of drawing the attention of Indian officials to the advantages of Tasmania as a place of retreat for their old age. It induced many such to come here on their retirement from active service, and many of those who came remained in the colony; few, however, took up the land offered in Castra, though the terms seemed very advantageous. They found it on the whole as cheap to buy cultivated land as to clear a holding for themselves in this heavily-timbered district. The result of Colonel Crawford's scheme, however, has been to introduce a large number of gentlemen settlers amongst the residents of the North-West Coast. The colonel's own estate and his very pleasant country residence are within the Castra boundaries.

From Ulverstone the coach-road runs more inland, and passes through Hamilton on-Forth, about four miles up the river. It is a pleasantly-situated township, with a curiously-shaped bridge connecting the portions that lie on the opposite sides of the river. A considerable number of retired Indian officials live in the neighbourhood of Hamilton. It is also the residence of Mr. James Smith, the discoverer of the Mount Bischoff tin-deposits. The next stage of the journey brings us to the Don, and the next to Formby, the terminus of the Launceston and Western Line. Till within the last few years the Western Railway ended at Deloraine. The extension to Formby was completed early in 1885.

The only place worth particular mention between Formby and Deloraine is Latrobe. It is of recent growth, is one of the largest of the country towns of Tasmania, and is important as the mart of an extensive agricultural district. It is prettily situated on the Mersey, which widens out into a lagoon a little way below the town. The lagoon has a navigable channel near its right bank, and little steamers ply up and down this channel between Formby and Latrobe. The left bank, two miles off, is a

DELORAINE.

series of bays and inlets, well wooded, and studded with farms, mills, and private residences. The steam trip between the two towns furnishes a delightful little water excursion for a fine morning. The relative importance of Latrobe amongst country townships in Tasmania may be inferred from the fact that the only Tasmanian newspaper published elsewhere than in Hobart or Launceston is issued in this town, and that two English banking companies and one Tasmanian company have branch establishments here, conducting their business in handsome buildings erected expressly

for the purpose. It is, moreover, the only town in the island which has an organised fire-brigade.

A journey of two hours from Latrobe brings us to Deloraine. This township is prettily situated on the Meander, its buildings occupying both sides of the river, which is crossed by a substantial bridge. The town lies high, and from some parts of it, especially from the Anglican Church of St. Mark, a very fine view is obtained of a rich grazing country shut in by mountains. The land now devoted chiefly to pasture was formerly the most productive wheat-growing district in the island. A quarter of a century ago there was a large annual export of wheat to Victoria, and it was to facilitate this trade that the Launceston and Deloraine Railway was constructed, on an extravagantly expensive scale; but by the time it was opened in 1867 the wheat export from Tasmania had dwindled into insignificance, owing to the competition of South Australia. Hence Deloraine remains in extent and population pretty much what it was twenty years ago. It is a favourite resort of anglers, as the river abounds in the delicious grayling or cucumber fish, rather absurdly designated "the herring" in this and some other parts of the colony.

Omitting the less important stations of this line, the next stoppage is at Westbury, a large, straggling township centrally situated amongst fine fertile plains. The surrounding country is of imposing aspect, the western hills forming the background of the picture, with Quamby's Bluff, an isolated mountain, standing forward like an outpost of the lofty range. We next pass Hagley, chiefly interesting from its vicinity to the magnificent Quamby Estate, formerly the property of the late Sir Richard Dry. His remains lie beneath the chancel of a beautiful little Gothic church erected at his expense, and permanently endowed by a gift of land from his estate. He was a native of the colony, and a noble specimen of a true colonial gentleman; as refined in mind, manner, and intellect as if he had habitually mingled in the most cultivated society of Europe. A tablet in Hagley Church bears the following inscription:—"This chancel—beneath which repose the remains of Sir Richard Dry, Knight, first Speaker of the House of Assembly, at the time of his decease Premier of Tasmania, and founder of this church—was erected by his fellow-colonists as a permanent memorial of their affection and regard."

The next noticeable station after Hagley is that of Bishopsbourne, near which lies the Bishopsbourne Estate, whence Christ's College, Hobart, derives the principal portion of its endowment. We then come to Longford, the most interesting and largest of those older country townships, which have latterly been far outstripped in wealth and population by Beaconsfield, Waratah, Latrobe, and other towns recently called into existence through the rapid development of the north-west portions of the island. Several of the oldest families in the colony reside in the neighbourhood of Longford, and from an early period in the history of Tasmania it has been the centre of an important pastoral and agricultural district. The Longford Stock Show, which takes place annually in October, is famed throughout Australia, and brings purchasers from all the other colonies. The most conspicuous building in Longford is a large and shapely Anglican church situated in an enclosure of ten acres. It has a clock-tower

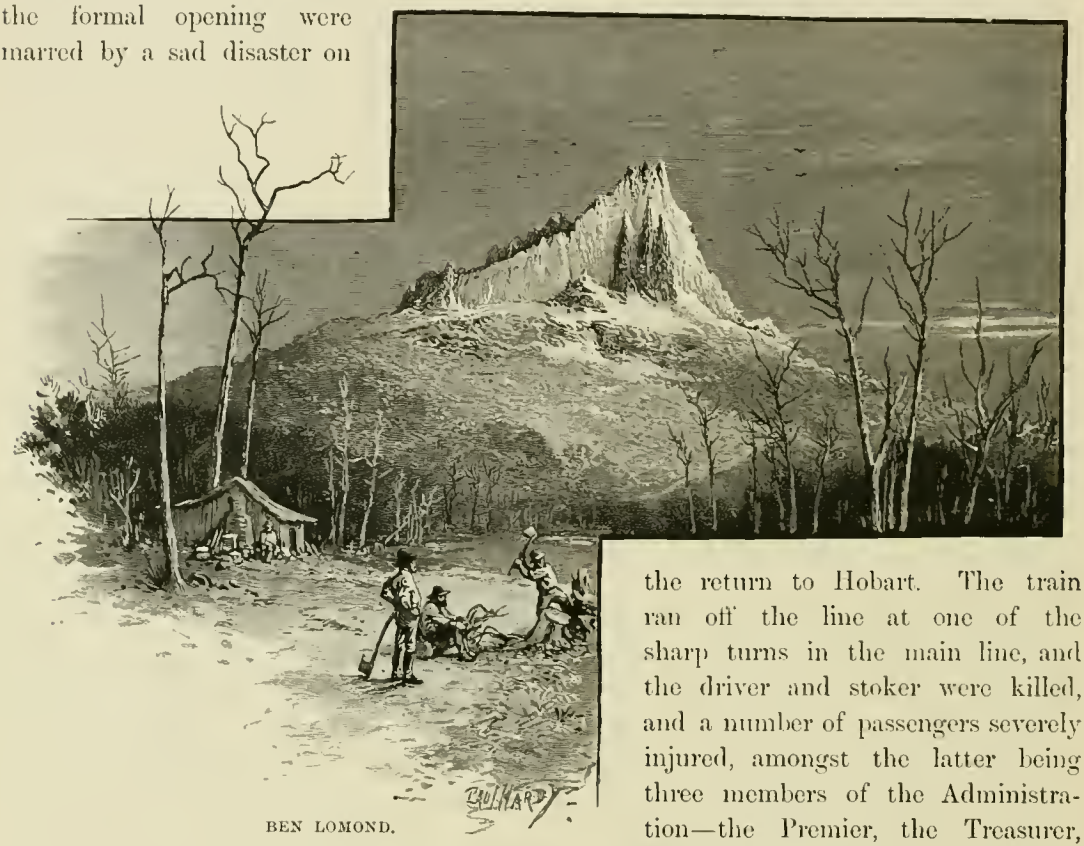
which has never been completed; the clock was a gift from William IV. of England. The grounds around the church are beautifully planted, and kept in admirable order, and in the rear of the building is a stone marking the grave of the mother of the first child of European parentage born in Tasmania.

After Longford the train stops at Perth, a quiet country village, and three miles further on at the Evandale Junction, where the main line coalesces with the western line. This brings us round again to the Northern Capital, which we will now make our starting-point for a description of the main road.

Up to the time when the main line of railway was completed, the communication between Hobart and Launceston was by means of a fine, well-constructed road running right through the island, and known as the main road. The journey between the two towns occupied about fifteen hours. The coaches were built exactly on the model of the old-style coaches of England. They were driven four-in-hand, and the stages varied from eight to twelve miles in length. Fifteen hours at a stretch was rather too long for enjoyment; but those who were in the habit of travelling this road in the coaching days can hardly fail to have a vivid recollection of the intense delight afforded by the first half of the journey; while such as were able to take their time, stopping at one of the midland townships and completing the journey next day, found the whole delightful. To visitors from England old enough to remember the days of stage-coaches, it was like a renewal of youth to sit on the box-seat behind four fine horses going at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. The stoppages for change of horses afforded the opportunity of occasional refreshment, and there was a nice dinner at the half-way house, with sufficient time to enjoy it. The journey by the main road was more interesting than the journey by rail, and far pleasanter in every particular except the matter of time. The road traverses a richer country, the views from the road are finer, and a stranger could form a far better estimate of the general characteristics of Tasmania from the excursion by road than from the railway journey. There is no longer complete stage-coach communication between Launceston and Hobart, but the journey by road is often made in private carriages or hired vehicles, and it is a favourite feat of bicyclists to traverse the whole distance (121 miles) in one day.

The start from Launceston is by Wellington Street, and leads up a rather stiff hill. At the crest of this there is a turn to the left; but, before passing round, the traveller ought to pause and look down upon one of the loveliest scenes he has ever beheld. The town, the valley of the Esk, and the course of the Tamar, lie displayed before him in glorious panorama. A drive of eleven miles through a fine and fertile country brings us to Perth, already mentioned as a station of the Launceston and Western Railway. This was the first stage from Launceston in the coaching days. Two stages beyond Perth we arrive at Cleveland, a village which wears an air of decay. From this part of the road a fine view is obtained of Ben Lomond, which, with a height of 5,010 feet, is with one exception the loftiest of Tasmanian mountains. A little before Cleveland is reached we have entered the region of Epping Forest. This extends for about twenty miles, and through the whole forest district the road

runs in a perfectly straight line. Emerging from the forest we shortly come to a road-side inn known as "The Corners," where a coach-road branches to Fingal and the East Coast. A line of rail from "The Corners" to Fingal was opened in July, 1886. The festivities which accompanied the formal opening were marred by a sad disaster on the return to Hobart. The train ran off the line at one of the sharp turns in the main line, and the driver and stoker were killed, and a number of passengers severely injured, amongst the latter being three members of the Administration—the Premier, the Treasurer, and the Attorney-General.



BEN LOMOND.

About seven miles of good open road over grass plains brings us to Campbell Town, the most important of the midland townships. Here the Midland Agricultural Association holds its annual show, which is considered one of the great events of the year in Tasmania, and is almost always attended by the Governor and Administration for the time being. To anyone travelling at leisure, Campbell Town is a very desirable place at which to break the journey, for it has excellent hotel accommodation. The town consists of one long street, forming part of the main road. A small stream runs through it, and is crossed by a bridge; this is the Elizabeth River, a tributary of the Macquarie. As one enters the township from the north, the first object that attracts attention is the graceful spire of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, rising above a grove which conceals from view the chancel and the manse. Further down a picturesque and peculiarly-shaped mill is passed, overhanging the Elizabeth Rivulet, and looking like an isolated tower of some Rhenish castle. It is a tall, square building with small windows, and a corner turret rising to a peak a few feet above the roof.

For some miles the road has run across the high central table-land of the island, with fine grazing plains on each side. There are no hedges on the roadside, and for many miles there is scarce an undulation in the ground. A little more than eight miles o this road brings the traveller to Ross, a pretty little township lying on the Macquarie River, crossed here by a long stone bridge with strong abutments, capable of resisting any force to which the floods may expose it in seasons of heavy rain. The plains terminate here, and as we enter Ross from the north we have rising ground to our left and in front of us. After crossing the bridge, the highway turns off abruptly and runs straight for about three miles. Near the end of this stretch of road we see on our right hand, a good way off on the hillside, a large brick building with a tower. This is Horton College, one of the four chief grammar-schools of the island. It was founded by Captain Horton, of Summercotes, whose house lies nearly opposite to it, on the left-hand side of the road; and the management is vested in the Wesleyan Conference. A little further on we come in sight of the largest and handsomest

A BIT OF THE DERWENT.

country residence in the island, the noble mansion of Mona Vale, built by Mr. Robert Kermode, the father of the present owner. The family is of Manx origin, and Mona, as many will remember, is the old Latin name for the Isle of Man. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and a fine ornamental lake adds greatly to their charm. In the spacious grazing-grounds adjoining Mr. Kermode's residence the encampment of volunteers and of the permanent defence force is annually held.

A few miles more and we are at Tunbridge, a township with little attraction in itself, but a good starting-place for a visit to the lakes. A little beyond Tunbridge is the "Half-way House," the central point of the main road. The village in which it stands is known as Antill Ponds; it contains several English-looking country-houses, with well-kept gardens and fine hedges. Nine miles beyond lies Oatlands, 1,340 feet above the sea-level. This is the highest part of the central table-land of Tasmania, and the air is clear and bracing. The town is built on the margin of Lake Dulverton, which in dry summers is sometimes a mere swamp. Lake Tiberias lies eight miles further on, and is not seen from the main road. Oatlands is a neat, clean, little town, less scattered than most country townships, and consisting of one good street, which is itself part of the main road. The houses, as well as the public buildings, are mostly built of stone. Like Ballarat in Victoria, Oatlands is said to be entirely free from rats. "No rat gives a ball in Oatlands Town Hall." The most prominent object in the surrounding landscape is the Table Mountain, which bounds the view to the west. The top is perfectly horizontal, stretching for miles in a straight line, and terminating in a deep perpendicular precipice, forming an exact right-angle with the line of the summit. Oatlands lies four and a half miles from the main railway, and is connected with it by a branch line. For a distance of thirty-five miles, by the way, the railway diverges widely from the coach-road, so that the townships and country-houses from Oatlands to Brighton get no benefit from it. Along that portion of the road coach-traffic is still maintained.

The stage after Oatlands is Jericho, unattractive in itself, but with some good sheep-runs in its neighbourhood, and some fine stud-paddocks. The next noticeable spot is Melton Mowbray, a most desirable halting-place for anyone travelling at leisure. As may be inferred from its name, it is the centre of the principal hunting country of the island. Periodical meets for kangaroo-hunting are held here during the season. Five miles beyond is Green Ponds, also called Kempton, from a Mr. Kemp, who settled in this district in the early days of the colony, and has left behind him numerous descendants. This gentleman, who came from New South Wales, where he had held an important official position, was one of the most active movers in the arrest and deposition of Governor Bligh. He died at the age of 103 or 104. Kempton, ninety-two miles from Launceston and twenty-nine from Hobart, is pleasantly situated on a small rivulet which joins the River Jordan at a little distance; it consists of one long street extending along the main road.

As we leave Green Ponds we have a continuous ascent of two miles. When we arrive at the crest of the acclivity a magnificent view bursts upon our sight. The character of the scenery entirely changes, and we look down upon a thoroughly Scotch landscape of mountains and valleys, in place of the long plains and table-lands of the midland districts. We are at the highest point of the road over Constitution Hill, and the scene before us is the finest of the whole journey from north to south.

At the end of the next stage is Bagdad, in a district comprised in a valley six and a half miles long, and on an average one mile wide. Here are many farms and orchards in a high state of cultivation, while fine large stone houses lie at intervals

along the road. These are mostly residences of the descendants of early settlers. At Pontville, a few miles further on—known also as Brighton—the long bend made by the railway has brought it round again to the vicinity of the main road, and for the rest of our journey the two roads run pretty close to one another. The chief street of the township is part of the main road, and slopes down towards the Jordan rivulet, which at this part is a somewhat turbulent stream in winter, but little more than a succession of water-holes in summer. Just before it crosses the bridge the road bends suddenly and somewhat awkwardly, and as a consequence accidents to coaches have been more frequent here than at any other part of the main road. Beyond the bridge the road rises, and there is a four miles' drive over a fine open table-land. Then comes a bridge which leads the road round the head of a creek, in an abrupt bend: it is called the Horseshoe Bridge, and the bend is a very decided modification of the much more abrupt bend of the Old Horseshoe Bridge, whose ruins we see a little way off to our right. Half-a-mile further is Bridgewater, with its causeway. The Derwent is very wide at this part, and as we drive across, the view up the river is particularly striking. All that lies between this and the capital, including the causeway itself, has already been described in our article on the Environs of Hobart, in Vol. I., pp. 155—167.

THE BULLOCK-DRIVER.

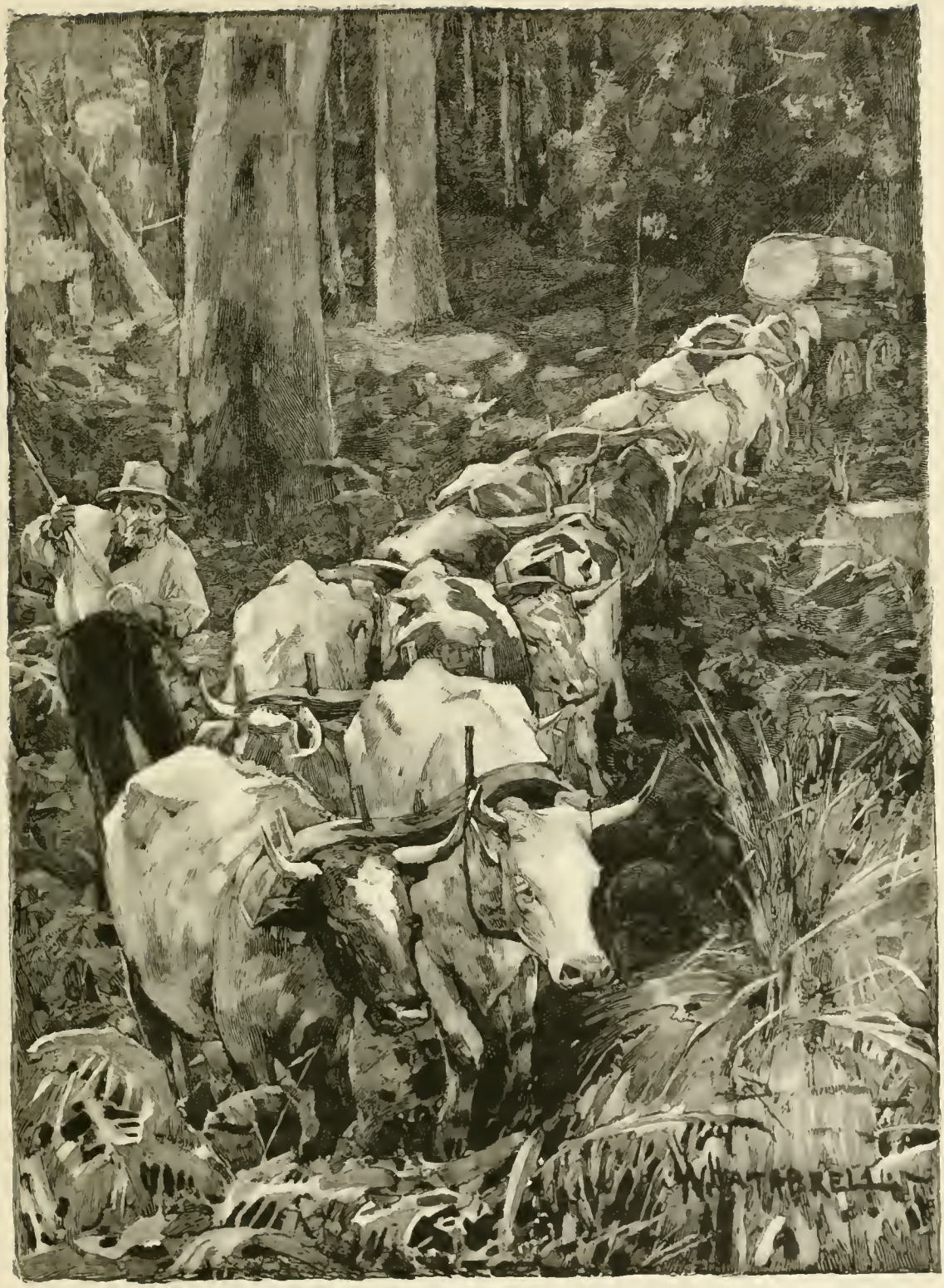
Meeting a Bullock Team in the Forest—Silence-Breakers—The Art of Blasphemy—"Only an Artist"—The only Language Understanded of Bullocks—The Bishop and the Bullock-Driver: A Compromise—Not a Bad Sort of Fellow—Regarded Maritally—A Novel Principle of Nomenclature.

A BULLOCK team is always a characteristic and picturesque sight, whether met with in the quiet streets of a country township, or raising clouds of dust along a dry and hot roadway, far away from human habitation. Should the meeting be in the township, the driver is, perhaps, "yarning" to the storekeeper, or drinking at the hotel-bar, for time is no more an object to him than to the beasts who lie outside, moodily trying with their ears to flap the myriads of flies from their glazed eyes.

More picturesque is it to come across a team in the depth of a bush-forest, as the leaders appear from behind the vast boles of giant gums, and we catch glimpses of the others toiling after, dragging along a log through miry tracks, or over delicately-tinted heath-flowers and native fuchsias, bearing down saplings of blue-leaved gums and clusters of golden-tinted tufts of honeysuckle, and leaving behind them a trail of smothered and crushed loveliness.

Of course we know the bullocks are coming long before they come; we hear the loud cracking of the cruel thonged whip, as it flicks out pieces of flesh from their quivering hides, or breaks with loud report harmlessly in the air over their heads, as their master's mood may be. We hear loud echoes of adjectives prefixing the "Get up, Scarlet!" "Wake up, Spotty!" "Hold on, Strawberry!" in the deep and full tones of the bullock-driver—echoes which somehow seem in unison with the mocking bursts of eldritch mirth of the laughing jackass on the tree-limb close at hand. Australian birds do sing and chatter, and the flowers send out exquisite perfume, but the spaces are so vast, and the flavours so delicate, that it takes a laughing jackass and a bullock-driver combined to destroy the mighty spirit of silence. Between them they can do it most effectually.

Not long ago I met a typical bullock-driver in the forest. He was trying to raise a log of about two and a half tons, and had some very slushy ground to get over. A brother driver had obliged him with the loan of his team to help him out of his trouble, and between them they were raising the woodland echoes with a vengeance. It seemed a competition in swearing, and the united teams of about twenty pairs of oxen were having a trying time of it. As I drew near to the owner of the load,



A BULLOCK TEAM IN A BUSH FOREST.

with my note-book in hand, he eyed me distrustfully for a moment, and in rather a threatening tone asked if I was a (adjective) reporter. "No," I replied, promptly, "only an artist." Upon that he became bland in a moment, and with quite a gentlemanly intonation invited "Scarlet" and "Strawberry" to go on. At the unwonted tones the poor dumb animals became so confused that they nearly fell down in the mud. The driver then permitted me to help him with the crank to raise the load, and seemed surprised that I could lift it. He informed me that the only mode of treating bullocks, if you would have them care for you, was the smart application of the whip or the thick end of the stick, accompanied by the running commentaries of which he was such a master. "Bless your eyes," he remarked, "the poor beasts don't know no other language." "But supposing you were converted, what then?" I asked of him, insinuatingly. "If I was to get converted, it would be a ——— bad look-out for them poor bullocks," he replied, very seriously: "they would pine away, poor things, and never do any good after."

A story is told of a bishop who in the early days was using the services of a bullock-team. Shocked at the driver's language, he reasoned with the man, and persuaded him to use words of less dreadful import. The driver readily assented, and for some time all went smoothly, but at length a specially bad part of the road was reached, and the team came to a dead halt. After some delay, representations were made to the bishop that, unless the old language were employed, there was a very good chance of their remaining at that particular spot all night. This was the compromise effected, as the bishop made tight his gaiters:—"Perhaps, under the circumstances, you might swear a little; but first I will walk on ahead."

In spite of his eccentric notions, the bullock-driver is not, in my humble judgment, a bad sort of fellow. It is generally reported that there were good-natured men even amongst the slave-drivers, and why not amongst the bullock-drivers? Only the latter are apt to draw the line of human kindness at bullocks, as the other drivers did at negroes. I don't think a bullock-driver would kick or abuse his wife if she did not aggravate him too much, yet, if I were a maiden, I should pause before I answered "Yes" to one of this profession. He might be kind, and again he might not. But most would be inclined to fancy that his daily occupation would have a tendency to make him forget the quality of mercy.

It is said to be the custom of the bullock-driver to christen his bullocks after the names of his friends and enemies. They tell me that he treats his friends well, and puts his enemies in the front, and when the team requires whipping, the lash does not fall on the namesakes of his friends. History speaks of one who was a red-hot Conservative in his notions. His team was composed of the prominent members of the British Parliament. Some were Liberals and some Conservatives, and in the distribution of his arguments, which were both forcible and incisive, he imitated Dr. Johnson in securing that the "Whig dogs" should get the worst of it. One day at a sale he bought two new bullocks, and christened them "Disraeli" and "Gladstone." As he gave the animals their new names a grim smile crossed his face, and one of the bystanders observed, "Heaven help poor Gladstone; he'll be dead in a month!"

THE ILLAWARRA DISTRICT.

The District Defined—Regarded Agriculturally—Railway Facilities—The Start from Sydney—By Train from Waterfall—Taking Coach to Clifton—From Campbelltown to Wollongong by Coach—A Walking Trip from Clifton—The Ascent of the Bulli Pass—The View from Webber's Look-Out—From Clifton to Wollongong by Train—Primitive Arrangements—The South Bulli Mine Mystery—Wollongong—Kiama—William Beach's Early Home—Shellharbour—Imposing on the Natives—The Aboriginals—The Blowhole—Drives from Kiama—Anthills—Ascending Cambewarra Mountain—Kangaroo Valley and Barrengarry—Fitzroy Falls—Moss Vale—Back to Sydney.

IN luxuriance of vegetation and richness of soil the Illawarra district stands first in the colony. It is exquisitely situated, and has a pleasantly-varied climate. The district consists of a narrow strip of coast country, beginning a few miles to the south of Sydney, lying between the coast ranges, and extending southwards for a distance of about sixty miles. To show its importance from an agricultural point of view, it may be stated that on a low estimate over half a million cows are milked daily within its area. Many of the prosperous and clean-looking farms are the property of the farmers themselves, whilst others are rented from wealthy resident landlords. The native grasses are abundant in the paddocks, which in some instances have been rendered more valuable by the judicious sowing of English grasses. The farmers are thrifty and well-to-do; the farms and dairies are models of cleanliness, and present a pleasing picture: and so favourable are the conditions that during the summer Sydney dealers are able to buy their butter at from 3d. to 6d. per pound. The district has long been famous also for its coal-mining operations, but more especially since the strike at Newcastle in 1888, which resulted in an enormous increase in the Illawarra output.

Now that the Illawarra railway section has been completed, communication is established between Sydney, Wollongong, and Kiama. Formerly, residents on the southern coast had to leave the train at Clifton and take the coach to Waterfall: and although this drive may now be avoided, it is so full of loveliness that no one who devotes the extra time to it can help feeling fully compensated.

Leaving Sydney by the early train, one passes through Eveleigh, Hurstville, and Marrickville, with their closely-packed workmen's cottages. Soon Arncliffe and Tempe are reached, where a charming country is traversed, flat at first, with clear, bright sand and a fair slope to the sea. The scenery soon changes from flats to gently-sloping downs; or rises, as at Arncliffe, to a bold sandstone formation, rich in flowers and forest growth. At Como there is a glorious view of St. George's river, with its numerous creeks and bays. Past Sutherland, Loftus, and Heathcote, in less than an hour the train reaches Waterfall. Two five-horse coaches are here waiting for passengers. The village is not imposing. It apparently possesses but four houses—the Heathcote Hotel, a store, bakery, and refreshment rooms where "tea, coffee, cocoa, and summer drinks are provided, with first-rate cigars." The falls from which the village is named are two miles from the station. One has a descent of 110 feet; and a fine view can be had of the forest in the Valley Creek, extending beyond Port Hacking.

It was half an hour before the luggage and passengers were stowed away, and the

coach only started when it was found impossible to cram anything else upon it. One passenger reckoned that there were over three tons on the vehicle, and absolutely refused to take the trip, preferring a buggy to the discomforts and dangers of a stage-coach. I procured a fairly good seat on the roof, where we sat five a side, although the coach could not hold more than three on each side with any degree of comfort. The drive

A NAVVIES' CAMP.

lasted exactly an hour, and presented a series of pictures which gave fair promise of the glorious scenery so abundant in the Illawarra district. At intervals the rocky fastnesses are broken by deep valleys, in which the cabbage-tree palms are seen in profusion. The abundance of these is one of the features of the district. The clematis and other creepers are entwined from tree to tree, and in the midst of the wealth of foliage the graceful fronds of large tree-ferns may be seen, while the nakedness of the trunks of the innumerable gum-trees is relieved by the staghorn or bird's-nest fern.

The road wound so much that it almost made one giddy; nor did one gain consolation from the remark of a fellow-traveller as we arrived at a very narrow portion of the

road, having on either side a precipitous bank—"I guess this coach would sail down there if she once got a start." The bush-flowers were in all their beauty, a perfect blaze of colour being presented by a species of golden heather; bush-lilies were also abundant. The "birdless bush" bore out its reputation, for not a feather of any sort could be seen during the drive. After leaving Waterfall the road rises to the summit of Mount Westmacott. Delicious shade is afforded by the trees, whose branches overhang the road. The Bulli and Wollongong road is left, and we turn sharply, catching sight of Camp Creek, where some little time ago an immense camp was formed for the navvies who were working on the railway.

The climax of beauty awaits us as we find ourselves at the top of Bald Hill. A fresh sea-breeze salutes us; at our feet the white-crested waves of the Pacific rush merrily by until they break on the sands. The coast-line stretches from Port Hacking Point on the north to Five Islands on the south. One can make out the positions of the Coal Cliff mine, the Bulli jetty, the sands of Wollongong, with its lighthouse; and not far to the south of Wollongong is the Tom Thumb Lagoon. Again, further south are Charcoal and Dapto, and Bong Bong and Saddleback, two well-known landmarks. A ripple of foam marks the edges of the Five Islands, which at one time were probably joined to the mainland. These islands, which are uninhabited, form a conspicuous mark south of Wollongong. It was at sunset that we saw this magnificent panorama, which will not soon be forgotten. It is all the more impressive as the road gives a sudden turn, and the whole scene is brought before one in an instant.

THE STAGHORN FERN.

The driver was no lover of the picturesque, and drove on at a spanking trot past the late Judge Hargrave's house. A small navvies' camp next attracted attention—a few hurriedly-constructed tents, which a strong wind would bring down with a run (three or four were lying on the ground as we passed, the owners sitting outside, smoking their pipes quite unconcernedly); then we saw the railway cutting and the entrance to the Bald Hill Tunnel, noticed the spot where a landslip took place, destroying the labour of months, and at last drew up at a temporary railway station. Here ended our journey by coach.

Having taken train, a five minutes' run through a tunnel and luxuriant glen brings us to Clifton. This village boasts of a church, a School of Arts, with library, a Public School, and an hotel; it is magnificently situated at the foot of the Illawarra Range, and has fine views over the coast. The population mostly consists of miners, of whom

about one hundred and fifty find employment at the adjacent Coal Cliff mine. On visiting the mine, one realises the immense value of the property. The wages of the men are so high as to preclude any likelihood of strikes, such as have been prevalent in northern collieries, for they average from twelve to sixteen shillings a day. The pier for coal-trucks is much exposed to easterly gales. Since its construction it has been twice destroyed, and fears are entertained that it may be some day swept away by a strong wind from that quarter. Fortunately heavy easterly gales are rare.

The Bulli Pass may be reached from Sydney by a road which is fairly good for riding. The best way, however, is to take the train to Campbelltown, and from there the day-coach to Wollongong, a distance of thirty-six miles. For the first few miles of the drive the road passes through "cleared" land, with homesteads scattered about. At Appin the scenery is peculiarly barren, nothing being visible but sandstone ranges and gum-trees, of which the visitor to Australia is heartily sick before he has been a week in the colony. A few miles beyond Appin (eight miles), the scenery changes to a rich succession of glorious views. A halt is made to visit Webber's Look-out (1,170 feet). The coach proceeds by the Bulli Pass; at the foot the village of Bulli is passed, and after seven miles of a level road Wollongong is reached.

From Clifton the best plan is to drive or walk. I preferred the latter. Taking the train to Robinsville, we proceeded up the coach-road from Wollongong to Campbelltown. Soon the ascent begins up the Bulli Pass proper. One is often reminded of the Undercliff at Ventnor by the formation of the rocks and the intense greenness of the trees. As a rule, the great fault of Australian landscape lies in its want of colour. Here there is no such deficiency. Not to speak of the brilliant waratahs, bush-lilies, and countless other flowers, the precipitous cutting through which the road winds is thick with overhanging trees and shrubs of every variety of shade. Clieveden Woods in summer are not so beautiful as the foliage of the Bulli trees. Palms, cedars, sassafras, nettle-trees, myrtles, lillipillies, pittosporums, and vines grow in dense masses; as one gazes down from the Look-Out they appear like a solid carpet of foliage. Each tree is locked the one with the other by creepers. Even the dead trees are caught in their fall by others, and their boughs interlace and are supported by those of younger growth. This almost tropical luxuriance is due to the fact that ages ago the molten trap-rock, forced up from below, spread over the surface, and in decomposing produced an extremely rich soil.

Passing on, one notices the turn which leads to the Cataract River, the home of the lyre-bird. Soon we reach the top, and a sign-post tells us that Webber's Look-Out is eighty yards distant. A platform has been thoughtfully erected—as usual, carved with the initials of the "many-headed multitude."

Standing on this platform, one is on the edge of an immense precipice. Immediately at your feet are miles of ferns, of cabbage-tree palms towering to a height sometimes of 100 feet, with their bunches of leaves only at the top, and of tropical growth of the most extraordinary richness and variety. It is a feast of colour—the air is delightful—the ascent has been easy. For mountain-climbing, nothing equals the Bulli Pass; a confirmed invalid could walk up it without feeling tired. The road is as smooth as could be desired, and at the end there is this unexpected treat. When one has recovered from his surprise

at this marvel of the vegetable world, he looks with equal admiration at the farms, the sea, and the sixty miles of coast stretched beyond. The villages are like toys, and the bullock-team which winds its way slowly up the hillside seems scarcely real. The driver cracks his whip, and the sound echoes up from hundreds of feet in the still air, till you almost believe the story the man himself tells you when you meet him on your descent. More than once when returning from Appin he has, he says, stood on the Look-Out and cracked his whip to let his wife in the valley beneath know that he is returning home to tea. This same bullock-team is heavily loaded with timber for making sleepers and props in the Bulli Mine, which annually yields 200,000 tons of coal. Twelve bullocks can hardly make their way, and, if they were not helped by the crack of the whip and decidedly novel oaths, would probably come to a standstill. A short time since it was proposed to cut up a portion of this virgin forest-land, which constitutes the remarkable feature of the Bulli scenery. Strong representations were, however, made to the Government, and it is probable that before long the whole will become public property. Naturalists say that the reserve abounds not only in rare ferns, but in birds seldom seen elsewhere. From here one can either visit the Cataract River on the way back, or return by a short cut through the bush. The latter course well repays the slight trouble and scramble.

Wollongong may be reached by train from Clifton. The sea breaks at the foot of the embankment against huge rocks worn smooth with the constant action of the waves. Steamers are seen waiting to coal as one leaves the different collieries behind. Just before reaching Austinmer the lines of the North Illawarra Colliery are seen leading up the cliff. A long wait while the engine gets water gives one time to look about, and realise how extremely primitive in many respects Australia still remains. In a district less than fifty miles from Sydney notices posted up at the stations inform us that "Persons wishing to proceed by train are requested to hold up the flag by day and the lamp by night as a signal to the driver to stop. Under no other circumstances are these signals to be exhibited." The "flag" is an iron staff with a green head in shape like a spoon. From this arrangement it may be understood how slowly trains travel. Even this arrangement is better than that prevalent on one of the chief steamer routes in Sydney. If you wish to go by steamer at night, by an unwritten law you must strike a light, or the boat will pass you, regardless of shouts. No lamp whatever is provided on many of the piers.

A more agreeable instance of primitiveness exists at a neighbouring village. Here there is one church for the two or three hundred inhabitants. *Tant d'hommes, tant d'esprits.* Every shade of religious opinion exists here. The clergyman in whose parish the village lies found that by reading the Church of England service only he reached but a small percentage of the people. A happy thought struck him. He announced one Sunday that in future at Morning Prayers he would read his own service, and in the afternoon he would give the Congregational form, whilst in the evening on alternate Sundays he permitted one of the other sects to hold forth, until each flock had been spiritually edified. The arrangement has so far been carried out with the utmost harmony.

Leaving Austinmer we notice some deserted farmsteads, the site of the garden being indicated by the peach-blossoms. At Robinsville one or two tourists descend to "do" the Bulli Pass. Past green trees and English-looking roads, and at last Bulli is reached.

In March, 1887, there was a fearful catastrophe at the South Bulli Mine, the jetty of which is visible from the railway. Over eighty people were killed. It is a mystery to this day how the accident occurred. Suspicion is attached by some to the men belonging to the Unionist party, and it is notorious that the conduct of the latter after the accident was shameful. Burial was in many instances refused to the "blacklegs," as those who are non-Unionists are termed; stones were thrown at the coffins; and more than once the officiating clergymen had to interfere to prevent serious disturbances at the graveyard. The feeling ran so strongly on both sides that the manager of one of the principal mines informed me that he himself gave orders that the first portion of the mine opened up should be that in which the "blackleg" miners were. A plausible theory is that the Unionists wished to "give a lesson" to their nonconforming comrades, and arranged a plan which should frighten them, not calculating in the least the disastrous consequences which, as it turned out, attended their scheme.

As Bulli station is left, a traveller points out a clump of blackberry bushes. The story runs that they were introduced by an emigrant from England, who said he would die happy if he could only gather blackberries. He could then, he thought, imagine himself back in his native village. Accordingly he procured at great trouble a cutting. It flourished, and in a year or two he had a hedge. In thirty years the neighbourhood was covered with them and blackberries, and they are now as thick in Bulli as the leaves in Vallombrosa.

Wollongong, our destination for the present, is a thriving little town which is likely to acquire considerable importance. Its deficient harbour accommodation is as yet an obstacle to its progress, the basin holding at most fifteen vessels. The harbour-master, on the occasion of my visit, had been obliged to prevent two steamers which lay tossing outside from coming in: he was also hourly expecting to receive a telegram from Sydney, announcing the departure for Wollongong of the Marine Board steamer. If she arrived, she must completely block the entrance to the harbour, and all vessels in port would have to remain until the Marine Board authorities left. Mr. Wiley, a citizen to whose untiring agitation, lasting over many years, Wollongong is mainly indebted for its railway, is, with other leading residents, endeavouring to carry through the Harbour Trust scheme, the promoters of which are anxious to connect the useless sheet of water called Tom Thumb Lagoon, near the Racecourse, with the existing harbour. An alternative proposal is to dig a canal through to the Illawarra Lake. By either of these plans sufficient wharfage accommodation would be provided for many years to come. By far the largest portion of the coal produced in the district is shipped here for Sydney and other ports. Butter is also exported in large quantities, about 800 tons being sent out each year. The business portion of the town consists of one long street, where all the shops and stores are located; and several roads, about which picturesque little houses are dotted. Behind Wollongong rise Mount Keira (1,539 feet) and other giant heights.

Kiama, the next point on our route, is twenty-five miles by road from Wollongong. Steamers also ply between the two ports. Leaving Wollongong in buggy or coach, the first village passed through is Fig Tree, called after a Moreton Bay fig-tree with roots of enormous size. Crossing the rails belonging to the Mount Kembla Colliery, we catch the first of many glimpses of the Illawarra Railway. The road now leads through pleasant pastoral country scattered with numerous farms, the mines in the hills to our right being a noticeable feature. At Brownville is shown the white-chimneyed cottage where William Beach, the sculler, passed his early days; good views are to be had from time to time of Lake Illawarra, his practising-ground, and the scene of his early victories. The lake is about ten miles in length and about half as wide. There are plenty of wild ducks to be had for the shooting. It communicates with the sea by a narrow channel, up which Flinders and Bass rowed, and where they had a narrow escape from the aborigines in 1796. Mullet Creek, which we cross, is a stream which forcibly recalls the Avon at Stratford, a resemblance which has evidently struck some Warwickshire settler in the early days, as a village six miles distant bears the name of Avondale. The energetic pedestrian will find that a climb to the top of the Bong Bong Mountain will far more than repay his toil.

STOPPING THE TRAIN.

The country now assumes a singularly bleak appearance. For miles nothing can be seen but ring-barked trees, whose gaunt forms stand up in grim desolation. A narrow strip of water, scarcely a foot wide, is the Macquarie River, which takes its rise in the mountain of the same name a few miles distant. At the top of Stony Range, Lake Macquarie is seen. Shellharbour and its pretty little bay are soon reached. A picturesque bridge crosses Minnamurra River. Taking care to lay in a stock of oysters—three dozen beauties cost but a shilling—we listen to the story of a princely haul made by an enterprising Sydney fisherman. A law had just been passed regarding the

preservation of oysters in Sydney Harbour. Consequently, oysters were fetching enormous prices. This man chartered a boat, and sailed down to Shellharbour with his two sons. He persuaded the aboriginals to help him in diving for the oysters. They would bring up rocks with a dozen or two oysters on them, whilst he stayed on deck and knocked them off. In a couple of days he had laid in a cargo worth £300, and then, to use an expressive Australian term, he "cleared," taking care not to pay the aboriginals for their labour, and leaving his bill at the inn also unpaid. It was not until he had left that the inhabitants realised the extent of the damage done, and the present strict preserving regulations were passed in consequence of his action. It is not to be wondered at that the rascally fisherman has not since been heard of at Shellharbour.

Before reaching Kiama, a long row of huts in a field by the roadside denotes the camp of the aboriginals. They are a sickly-looking set, and doubtless very different, both in physique and in morale, from their ancestors. They are practically paupers, Government supplying them with blankets, flour, tea, sugar, and sometimes boats.

Kiama is prettily situated, but it is one of the dullest places conceivable. It has a harbour, but there are rarely any vessels in it; moreover, it is dangerous during an easterly gale. In a seaport one usually finds at least a boat of some sort, if only a rowing-boat. Kiama is not a fisherman's haunt, and the inhabitants have apparently not yet learnt the use of boats. There is one attraction, however. Just outside the town, near the lighthouse, is a wonderful freak of Nature, the Kiama Blowhole, used by the residents as the Tarpeian Rock used to be of old, the difference being that the victims are worn-out horses, not men. The Blowhole is a long narrow aperture of 25 or 30 feet in diameter, not unlike Fingal's Cave at Staffa. The rocks run inland for about eighty yards, narrowing gradually to a sort of crater. Standing on the rocks, the water is seen seething and bubbling below. Every few moments a tremendous thud is heard as the waves dash against the rocks, and with an immense rush they force themselves through the cavity, drenching the spectator with spray. The rocks around are a white sheet of foam. The sun catches the waves in their fall, and for an instant a rainbow glints between rock and sky. The ground quivers with the shock; before one has quite recovered, other waves come in quick succession, until, from sheer giddiness at the grandeur of the sight, one is fain to beat a retreat. If the weather is rough, it is worth while to climb a little further out, see the promontory, and view the entrance to the cavern. The sea dashes round the outer rocks, or bursts through the Blowhole, the spray rising 200 or 300 feet high. The lighthouse at such times is seen dimly through the foam. Strange though it be, one sees, on a calm day, flocks of pigeons flying to and from their nests, built securely in some sheltered crannv.

A walk of two miles will bring the visitor to the Boneera Vale and Waterfall, rich in ferns and wild flowers. If time can be spared, a good view of the sea-coast may be had from the pavilion on the Agricultural Society's grounds. Bombo Quarry gives employment to a number of men in the township. There are other quarries, from which a large quantity of blue-stone is exported, chiefly to Sydney. There are several butter factories in the neighbourhood. In most of them the plant is of the latest type: the method of working used by the Aylesbury Dairy Company is closely followed. Within

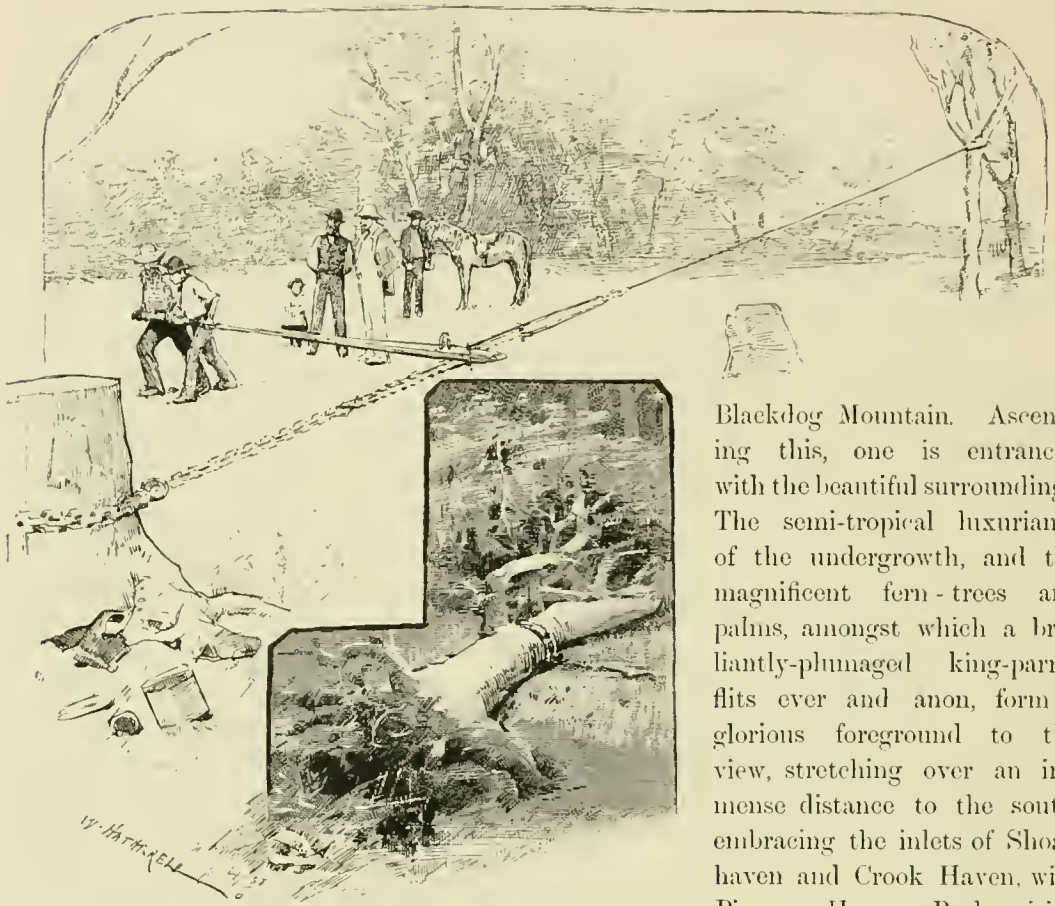
a two-mile radius there are no less than twelve of these butter factories, which do a large local and export trade. During the summer each firm sends off three or four large shipments to England.

It is not advisable to trust to coach accommodation at Kiama. Arrangements can be made for a two-horse buggy to take one through to Moss Vale, breaking the journey, if desired, at Nowra, thirty miles from Kiama. Another picturesque drive is through Robertson, skirting the Wingecarribee Swamp, to Moss Vale. We catch a glimpse of the rifle range and butts, where matches are frequently contested between the rifle corps of Kiama and the neighbouring villages. One of the chief matches is the annual contest with the Sydney Grammar School team. The boys pitch their tents close to the range, and get the benefit of a week's holiday and an enjoyable outing. At the Messrs. Hill's quarry, Bombo, operations are in full swing. We dismount to inspect this, the largest bluestone quarry in the district, and, prolonging our walk, look at another natural curiosity resembling the Kiama Blowhole. A large rift has been formed in the rock, forty feet in width at the mouth, narrowing to a few feet at the head. If the wind is favourable, the water may be seen sending forth a small waterspout to nearly a hundred feet upwards, the spray drenching the ground in its fall. The road rises gradually, and enables us to catch glorious views of the sea.

At intervals, as we drive along, we notice large boxes nailed to trunks of trees. These, it appears, are intended for bread, letters and newspapers, and any parcels which the mail-coach or other conveyance is bringing for the settlers whose homesteads are hidden away out of sight—sometimes three or four miles or more from the high-road. That the boxes are never robbed is creditable to the honesty of travellers and tramps. There is, however, a remarkable absence of poverty and theft in all these country districts.

A curious feature in the landscape consists in the anthills, which in some instances stand as high as a man. Sometimes these are built up against the stump of a dead tree, but they are more usually heaps of earth thrown up in field or bush. They are a source of constant annoyance to the farmer. The pleasure of driving is in a great measure spoilt by the singularly-depressing effect produced by miles of unproductive land, the clearing of which has been begun and then apparently abandoned. At night the dead eucalypti, with their varying shapes, have a decidedly weird effect, but in the broad daylight one longs for that wonderful machine, the stump-extractor, to eradicate these unsightly trees. It is often a matter of surprise that so little attempt has been made to introduce trees of other species than the invariable gum. Even round the homesteads of the wealthier settlers, whose farms are 3,000 acres in extent, and who count their cattle by thousands, they are usually contented to leave Nature pretty much as they find it. Their gardens are often beautiful, owing to the brilliancy of the flowers, probably grown from seeds obtained from Reading! But there is none of the comfortable feeling induced by the glorious shady nooks and seats which make an English country garden so pleasurable.

After crossing over the Shoalhaven River for the second time, the road runs through uninteresting country as far as Cambewarra village, at the foot of the Cambewarra or



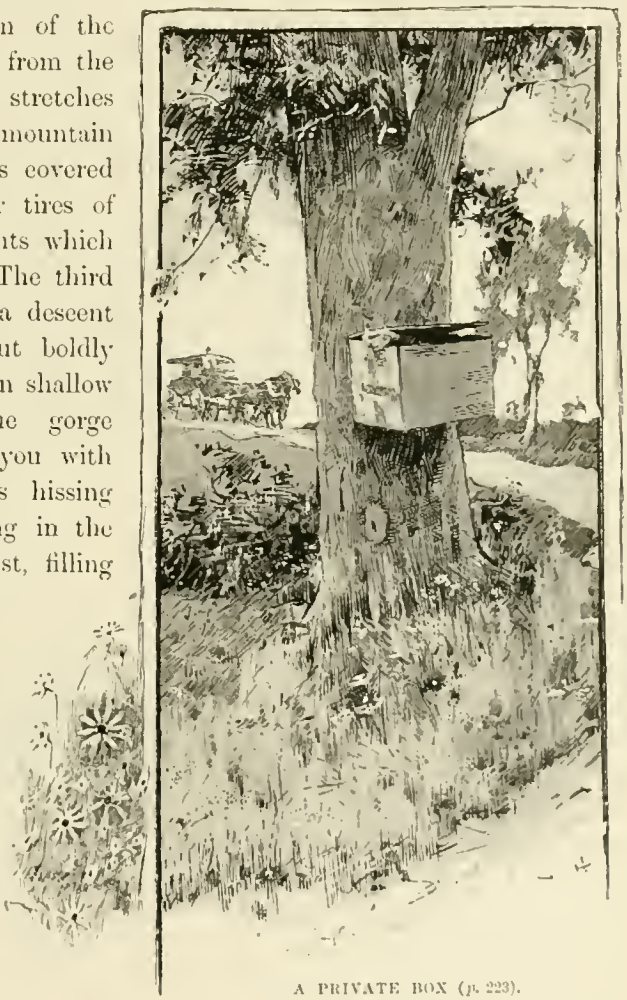
REMOVING TREES BY THE STUMP-EXTRACTOR.

Blackdog Mountain. Ascending this, one is entranced with the beautiful surroundings. The semi-tropical luxuriance of the undergrowth, and the magnificent fern-trees and palms, amongst which a brilliantly-plumaged king-parrot flits ever and anon, form a glorious foreground to the view, stretching over an immense distance to the south, embracing the inlets of Shoalhaven and Crook Haven, with Pigeon House Peak rising high above the other mountain-tops. At the top the road sweeps round, and enables one to see the whole of the range of hills stretching away as far as Jervis Bay, with the many windings of the Shoalhaven River; whilst at one's feet the Kangaroo Valley bursts suddenly into view. It looks exquisitely peaceful, this strip of verdure nestling in the midst of mountains, lying between the Cambewarra and Barrengarry ranges. The valley was probably at one time the bed of a lake. It abounds in sheltered dairy farms, and much of the property is now of considerable value. Gold exists in the vicinity—according, at least, to local report; whilst traces of kerosene and coal have also been observed by persons resident in the locality.

Kangaroo Valley, and indeed the whole of the Illawarra district, was a favourite haunt of the blacks, who are now, however, fast dying out. There is still a settlement two miles from Barrengarry, where the queen of the tribe lives. When I visited the camp, it was occupied by a dozen aborigines, including three handsome children, who were extremely shy, and rolled themselves in blankets the moment our party approached. The "homes" are as described by early writers—consisting of large sheets of bark propped up with sticks, a fire being kept burning day and night. This is the only shelter

against wind and rain. The queen herself is by no means handsome; and her authority is little respected.

The villages of Kangaroo Valley and Barrengarry are small, and do not contain any special features. Our two-horse buggy takes us right through the valley, when a climb of four miles brings us to the summit of the Barrengarry Hills. As the road ascends, the splendid foliage and the immense variety of flowers, ferns, creepers, and trees is again a source of wonder and pleasure. At length, twelve miles from Moss Vale, Fitzroy Falls, the special feature of the trip, are reached. They consist of a series of cataracts, three of which are of considerable size, whilst there are a number of smaller ones, which, apart from the others, would be counted of importance. The Upper Falls, which one sees first, take a leap of 600 feet over a sheer precipice into an arm of the Kangaroo Valley. The eye is carried from the falls to the glen itself. The panorama stretches for miles; Mount Meryla and other mountain chains outline the sky; the valley is covered with rich vegetation, and one never tires of wandering amongst the beautiful sights which present themselves on every side. The third fall is, perhaps, the loveliest; it has a descent of 150 feet, and the water shoots out boldly over the arching rocks, losing itself in shallow basins, and disappearing into the gorge beyond. "Ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and being driven away in mist, filling the air with light. Through the curling wreaths in the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam, shows through white rain-cloud, while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water, their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away, the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white



A PRIVATE BOX (*p.* 223).

threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens, which chase and chequer them with purple and gold."

After eleven miles of uninteresting bush country, Moss Vale is reached; five hours' railway journey through Mittagong, Picton, Campbelltown, Liverpool, and other places of more or less importance, and we are once more at Sydney. The trip to the Illawarra district can be done in a week, or, if time presses, the Tourists' Bureau in Sydney will take a party of not less than four for four days at £6 a-head, including hotel expenses. As regards scenery, richness of natural resources, and the healthful nature of its climate, the Illawarra district stands alone amongst the pleasure resorts of New South Wales. "It is flanked on either side," says a lover of Illawarra, "by the ocean and by a long mountain chain. The Pacific washes it on one side; Keira and Kembla, the hills of Jamberoo, the Saddleback, Coolangatta, Cambewarra, or 'Good Dog,' and the lofty ranges that unite or circle them, bound it on the other. It is watered by many a rill, lagoon, and creek; by the Cordeaux, Macquarie, and Crooked rivers; by the Minumurra, and the Shoalhaven. Its lake is an inland sea. Its shores are marked by woodlands, cliffs, and yellow strands; by black projecting points and frowning bluffs; by the Five Islands, rounded hills, and green promontories. It embraces many a ridge and valley, gorge and mountain-side; it is a land of coal and shale, shafts and miners, fig-trees, cedars, and palms, rock and tammocks, grass and clover, pigs, cattle, and dairies, a thousand toiling women and many a lazy man, some corn, a little oats, less wheat, and few potatoes, the orange, the peach, and the guava, the rose and the sweet-briar." No other name, in short, could have been found more appropriate to the Illawarra district than that by which its admire fondly term it, "The Garden of New South Wales."

THE QUEENSLAND SUGAR INDUSTRY.

The Paradise of Australia—Black Labour and the Democracy—The Beginnings of the Industry—Mackay—An Uphill Fight—Prosperity—A Check—Climax—Descent—Division of Labour—Injudicious Restriction—The Problem yet to be Solved—The Labourer of the Future—Statistics.

AMIDST much that is monotonous in the scenery which characterises Australia, the rainy belts bordering the north-east coast stand out in conspicuous and refreshing contrast. From Cape Capricorn to Cooktown, a long and almost continuous line of hills skirts the seaboard, at a varying distance of some twenty miles. At intervals, wherever the range sweeps nearer the shore, are sheltered tracts, which, unlike the rest of the continent, are fortunate enough to attract periodical summer rains. A luxuriant vegetation is the result, the alluvial deposits of the rivers which drain these areas being unsurpassed in depth and richness. The ubiquitous gum-trees and dull tinted herbage of the interior here give place to a prolific verdancy, and a foliage so graceful as to be almost Oriental in character. The jungles, or "scrubs" (as the uncouth local term goes), present a welcome change from the sombre solitudes of the ordinary bush, being bright with flowering creepers, and gay with butterflies and tiny birds of every hue. Ever and anon, too, especially fringing the lily-laden creeks, the native palm lifts its graceful head, emphasising the tropical aspect of the scene. Of such country, perhaps the fairest in Australia, Queensland possesses millions of acres, and there can be no doubt that, despite the somewhat trying heat which prevails for three or four months of the year, these lands are destined to soon become the seat of extensive industries, and the home of a teeming population.

To the traveller landing at any of the ports recently established, there would be little to excite admiration in the small townships, remarkable only for youth and ugliness. Broad unpaved streets, mathematically straight, and lined with low-built iron stores, are there in all their customary irregularity. But once arrived on the outskirts of the town, the natural charm of the country will reveal itself, the surroundings being so unusual as to make one sceptical of this being indeed a part of arid Australia. Fields of vivid green cane are around one in all stages of growth, standing out in harmonious relief against the richer masses of foliage which clothe the adjacent hills. Gangs of dark-skinned labourers, grotesquely clad, are met hoeing the young plants, or noisily laughing as they work half hidden amid the matured crop.

In the direction of one of the tall chimneys which here and there dot the landscape, go drays filled with yellow and purple canes; and in an opposite direction, making their patient, gradual way to port, pass teams of bullocks, dragging their loads of neatly packed sugar. On every side is life and bustle, and withal so much that is novel that curiosity is aroused to learn something about this extensive industry.

Its apparent vitality at once arrests the attention of a casual observer, even as it has always fascinated the practical minded capitalist. It would at first appear congenial enough to its climatic surroundings, were it not that a little reflection reminds one that the enterprise possesses many features diametrically opposed to the spirit of a

democratic country. The presence of large numbers of an inferior race—native almost though they here appear—is an unusual and risky element to lie at the base of any Australian undertaking. This is the skeleton in the planter's closet. The very words "black labour" possess an unprepossessing sound in the prejudiced ears of those rulers of the colony's destiny who have solemnly compacted to work only eight hours in the day. And yet it cannot be controverted that without some form of cheap labour, adapted to the tropics, the sugar industry in Queensland would cease to exist.

Of late years, owing to the prominence given to the coloured labour question for political purposes, and the class feeling thereby engendered, a total cutting off of the supply of Kanaka labour has been threatened, and an Act of withdrawal has been passed, to come into operation in the year 1890. This antagonistic sentiment may not, however, prove permanent, and having served the purpose for which it was called into existence, will perhaps not be revived for some time.

In the year 1838 Mr. Mayo, who had had some experience in the East Indies, planted a small patch of land in the Moreton Bay district—then an outlying part of New South Wales—with cane from Mauritius, and this was probably the first attempt of the kind in Australia. It was not until the year 1862, when "The Coffee and Sugar Act" became law, that any encouragement was offered by the State. This Bill, however, immediately justified its existence by stimulating enterprise, and among the first to profit by its provisions was Captain Louis Hope, of Ormiston, Moreton Bay, who at once planted twenty acres of sugar-cane. Having also set up a manufacturing plant, he may fairly be said to have pointed the way to the establishment of the industry on a commercial basis. During the succeeding three or four years settlement was extending northwards, and his example was soon followed by others with progressive minds. At Mackay—afterwards destined to become the northern saccharopolis—the first canes were planted in 1863 by Mr. John Spiller, and during the next year a very complete mill was erected on the banks of the Pioneer River by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Davidson. At other spots on the coast attention was at the same time being directed to the new industry. Plantations were in course of formation along the Mary River, and also in the vicinity of the Logan and other streams nearer the metropolis. The Herbert River, then but newly settled, also attracted the notice of a few venturous spirits, and to these four districts planting operations were for some years pretty well confined.

The pioneers of the industry, without much experience, with scanty means, and harassed by all the inconveniences of residence in unsettled parts, had for many years an uphill fight. The processes of manufacture were at that time very wasteful, while labour was dear and difficult to obtain; and only the good prices ruling for low-class sugars enabled the planters to show any surplus above their heavy yearly expenditure. Experience gradually brought knowledge, however, until in the course of ten years the young undertaking had fought its way into public notice. The year 1874 showed the respectable total of seventy-one mills at work in various parts of the colony, turning out a total of 12,108 tons of sugar. At Mackay particularly things were beginning to assume quite a flourishing aspect, when a severe blow fell upon the growers

there which engulfed the enterprise in almost total ruin. In the year 1876, known in consequence as the "rust year," a disease attacked the cane, and in a single night all the fields were blighted. The canes blackened with rot at the core, and the juice becoming fermented was rendered useless for purposes of manufacture. A little inquiry proved that the one variety of cane—known as the "Bourbon"—on which the whole success of the district had depended, though rich in saccharine, was too

CLEARING THE GROUND.

delicate for such latitudes as Mackay. Under adverse conditions the constitution of the original stock had become so weak that, an unfavourable season coming, the plant was completely exterminated. Nothing remained but to substitute hardier varieties, and although this was promptly done, the severity of the check in so important a centre retarded the progress of the industry at a critical stage.

Fortunately, about this time the rich volcanic lands in the vicinity of Bundaberg, which hitherto had been confined to maize production, were being gradually replanted with cane. Extensive sowings took place during the next four years, and at the same time the Mary and Logan districts also made noticeable progress. New factories continued to be erected, until in the year 1880 there were no fewer than eighty-three at work in various parts of the colony, turning out 15,564 tons of sugar annually. The industry had thus fairly reached the stage of adolescence. It was during the next

two years that, a happy combination of favouring causes having directed the attention of capitalists to sugar-growing, the prosperity of the planters reached its apex. Money being unusually abundant, and the price of station properties high, the Victorians, with characteristic venturesomeness, were looking to Western Australia on one side and to North Queensland on the other for means of employing their funds. The planters had luckily experienced three good seasons, and, being surrounded with every appearance of prosperity, were in a position to show figures which carried conviction to the minds of the numerous inquisitive strangers who now visited them. It only required one or two men with a character for shrewdness to invest, and at one bound the hitherto unknown industry sprang into phenomenal prominence. From end to end of the seaboard sugar-growing became the topic of eager conversation. Thousands of miles of neglected coast country were "rushed" by applicants, and in the scramble for sugar land all classes competed with the recklessness which marks all varieties of "booms."

The Johnstone River, with its humid climate on the one hand, and the comparatively dry Burdekin on the other, were foremost among the new districts selected for the operation of capitalists, while the Mosman, Daintree, and Gully Rivers were explored and taken up by smaller speculators.

The effects of this influx of capital, though quickly visible in an increased volume of trade—hitherto unparalleled on the north-east coast—were not at once seen in a larger sugar output. Before this result could be obtained, mills had to be ordered from Scotland, and thousands of acres of bush, previously untenanted, required grubbing, clearing, and planting. To those who were forming new estates, three years passed before any return was forthcoming on their outlay, and during this season of heavy expenditure the surrounding conditions of the industry became every year more unfavourable. The industry quickly reached the zenith of its career, for in 1885 the total production of the colony amounted to 59,225 tons, an output that has never since been repeated. As illustrating the enormous impetus which had been suddenly given to sugar-growing, it may be mentioned that the number of factories had doubled during five years, and now stood at 166.

But a formidable rival to cane-sugar had entered the field, completely taking possession of the home markets. The beet growers of the Continent, assisted in both field and factory by the highest scientific skill in Europe and supported by enormous export bounties, had flooded England with their produce. The price of sugar gradually fell in consequence, until in the course of a few years cane-planters all over the world found themselves faced with a fall of 50 per cent. in the value of their staple. From this point there has recently been some reaction, but only on those estates which are provided with the most modern appliances are the Queensland planters under present conditions able to make their revenue show any surplus over the yearly expenditure.

During late years it has become apparent that a more complete subdivision of the work of grower and refiner leads to greater economy than when the dual functions are undertaken by the planter, as was universally the case at the outset of the industry. Cultivation is more intense on small holdings, and the better course,

UNLOADING AND STACKING SUGAR CANES.

therefore, for capitalists is to confine their attention to the factory and market, leaving the growing of the raw produce to the farmers. From the first preparation of the soil for seed-cane, through the intricate processes of juice extraction and manipulation, to the final stage of advantageously selling the manufactured article, is too extensive a business to be successfully administered under one head. The Bundaberg growers have been the first to recognise this, most of them contenting themselves with cultivating and supplying the cane to a central refinery, where the manufacture is dealt with and the risk of market taken. It is significant that as regards output the Burnett district has now deposed Mackay from its former place of pride.

It will be well if the practice ruling at Bundaberg is universally followed, for to young men of moderate means the colony holds out fewer occupations more attractive than sugar-farming. In a climate where out-door work is practicable all months of the year, with fertile soil, the young settler possessing his few head of stock, and employing two or three hands, has a life possessing many points of interest. During the crop season, when a larger staff becomes necessary than at other times of the year, the superintendence of his little establishment will agreeably occupy all his time. In this employment, moreover, unlike most others in Australia, there are plenty of neighbours sufficiently close to afford means of recreation and the enjoyment of a little society. An occasional day's diversion in the shape of sport can always be had by those who care for it, the rivers being well supplied with fish and fowl. About twenty-five tons of cane per acre may be taken as an average yield throughout the colony. The crop is bought by the mill-owners at prices regulated by those ruling for sugar at the time of sale.

In order to succeed, however, the cultivator must have cheap and reliable labour. This is a *sine quâ non*. An attempt to prove the contrary, to grow sugar with white labour only, has been made by the Government of Sir T. Griffith, and £50,000 of public funds has been devoted to the erection of central mills at Mackay. By this means the Ministry hoped to conciliate the small agriculturists without abandoning their principle of opposition to coloured labour. The factories have been established on a joint-stock basis, the neighbouring farmers becoming shareholders by mortgaging their lands to the Crown. Although the main proviso—that only white labour should be employed in connection with this experiment—doomed the project to failure at the start, in the eyes of all practical men, the farmer was nothing loth. Relying with confidence on the leniency of his mortgagee, in the person of a liberal Government, he has promptly pledged his estate, regardless of consequences. The result so far should serve as a lesson not only to the small farmer, but to future Governments, who will do well to pause before again lending public moneys to such chimerical schemes. Although the vote was made in the year 1886, the two mills erected at Mackay have done practically no crushing up to date, and are never likely to pay interest on their prime cost.

The solution of this labour problem will undoubtedly tax the sagacity of Queensland politicians for many years to come. The difficulty must be faced. The operations of sugar growing and refining necessitate, in an exceptional degree, the employment of large numbers of workmen, both skilled and unskilled. Regarded,

therefore, in an economic aspect, there is not another industry in the colonies that, with a little encouragement, would so quickly prove remunerative to the State. So far, however, from being encouraged, the planters, during years of falling prices, have been the object of hostile legislation. This attitude on the part of the Government has had the effect of scaring capital away, and in consequence the output of sugar has gradually contracted, as may be seen from the appended table.

The Indian coolie, introduced under regulations confining him strictly to tropical

CUTTING THE CANE.

agriculture, would undoubtedly solve the labour difficulty in the most satisfactory manner to all concerned. So far, however, planters have confined themselves to the South Sea Islander, and though they have found his services suitable enough, the means at one time resorted to to obtain the "boys" has left an indelible stain upon the trade. The number of Polynesians, moreover, is limited, and would be found inadequate to the demand, if the industry were in a flourishing state.

Meanwhile the delay on the part of the Government in deciding on some definite course is strengthening the hands of those in the north who are bent on separation from their unsympathetic brothers of the south, and this not without reason. The sugar-cane produces so abundantly on the coast lands that growers are naturally confident that, if permitted to make arrangements for securing a continuous supply of indented

labourers, they would regain the lost confidence of capitalists, and once more place the industry on a sound footing.

Among all the varied resources of the colonies, the tropical lands of North Queensland are destined, sooner or later, to rank among the most valued of the wealth producing areas. The time is not distant when, prejudice having been dispelled, settlement will once more be attracted to these favoured spots, and their undoubted beauty and fertility meet with the appreciation and encouragement which they so justly deserve.

OFFICIAL RECORD OF YEARLY PRODUCTION.

Year.	No. of Mills at Work.	Output of Sugar.	Year.	No. of Mills at Work.	Output of Sugar.
1867	6	168 tons.	1878	68	13,525 tons.
1868	10	619 ,,	1879	70	18,714 ,,
1869	28	1,490 ,,	1880	83	15,561 ,,
1870	39	2,854 ,,	1881	103	19,051 ,,
1871	55	3,762 ,,	1882	120	15,702 ,,
1872	65	6,266 ,,	1883	152	36,148 ,,
1873	66	7,987 ,,	1884	170	32,010 ,,
1874	71	12,108 ,,	1885	166	59,225 ,,
1875	66	6,322 ,,	1886	160	56,859 ,,
1876	70	8,214 ,,	1887	151	57,960 ,,
1877	61	12,243 ,,			

TYPES OF COLOURED LABOURERS.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF TASMANIA.

How Van Diemen's Land became a Penal Settlement—Foundation of Hobart Town and Launceston—An Influx from Norfolk Island—Establishment of the First Newspaper—The Rev. Robert Knopwood—Bushranging—Governor Davey's Promptitude—Governor Sorell and his Social Reforms—Governor Arthur's Administration—Van Diemen's Land an Independent Colony—Appointment of a Legislative and an Executive Council—Suppression of Bushranging—Trouble with the Natives—Scouring the Island—The Force of Gentleness—Extinction of the Aborigines—Sir John Franklin's Governorship—End of the Transportation System—Change of Name—A Constitution Granted.

THE point of departure for this rough sketch of the career of Tasmania is the year 1803, when Van Diemen's Land, as the island was then and long afterwards called, became an English colony. How it was discovered, or re-discovered, by Tasman, and how it was visited by Cook and others, has already been told in the article "Explorers by Sea" (Vol. II., p. 1). The first use to which it was put after its incorporation into the British Empire was that of a penal settlement. The number of prisoners in New South Wales had so greatly increased, and the means of restraint were so imperfect, that it was deemed necessary to draft off the more dangerous characters to some spot where they could be kept under firm discipline. The distance of Van Diemen's Land, its insular form, and its impenetrable forests, marked it as a place where escape would be impossible. Accordingly, the brig *Lady Nelson* was despatched from Sydney under the command of Lieutenant Bowen, who in August, 1803, landed at Risdon, on the left bank of the Derwent, about four miles above the spot which afterwards became the site of Hobart. Bowen's party consisted only of convicts and soldiers; but in the beginning of the following year a far more important immigration occurred. Port Phillip had been discovered in 1799, and in 1802 had been surveyed by Flinders, who reported favourably of it as suitable for agricultural settlement. In 1803, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, who had gained colonial experience in Sydney under Governor Phillip, was sent from England with a small armed force and a considerable number of convicts to form a penal settlement on the shores of Port Phillip. He brought with him a staff of officials and a few free settlers.

Collins—who never seemed wanting in good sense either in his previous capacity of Judge-Advocate in Sydney, or in his after-career as Governor of Van Diemen's Land—manifested on this occasion a singular unfitness for the duty imposed upon him. He entered Port Phillip Heads, camped about five miles up the east coast of the bay, found the soil poor and sandy, with defective water supply, and without further investigation assumed the country to be unsuited for settlement. He accordingly obtained authority from the Governor of New South Wales to remove the whole establishment to the Derwent. On his arrival, early in 1804, he assumed the government of the infant colony, pitched his tent at the head of the inlet afterwards known as Sullivan's Cove, and decided on that spot as the site of a town, which he named Hobart Town, in honour of Lord Hobart, who was at that time Secretary of State for War and the Colonies.

Simultaneously with the settlement on the Derwent, another was formed at Port

Dalrymple (Tamar Heads) by order of Captain King, the Governor of New South Wales. A small party of prisoners with some soldiers sailed from Sydney under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Paterson. They camped at a spot to which the commandant gave the name of York Town. This was on the western side of the port. Shortly after they removed to the opposite bank, and named their new settlement George Town. This was for some years the headquarters of the northern colony, but in the year 1806 Paterson laid out the plan of a town at the junction of the North and South Esk Rivers. To this town he gave the name of Launceston, in honour of Governor King, who was a Cornish man; and as the English Launceston stands on the River Tamar, Paterson gave that name to the estuary of the Esks. Thus for several years there were two settlements in Van Diemen's Land, quite independent of each other. Each was subject to the authority of the Governor of New South Wales; and though Collins had a regular commission as Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, his actual authority never extended beyond the Derwent settlement. Port Dalrymple was not placed under the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor till 1812, two years after Collins's death. In fact, there was no means of communication between the two places except by a tedious coasting voyage. An adventurous military officer, Lieutenant Laycock, penetrated from Launceston to Hobart in 1807, occupying nine days on the journey. As there was no road, nor even a track, and as the greater part of the country was dense forest, it is almost surprising that the journey did not occupy a longer time.

The next event of importance in the history of the colony was the removal to Van Diemen's Land of the settlers from Norfolk Island. In the year 1788 a detachment from the newly-formed settlement at Port Jackson was sent to Norfolk Island under the charge of Lieutenant King, who afterwards became Governor of New South Wales. By the year 1803 there were nearly a thousand inhabitants on that beautiful little island, many of them free settlers or emancipated prisoners; but in that year the home Government decided on breaking up the establishment, owing to a report from Collins in which he represented it as a costly and unprofitable possession. Directions were given to remove the inhabitants to New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land according to their choice. Most of them decided for the latter. They left Norfolk Island with great reluctance, but orders were imperative, and they were partly reconciled to the change by liberal grants of land. The first detachment arrived in the Derwent in 1805. Several of these immigrants got their grants about twenty miles up the Derwent, and there founded the pretty township which derived from them the name of New Norfolk. Others who had been conveyed to Port Dalrymple found their way to some rich agricultural lands in the North, which they named Norfolk Plains.

The accession of a large number of free settlers in this infant stage of the settlement was most important to its progress, and the arrival of the Norfolk Islanders was hailed with eagerness by Collins's little colony miserably encamped on Sullivan's Cove. Between the years 1860 and 1870 there were still living in Hobart two old ladies who had arrived as young children with Collins's party, and who would relate with

great animation their delight at being taken by their parents to see the landing of the Norfolk Islanders.

It was in 1813 that Colonel Davey arrived and took the place vacated by Collins's death. The colony was still a mere dependency of New South Wales. It had no legal tribunals. Trifling pecuniary actions were decided in a court called the "Lieutenant-Governor's Court," but all other cases, civil or criminal, had to be tried at Sydney. Nevertheless, some progress had been made. A few mercantile houses had been established in Hobart Town, and a direct trade with England had commenced. The colony had begun to produce corn enough for its own consumption, and even to export some to Sydney; a profitable whale fishery had also been established. But with the beginnings of prosperity there was great moral deterioration. The Governor was void of all personal dignity. He was a hard drinker, and would associate with anyone, bond or free, who could sing a good song or otherwise contribute to his amusement.

As an officer of marines Davey had seen active service, and had taken part in the battle of Trafalgar. It is characteristic of the man and of the times that at the time when he received notice of his appointment he was lying in a sponging-house, utterly unable to raise the money necessary for his liberation. The keeper of the house had a son, whom Davey had noticed as an active and well-mannered young man. He accordingly suggested to the father that there was a fine opening for his son in Van Diemen's Land, and that if he himself were allowed to slip away and get on board the first ship sailing for Australia, he would take the young man with him and do his best to forward his interests. He was as good as his word. The young man accompanied him to the colony, filled various Government offices, and had accumulated considerable property before he died at an advanced age in the year 1872.

Amongst the rough settlers of his day, Davey was popular. He was an essentially good-humoured man, and, though his personal influence was none of the best, the force of circumstances produced a marked improvement during the period of his government. Two noticeable things occurred while he was Governor, namely, the establishment of the first newspaper, and the foundation of the first church. The *Hobart Town Gazette* made its first appearance in 1816, and the foundation of St. David's Church was laid early in the following year. Up to this time there was neither church nor chapel in the colony, and the only clergyman was the Rev. Robert Knopwood, who had come out with Collins, having received the appointment of colonial chaplain.

In a volume of sermons which belonged to Mr. Knopwood, and which is still in the possession of a lady who knew him in her childhood, there is a memorandum in his handwriting, and signed by his name, to the effect that on the 19th of February, 1817, the corner-stone was laid of the first church founded in Hobart Town—to be named St. David's, *in honour of Governor Davey*. Knopwood, as the first chaplain of the colony, and the only clergyman in the island, was an important character in the early history of Van Diemen's Land. He had been an ardent sportsman and a hard liver in his youth, and he retained some of his early tastes in his maturer years; but he was not a bad clergyman, judged by the standard of the times. He would ride any distance in

any weather to attend the sick or dying, generally carrying with him a bottle of wine if the sufferer was poor.

It was during Davey's government that bushranging first became a serious danger. By a stretch of authority Davey hanged several bushrangers without sending them to Sydney for trial; for, as before mentioned, there was no Criminal Court in Van Diemen's

SCENE IN ST. MARY'S PASS, CORNWALL.

Land. He was censured for this by the Governor-in-Chief, but the free settlers notified by a public address their approval of his conduct. Country settlers had, at this time, many difficulties to contend with. In addition to the discomforts of new homes in the forest and the wilderness, there was a constant danger of robbery and perhaps violence from bushrangers, and of robbery always accompanied by slaughter from the natives. By this time the enmity of the aborigines had become implacable. Collins had done his utmost to protect and conciliate the poor savages, and Davey was no less humane than his predecessor; but it was impossible to control the brutality of convict stock-keepers and the vindictiveness of country settlers, who would shoot down men, women, and children indiscriminately in retaliation for some theft or supposed theft, and sometimes through mere terror at the approach of one of the native hunting-parties.

In the course of the year 1817 Governor Davey was replaced by Colonel Sorell. The population of Hobart Town was at this time about 1,000; the town itself was little more than a collection of huts, and the moral condition of the community was very low indeed. The prisoners, male and female, were under no firm control. If they answered the roll-call in the morning, and went about their work quietly in the day, the superintendents troubled themselves very little about the way in which they disposed of themselves at night.

When Sorell arrived he found that the rite of matrimony had almost become obsolete; the disorganisation of the prison population was becoming a real danger to the town, while bushrangers were roaming the country in formidable gangs, unrestrained by a weak and careless executive. One of Sorell's first cares was to put down this last-named evil. He also did his best to restore the decencies of society, and when his term of government came to an end, in 1824, the colony had advanced in many ways. The Bank of Van Diemen's Land had been founded, and had greatly facilitated commercial transactions; trade had increased, ship-building was carried on to a considerable extent, and whaling vessels constructed in the colony left the port annually, and brought back cargoes of sperm oil for export to England. Agriculture had extended, and the population of Hobart Town had increased to 2,700.

The immediate successor of Sorell was Colonel Arthur, by far the ablest of the early Governors of Van Diemen's Land. His chief fault as a ruler was a deficiency in the art of conciliation. Like most men in whom the gift of command is innate, he was indifferent to personal popularity; and, coming after a man of such urbanity as Sorell, he offended, by the coldness of his manner, many persons whom it would have been good policy to conciliate. With all this he was the right man for the time and place, and gave almost unbounded satisfaction to the Home Government. On his arrival in Van Diemen's Land he found great irregularities prevailing. Sorell had done as much for the correction of abuses as could be expected from a man of easy and kindly disposition, who was by no means a born disciplinarian. Arthur's resolute rule soon put an end to such flagrant abuses as his predecessor had been unable to cope with.

But the new Governor enjoyed advantages which his predecessor had not possessed. In the same year that he entered on his government (1824), Judge Pedder arrived from England with the Charter of the Supreme Court of Van Diemen's Land, and Mr. Tice Gellibrand presented his commission as Attorney-General. The establishment of a Supreme Court was a very important step towards social organisation, but the peculiar circumstances of the colony did not warrant the adoption of the English system of juries. Both in civil and in criminal cases the jury consisted of seven military officers.

Another important change took place in the early years of Arthur's government. General Darling, the Governor of New South Wales, and, as such, Governor-General, arrived from Sydney towards the end of 1825, and, on the 3rd of December in that year, proclaimed Van Diemen's Land an independent colony. Arthur was now invested with the title of "His Excellency;" for, up to this time, the Lieutenant-Governors had always been addressed as "Your Worship." But though virtually independent of the

Governor-General, he was still designated Lieutenant-Governor; and it was not till long afterwards, in 1855, that the Governors of Tasmania were recognised officially as Governors-in-Chief.

Simultaneously with the establishment of executive independence, a Legislative and an Executive Council were appointed, the former to make laws for the colony, the latter to assist the Governor with their advice. The original Executive Council consisted of the four highest officials of the colony, and the original Legislative Council was composed of the same four with the addition of three non-official members nominated by the Crown. This, of course, was something very far from Constitutional Government as generally understood; but it was considered essential to the safety of society in those days that the Governor should be almost absolute in his rule. The only check upon him consisted in the fact that, as all the chief officials were appointed by direct nomination of the Crown, they were so far independent of him that they could not be dismissed without the sanction of the Home Government.

One of Arthur's most important measures was the division of the island into police districts. To each of these districts there was appointed a stipendiary magistrate, an efficient body of police, a salaried surgeon, a small detachment of soldiers, and a flagellator, who was deemed a necessity in the then existing state of the colony. Without a means of prompt punishment, the country settlers would have been at the mercy of their assigned servants. It was, however, an advantage to the prison population to have this power of punishment transferred from the Country Justices of the Peace to the more impartial decision of a Government official. Strange stories are told of the recklessness with which country magistrates would order twenty-five or fifty lashes without any investigation, and on the mere strength of a note from some settler, complaining of his servant's conduct. A magistrate, hearing his gig drive up to the door of the court-house while a culprit was before him, left the bench, saying, "I can't wait; give him fifty." A cattle-stealer owed his life to a like impatience of inquiry. "Give him fifty," said the magistrate, who was anxious to get away, and the culprit thus escaped trial for a capital offence. A party of assigned servants were brought up for disobedience: "Give them five-and-twenty all round," said the magistrate, who was on his way home from the court-house and found it inconvenient to return. A man was sent with a note to a Justice of the Peace. Suspecting that it contained a complaint of his conduct, he handed it to a fellow-servant, who was flogged in spite of his protests. A country settler and Justice of the Peace had got the nickname "None-so-dusty" from his frequent use of that silly vulgarism. "Can you tell me where old None-so-dusty lives?" said a man to him as he was walking out one day not far from his house. The man had been sent with some ordinary message, but did not know him by sight. The settler directed him to the house, and when the poor fellow arrived there he found himself confronted with the man whom he had addressed, and sentenced to fifty lashes for speaking disrespectfully of a magistrate.

The suppression of bushranging, which about the time of Colonel Arthur's arrival had broken out more dangerously than ever, was one of his early cares. Macquarie Harbour, on the west coast, had been selected by Sorell as a place of punishment for

the worst class of criminals. The intense severity of the discipline in this place of punishment, and the dreadful monotony and discomforts of existence there, caused numbers of the prisoners to attempt their escape. Those who tried to get away by land almost invariably perished in the dense forests; but some prisoners,

MONA VALE—A TASMANIAN COUNTRY SEAT.

headed by a man named Brady, succeeded in escaping by seizing a Government boat and rowing round the south coast till they arrived at the Derwent. This lot, known as Brady's party, soon became a terror to the colony. Well armed with stolen weapons, and well mounted on stolen horses, they scoured the country, always appearing where least expected. Their example was contagious. Men absconded from the Government gangs and from the service of the settlers, and in the year 1825 no less than a hundred were in arms throughout the country. Pillage and arson, often accompanied by murder, rendered the life of country settlers a burden and a misery. Brady's party carried audacity so far as to capture the gaol and liberate the prisoners at Sorell (a township named after the late Governor). Before people

had recovered from their surprise he appeared in the neighbourhood of Launceston and plundered the houses of several of the neighbouring settlers, evading for a time the pursuit of the small military force stationed at the northern capital. It was felt, however, that this state of things must be put down. The settlers, in conjunction with the military, organised a force for the systematic and untiring pursuit of the bush-rangers, and the Governor himself took the field. In a short time Brady and the chief culprits were in the hands of justice, and during the years 1825 and 1826 more than a hundred men were hanged for crimes of robbery and violence.

Another sore trouble and danger to settlers in the same decade was the hostility of the natives. All authorities agree that the ill-treatment of the poor savages, and especially of the black girls and women, was the chief cause of a hostility which often showed itself in cruel murders of whole families of isolated settlers. The advance of settlement spoilt their best hunting-grounds, and diminished their means of subsistence. After having to flee before armed parties of the settlers, their young children would perish from fatigue and starvation, or be left behind as an encumbrance. Their numbers rapidly diminished, but their ferocity increased as they felt themselves undergoing gradual extirpation at the hands of the new-comers. At length the Governor

BIT OF THE GEORGE RIVER.

organised an elaborate scheme for capturing all the remnants of the tribes, so as to put an end alike to the danger. His plan was to draw a cordon of troops and volunteers from St. Patrick's Head to Lake Echo. They were to advance in a south easterly direction, gradually closing in; so that bit by bit the natives should be driven down to Tasman's Peninsula. The settlers entered warmly into the project, and, including

the troops, 3,000 persons were engaged in carrying it out. Preparations were made as for an actual campaign. Depôts were established. Arthur was indefatigable in his organisation, and for several weeks all business was suspended while the colony was occupied in preparation for the capture of the aborigines. At length the Black Line was formed. In October, 1829, it began its march, broken into parties separated by such small intervals that not even a black savage could pass between them unnoticed, as they fondly supposed. The line moved systematically onward towards Tasman's Peninsula, never doubting but that the aborigines were in full retreat in the same direction. The peninsula is joined by a very narrow strip of land to the mainland, so that if the natives were once there, they would virtually be in prison. The troops and volunteers searched it from end to end. Not a native was to be found. One black man and one black boy were captured on the march, and this was all the result of the so-called *Black War*, an undertaking which had cost the colony £30,000 in direct expenditure, and more than double that amount in waste of time, &c., if the time and personal expenses of the volunteers be taken into account.

But while this futile attempt was being carried out to its ridiculous conclusion, a far different solution of the native difficulty was being thought out. A bricklayer named Robinson, who belonged to the Wesleyan body, and was a diligent worker in their Sunday schools, conceived the notion of winning over the aborigines by kindness and sympathy. How he fared has already been told,* so that here it need only be said that one group after another surrendered to his kindly persuasion. The Government decided to transplant them to Flinders Island. The whole number placed on the island was only 203, probably about a twentieth of the population which the colonists had found in Van Diemen's Land at their first landing. They were well cared for, were lodged in comfortable huts, clothed, fed, and instructed. They proved singularly tractable and amiable under kind treatment, but their numbers rapidly dwindled. The women seemed stricken with barrenness, and the men pined for the free life of their plains and their forests. Births were very few, and deaths were numerous. The mountain peaks of Tasmania are plainly visible from Flinders Island, and the sight of them kept alive a nostalgia, which developed into actual disease. The symptoms were loss of appetite, then actual distaste for food, then a disorganisation of the vital functions, under which the sufferer would lie down and die without any wish to prolong life. By the year 1847 only forty-four were left, and these were removed to Oyster Cove, a little bay on D'Entrecasteaux Channel, which had been used as a penal establishment. Here they were housed in the huts which had been constructed for the prisoners. But the habit of drink took possession of them, and by 1876 the race was entirely extinct.

The remaining events of Arthur's rule must be briefly noticed. In 1828 a new Constitution Act came in force. The Legislative Council was enlarged to fifteen members. They were nominated by the Crown, but all vacancies were to be filled up by the Governor. He himself was President, and had a deliberative as well as a casting vote. The powers of this Council were strictly defined. It had a certain discretion in

* Vol. III., p. 64.

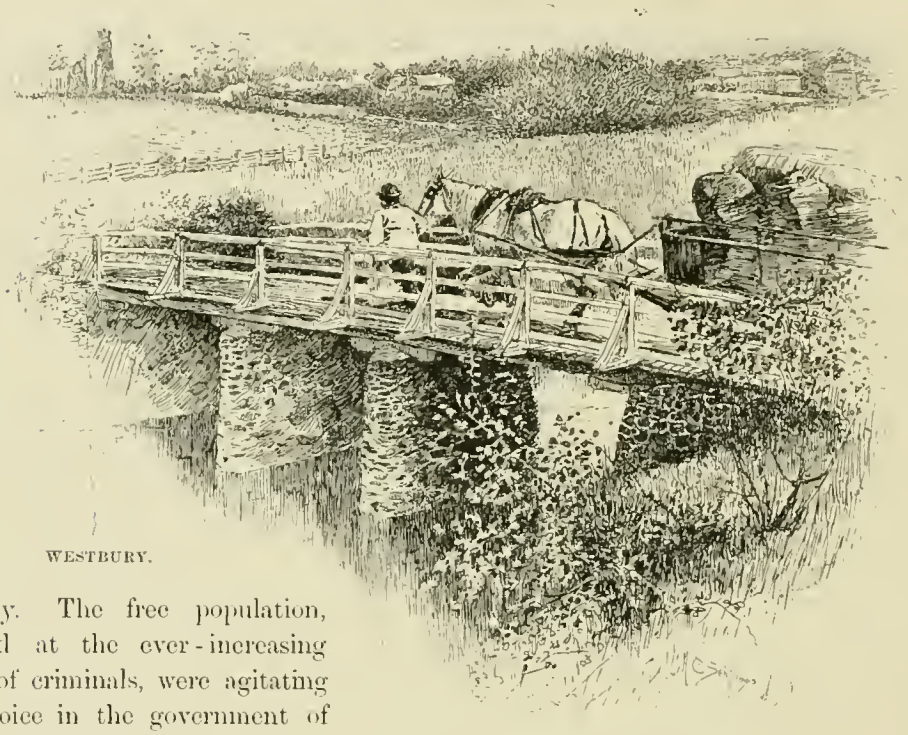
taxation, and was authorised to establish the system of civil juries, a right which it did not exercise for several years. It was intended that this Constitution should be revised and amended in seven years; but in fact it remained unchanged till the year 1850. Meanwhile every year was increasing the numbers and importance of the free settlers, and great trouble arose from their desire to have a larger share in the management of local affairs.

Arthur left the colony in 1836, his term of office having been renewed on its first expiration. His successor was a man of greater fame, but of far inferior capacity for government. Sir John Franklin had gained great renown as an explorer in the Arctic regions. On his arrival he had a most cordial reception from all classes of the community, and in an especial degree from those who had been opposed to Colonel Arthur's government. His first measures were popular. He opened the doors of the Legislative Council to the public and to reporters, and did his utmost to reconcile conflicting factions, nominating to vacancies in the Council some of those who had been amongst the active outdoor opposition. But the old influence was too strong for him. The chief officials—the nominee Council, the convict and police administration—were what Arthur had made them. The Colonial Secretary, Montague, was a nephew of Colonel Arthur's, as was also one of the judges. Franklin found himself thwarted at every turn by the officials appointed under his predecessor, and especially by the Montagues. He was of an open, kindly, unsuspicious disposition; but the incessant opposition which he encountered, and the way in which his confidence was betrayed by men in whom he trusted, completely destroyed his faith in human nature: and when he left the colony he was a broken-hearted man. "Till I came to Tasmania," he said to Bishop Nixon, "I never distrusted anyone; and now—God help me!—I distrust everybody."

It was one of his misfortunes that he was somewhat overshadowed by his wife—a clever, energetic, imperious woman, whom the Montague faction habitually represented as being the virtual ruler of the colony. At length the Colonial Secretary, in one of his quarrels with the Governor, had the insolence to charge him with being influenced by Lady Franklin, whereupon the Governor dismissed him from office. Montague went home, and made good his story to the Secretary for the Colonies. Franklin was censured, and soon after recalled. Popular opinion was strongly in his favour, and the kindly feeling attached to his memory was naturally intensified by the mystery which for so many years surrounded his fate.

The increase of the colony both in wealth and in population during his term of government was very marked. At the time of his arrival the population was more than double what it had been at the commencement of Colonel Arthur's government, but the whole aspect of affairs had changed. Hobart had become a pretty and clean town, of white stone houses surrounded by lovely flower gardens. The importance of the free population had increased and was daily increasing. It was useless to attempt to govern the colony as if it were merely a large penal establishment. A strong public spirit had grown up, and out-door opposition was intensified by the non-representation in the Legislature of the dominant feeling of the day.

With the desire for representative institutions, a strong feeling of opposition to transportation began to prevail amongst those portions of the free population who were not officially connected with the Government. In the course of Franklin's term of government, transportation to New South Wales had ceased, and then the convicted criminals of the United Kingdom were poured by thousands into Van Diemen's Land, as the only penal colony remaining to the Crown. Franklin's recall took place in 1843, and his immediate successor, Sir Eardley Wilmot, arrived at a period of exceptional



WESTBURY.

difficulty. The free population, horrified at the ever-increasing influx of criminals, were agitating for a voice in the government of their adopted country, while the control of the daily increasing number of prisoners was constantly becoming more difficult through the frequent and abrupt changes of system imposed by the varying whims of the Colonial Office. The only compensation for the moral evil consisted in the material benefit derived from the large expenditure of Imperial funds for the maintenance of the penal establishments. This amounted at one time nearly to £1,000 per day; but the Colonial Office pronounced the expenditure excessive, and decided to throw on the colony a large proportion of the police expenses. By this time a considerable section of the nominee Council had become strongly opposed to transportation, and when the Governor attempted increase of taxation they opposed it to the utmost. Six of the number, headed by Mr. T. G. Gregson, resigned their seats and sent home a statement of the grievances under which the colony laboured. These men are known in the annals of the colony as "The Patriotic Six." Wilmot filled the vacancies by fresh nominees, but found his new Council scarcely more tractable than

the old one, and he himself was removed from the Government long before the usual term of office had expired, and died a few days after the arrival of his successor, Sir William Denison.

Denison was the last of the Lieutenant-Governors, and the last who ruled under the old system. He arrived early in 1847, and held the government till 1854. During his whole career he had to contend against a bitter opposition. All the wealth and

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

intelligence of the colony, outside the official classes, was now strongly opposed to transportation. Remonstrance being disregarded, an anti-transportation league was formed. It was indefatigable in agitation of the question, and soon became the dominant influence in the colony. Denison fought the battle of the Home Government very gallantly. But there could be only one issue to the struggle. In the year 1852, Sir John Pakington, the Secretary for the Colonies, gave a favourable hearing to the representations of a deputation from Tasmania, and in December of that year addressed a despatch to Sir William Denison announcing that transportation had ceased.

On the removal of the system which had made the name of Van Diemen's Land odious, the name of the colony was by a consensus of feeling changed to Tasmania.

and this change was confirmed by Statute in 1855. In that year an Act was passed in the British Parliament by which Tasmania became possessed of the Constitution under which its Government has been conducted ever since, and thus Sir Henry Young became the first Constitutional Governor of the island. But simultaneously with the new mode of government there began a depression in the commercial affairs of the colony which went on for year after year until it seemed that good times would never come again to Tasmania. In 1873, however, the outlook commenced to brighten. Paying lodes of gold had been found on both banks of the Tamar at the points now known as Beaconsfield and Lefroy. Alluvial tin deposits were beginning to attract attention; and the Mount Bischoff mines began to show promise of that wonderful yield which in a few years more made them a rich source of wealth to the whole island. With the awakening of hope, energy revived. By the end of the decade 1870—80, the prosperity of the island was fairly re-established: and during the decade now closing, the advance of settlement, the extension of good roads through regions which not long ago were impenetrable forests, the construction of railways, and the increase of mineral development have thoroughly relieved Tasmania from the imputation of being the "Sleepy Hollow" of the colonies, and have shown it to the world as a thriving, active, and enterprising community.

THE LATER MAORI WARS.

An Agrarian Agitation—The King Movement—New Plymouth in a State of Siege—Unsuccessful Attack on a "Pah"—A Truce—A Too Tardy Concession—The Fight at Koheroa—The Maoris driven out of Rangiriri—Shaking Hands after the Fight—A Last Stand at Orakao—Retreating with Dignity—A Shameful Defeat near Tauranga—Maori Generosity—Capture of the Te Ranga "Pah"—Hau-Hauism: A New Religion—A Surprise at Kaitake—The Wanganui Campaign—A General with Scruples—Murder of a Lutheran Missionary—Retaliation—Peace—Te Kooti's Rebellion and Suppression.

AFTER the wars of 1843–48, of which an account is given in a previous article,* no further fighting took place till 1860. When it had once begun, it continued off and on for about ten years. The first sign of it, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which before long completely hid the sky and burst in a rain of blood, was the Land League. This movement can be traced as far back as 1848, and was simply a variation of the fighting which ceased in that year. From being physical, the antagonism became moral. The League was formally initiated at Taranaki in 1854, when a Bible was buried in the earth and a heap of stones piled over it. The land in the possession of a native tribe was not the aggregation of the lands belonging to, or cultivated by, the individuals of the tribe, but was a certain district, more or less well defined, which belonged to the tribe as a whole. The fruits of the cultivation of certain allotted patches was the only private property which individuals could claim. Further, according to native law, all the land of a conquered tribe became the property of the conquerors, who did not, however, at the same time acquire the right to sell. They could only lawfully sell it after they had occupied it. Such were the tangled skeins which the early jurists of New Zealand had to unravel. *Ex-post-facto* wisdom is scarcely better than foolishness. Although we may assign as some of the causes of the war the errors of settlers and officials, it would be going beyond the mark to charge them with any high degree of moral culpability.

The Land League movement was quite legal so long as its members withheld only their own lands from sale; but when it interfered with tribes willing to sell, it was clearly in the wrong. In 1854 seven natives were killed and ten wounded, at the instigation of the League, while they were cutting the boundary-line of a block of land which was to be sold to the Governor. Shortly afterwards, in a continuation of the same feud, twelve more were killed and sixteen wounded.

The King movement, also, was a further indication of the breach between the two races. The idea was first suggested in 1853 by Matene, a Cook Strait chief. He travelled over a great part of the island and made known his scheme to the various tribes. The following letter was also widely circulated:—"Listen, all men! The house of New Zealand is one. The rafters on one side are the 'pakehas;' those on the other are the Maoris; the ridge-pole on which both rest is God. Let, therefore, the house be one." The movement was thus not intentionally hostile to the sovereignty of the Queen. Its aim was to provide for the natives of the interior those institutions for

* See *ante*, pp. 38—51.

the maintenance of law and order which the Government of the Queen had failed to introduce. In June, 1858, an aged and influential chief, called Te Whero Whero, was formally accepted as king, with the title of Potatau the First. The constitution of his kingdom was partly British, partly Biblical, but, for the greater part, savage and even childish. In its inception the movement was, no doubt, an honest attempt on the part of a crowd of turbulent barbarians to improve their condition, and it little deserves the ridicule which has been heaped upon it. They may have had vague ideas that, by adopting the modes of life and government of the "pakeha," they might gain some of those qualities which made him their superior. But the King movement did not take the exact lines which had been laid down by its promoters. It grew rapidly, became an ally of the Land League, and in five years was neither more nor less than a hostile faction entrenched in the heart of the island.

In 1859 a native named Teira, or Taylor, offered to sell the Governor a fine block of land a few miles to the north of New Plymouth. It was six hundred acres in extent, and lay on the south bank of the River Waitara. The offer was accepted. William King, or Wiremu Kingi, head chief of the tribe to which Taylor belonged, opposed the sale on the ground that the block was tribal property. Surveyors were sent to the spot. The Maoris protested in a harmless and humorous fashion by sending their women to oppose the encroachment upon their territory. Some of the women pulled up the pegs, and others caught the surveyors in their arms and "hugged and rolled them in the long fern in perfect good-humour until they were fairly driven from the ground amidst shouts of laughter." At least, so says one of the queerest of little pamphlets, published in Auckland subsequent to the events.

In February, 1860, martial law was proclaimed; and in March the disputed block was occupied by a military force. Kingi also asserted his right to the land by building a strong "pah" upon it. It was at once invested by our troops, and guns were brought to bear upon it. A letter offering peace on certain conditions was sent to the besieged, but they refused to receive it. Horns were blown as if in defiance, and a red flag was run up on the flagstaff of the "pah." Fire was opened on the stockades, and some of the young Englishmen, making up in bravery what they wanted in discretion, rode up to the fences and fired their revolvers into the "pah." One of them was mortally wounded, and was carried off under a heavy fire from the enemy. The red flag, too, which was hoisted over the palisades, was wrenched off and borne away in triumph by one of our men. Although the enemy kept firing all night, the "pah" was found to be empty on the following morning.

The war thus begun lasted a whole year. All the settlers were forced to gather into the town of New Plymouth. Their homesteads were burnt, their crops destroyed, and their flocks and herds driven off, by the hostile Maoris. Besides the ships of war on the coast, there were two thousand British troops in the province. New Plymouth, the capital, was in a state of siege. It was garrisoned and fortified, and stockaded works were erected a few miles both north and south of it. There was not sufficient accommodation in the town for all the people who flocked thither. The women and children were sent across the strait to Nelson, and many of the settlers went to other

1. TARAPIPIPI. 2. TE KOOTI.
3. GEN. CHUTE. 4. REV. C. S. VÖLKNER.

parts of the colony or back to England, ruined men. Sickness, too, the result of overcrowding, decimated the devoted defenders. But amidst all these manifold troubles the inhabitants endeavoured to be cheerful. A *Punch* was started when the outlook was at its blackest; and in this way our countrymen tried to persuade themselves that things were not so bad after all, although every day their hearts were sinking lower and lower.

The warfare was of the most irregular kind. The enemy avoided encountering us in open ground. They dodged about from "pah" to "pah," and were seldom if ever really beaten. Over thirty "pahs" were taken and destroyed, generally, however, after they had been evacuated by the Maoris, on whom a successful retreat or evasion had the same moral effect as a victory. Wiremu Tamihana Tarapipipi (William Thomson Tarapipipi)—a great chief of the north, the leading adviser of the King, and probably the greatest of his race—sent some of his Waikato men to the aid of Kingi. The latter had put the Waitara land into the hands of Tamihana, pending the issue of the dispute.

The principal operation of the war was the attack on the "pah" which stood on the ridge of Puketakauere. The position was a strong one, and our soldiers did not find out its real strength until the actual time of their assault upon it. Surrounded by

gullies, swamps, and dense thickets of scrub and fern, it was situated about a mile from the English camp at the Waitara, and was distinctly visible from it. The existence of the swamps, however, was undreamt of; and the difficulties they presented to the advance of the assaulting parties materially helped to bring about our defeat, and to make it a decisive one. The attack was made on the 27th of June, 1860. Fire was opened from two 24-pound howitzers at seven in the morning. The attacking body consisted of about 300 men, and half that number were despatched to the rear of the "pah" to cut off the enemy's retreat. The number of the enemy was not large, but was greatly magnified at the time. The scrub, the gullies, and the swamps rendered all the endeavours of the English to capture the place utterly ineffectual. Colonel Alexander says, that "tearing their way through the high fern and scrub, and impeded with their great-coats, which, with their trousers, were soon in rags, and plunging in the swampy ground to the knees, scattered and divided by the fern, which was up to their chins, whilst they held up their heavy pouches, they approached the Puketakauere mound, and saw it full of the enemy, who were observing their movements." Many of the Maoris came right out of the fort to the edge of the gully, and kept up a deadly fire on our men; and as the latter gained no advantage to compensate for their loss, a retreat to the camp was effected. The enemy pressed so hard that the retreat, once begun, soon became flight. Many of the dead and wounded were left behind, and ammunition was thrown away in order to increase the speed of the waggons. The assault was not renewed. The Maori flag still flew over the "pah." A day later the enemy issued from their entrenchment, and showed themselves so much our friends as to bury our dead within a short distance of our camp, thus gaining the respect and admiration of our soldiers, many of whom were beginning to doubt whether they were fighting in a just cause.

Other engagements took place at Waireka, Mahoetahi, and Huirangi. The last important operation was the sap of Te Arei. The Maoris were somewhat intimidated by this new mode of warfare. Although slow, it seemed to them relentlessly sure. When the "pah" was on the point of being taken, some officers of the Government had a consultation with the enemy under a flag of truce, and both parties being tired of fruitless bloodshed, some sort of agreement was come to. This issue was to a great extent due to the intervention of Wiremu Tamihana. He had just arrived from the Waikato to endeavour to bring about peace, or, if that were not possible, to join in the war. On the British side, according to official returns, there were sixty-four killed and 174 wounded during the war. The advantage was practically on the side of the natives. They had successfully resisted our arms, and although the immediate cause of the war was the possession of the Waitara block, we had not even gained that. The sole result of the war was a compromise. Said Wiremu Tamihana, the peacemaker, "Let the law have the care of the Waitara; let a good man from the Queen investigate the case."

General Cameron now arrived with fresh troops. Governor Browne was notified of his recall, for which most likely he was truly thankful; and Sir George Grey was appointed in his stead, as the "good man" who was to settle all disputes. The

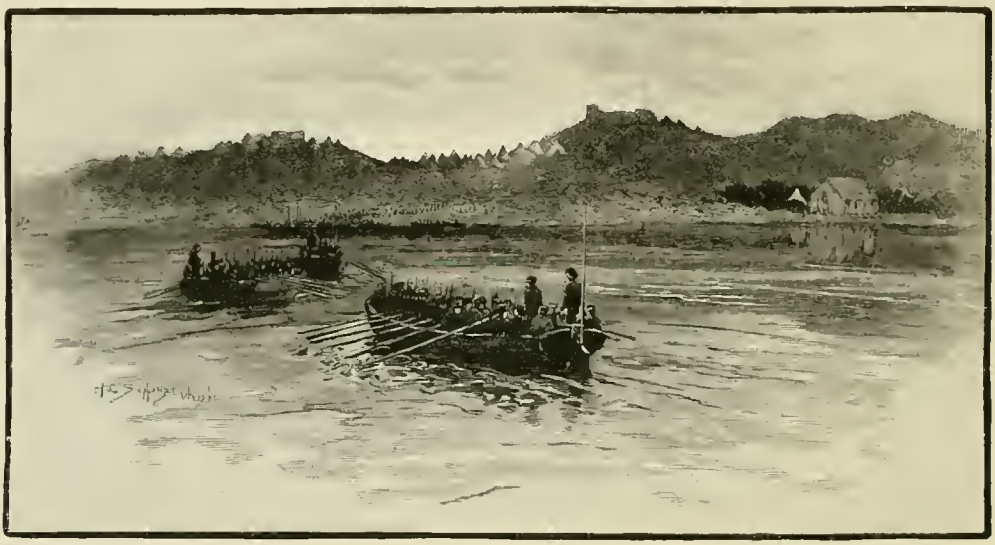
dispute which it was necessary to settle before all others was the possession of Waitara; but the chiefs of the Waikato, with whom the decision lay, kept ominously silent and aloof. For a year and a half Sir George and his advisers were untiring in their policy of conciliation, but nothing satisfactory could be arrived at. The tribes of the Waikato, a fertile district of great extent lying from fifty to one hundred miles south of Auckland, in the neighbourhood of the Waikato River, were in a state of utter disaffection. They planned an attack upon Auckland, and sent an embassy to the tribes on the strait, advising them to drive the Europeans into the sea, so that they might again have all the land to themselves. The malcontents of Taranaki looked to Waikato for direction and support. They had taken possession of the Tataraimaka block, fifteen miles south of New Plymouth. There was no dispute about the title; they held it simply as a spoil of the war. The Governor had, for his part, determined to take back Tataraimaka and to give up Waitara, as the best way out of the difficulty. His Ministry, however, delayed in consenting to the surrender of Waitara, and in the meantime Tataraimaka was occupied. The natives of Taranaki, ignorant, of course, of the Governor's intentions with regard to Waitara, sent to Waikato for instructions; and the word from Waikato was, "Begin your shooting." On the 4th of May, 1863, two officers and a party of six or seven men were killed by an ambuscade between New Plymouth and Tataraimaka. On hearing this, the Governor's advisers hastily gave their consent to the abandonment of Waitara. But it was too late. In this move the Maoris saw nothing but fear—a fear anxious to purchase peace at any price. It is possible, though not by any means certain, that war might have been averted if Waitara had been surrendered before Tataraimaka was resumed. When it suits their purpose the Maoris are not only cunning but extremely reserved. It may have been their wish and their ambition to drive the "pakeha" from the land, and to establish, when he had gone, a new *régime* on the basis of the ideas they had imbibed from him. Be that as it may, war was now inevitable. The Waikato was cleared of whites, but without the infliction of personal injury; and it was intimated that should the soldiers cross a certain creek marking the boundary of the Queen's land and the King's land it would be tantamount to a declaration of war.

There was now in the colony, besides gunboats for river service, a fully-equipped force of 15,000 fighting men. It was necessary for the peace and safety of the entire colony to avenge the murder of the soldiers in Taranaki, and to reduce the Waikato tribes to submission. For a whole year this was the task which our army strove to accomplish, and its success was of the most miserable description.

On the 12th of July, 1863, our troops crossed the Maungatawhiri, and the die was cast. There were, perhaps, scarcely more than a thousand of the Maoris altogether, and they resolutely fought back from "pah" to "pah" up the valley of the Waikato, with the most disastrous results to the English. They behaved with extraordinary courage, and though driven at last into the mountain fastnesses of the south Waikato, whither we could not follow, they never acknowledged themselves vanquished.

The first important engagement was at Koheroa, where the enemy were entrenched in rifle-pits; and such a rain of bullets was poured upon our men as they advanced

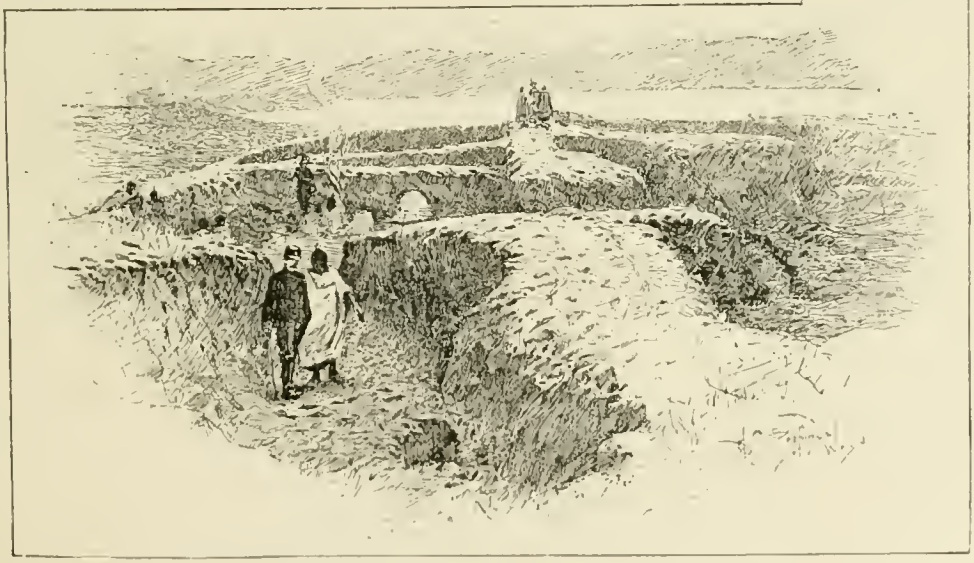
to the attack that they wavered, and would have fled had they not been rallied by General Cameron, who rode on in front of them, brandishing his riding-whip and calling them to follow. A sharp encounter followed. The Maoris were finally dislodged, after showing the utmost obstinacy, and were pursued for a distance of five miles, up to a point where many of them escaped by the Waikato in canoes. At Mere-mere there was another meeting, but the Maoris deserted the "pah" without



RANGIRIRI, FROM THE WAIKATO.

showing fight, and entrenched themselves twelve miles higher up, at Rangiriri (angry heavens). The fortifications there were situated on a narrow belt of land between the rushing Waikato and Lake Waikarei. "Their position," says Sir William Fox, "was a strong one if they had been numerous enough to defend it and beat off our troops; but if otherwise, it was a complete trap, deficient in the usual appliance of a safe back-door, for which their entrenched positions are usually so remarkable." Right across this strip of land a wall of palisading was erected, with a square redoubt at its middle point. Round the redoubt a ditch twelve feet wide was excavated, and from the bottom of the ditch to the parapet of the redoubt the height was about twenty feet. Five hundred yards behind these works there was a steep ridge, fortified with rifle-pits. General Cameron advanced along the river-bank with 860 men. Three hundred more, to be landed in rear of the enemy's works, were conveyed up stream in two steamers. Four gunboats also proceeded to the spot, and it was intended that they should open fire from the river upon the same part of the fortifications as would be attacked by the land forces, and at the same time. The signal to fire was given at half-past three in the afternoon, but only one of the gunboats was in a position to respond, the others being engaged in a tough contest with wind and stream. The steamers, too, had not yet arrived. After the shelling had been

carried on for an hour and a half without much apparent success, the order for the assault was given. The men advanced rapidly under a heavy and killing fire, and, scaling the palisade to the right of the central redoubt, carried all the outworks before them, and drove the Maoris into the shallows and marshes of the lake, where many of them were shot down. The ridge in the rear, honeycombed with rifle-pits, was captured soon after by the troops which by this time had been disembarked from the steamers. Assault after assault was then made upon the strong remaining work, but it defied every attempt as effectually as the keep of a Norman castle, and before long it was almost surrounded by a ghastly ring of English dead. Darkness having set in, further operations were postponed till the following day, and during the night the soldiers remained in the various positions they had gained. At dawn, however, the enemy hoisted a white flag and made an unconditional surrender. One hundred and eighty-five prisoners and a large quantity of arms were taken. When commanded to give up their arms, the Maoris hesitated. At last a chief handed his rifle to the General, and then all the rest gave up theirs. With the mutual admiration of the brave for the brave, the Maoris and the English now freely mixed with one another, shaking hands and exchanging compliments. Throughout the whole of the struggle betwixt the races this happened again and again. During the



STRONGHOLD OF THE MAORIS AT RANGIRIRI.

fight the Maoris, fierce and fearless, would carry on the work of death, their dark faces grim with a fearful earnestness; after it was over, they would disport themselves as if they had been merely engaged in a game of skill. Indeed, to them to fight was but to fulfil their deepest instinct, to gratify their strongest passion. By the law of heredity they were all warlike: by the law of selection, all heroes. When

Rangiriri was over, a chief said, "We fought you at Koheroa, and fought you well. We fought you at Rangiriri, and fought you well. And now we are friends for ever, for ever, for ever." Properly translated, that might be, "You and we have had two very interesting and well-matched games. Now they are over, let there be no ill-will, but let us shake hands."

But the mind of this chief was not the mind of the others who were still at liberty. The game of war was to be continued. Ngaruawahia, the capital city of the Maori kingdom, was occupied without resistance. The enemy were followed from point to point farther up the valley. At last, late in March and early in April, 1864, they made a final and desperate stand at Orakao. This "pah" was of the usual nature of a Maori fort, being defended by palisades and ditch, and standing on an eminence. Our troops approached it on three different sides, and one or two attempts were made to take it by storm. As these not only utterly failed, but were accompanied by serious loss, it was determined to have recourse to the surer method of the sap. All the while the enemy kept firing, both by night and by day. The digging went on slowly, and the troops were so disposed about the "pah" as to prevent the escape of its occupants. At one time a Maori force appeared within a short distance of the outposts, and began to fire indiscriminately, yelling and dancing at the same time, until a few shells determined them to retire. There were women and children in the "pah," and on the afternoon of the second day the General sent the following message to the besieged:—"Hear the word of the General. You have done enough to show you are brave men. Your case is hopeless. Surrender, and your lives will be spared." They replied, "This is the word of the Maori:—We will fight for ever, for ever, for ever." "But," urged the General, "send your women away." "The women will fight too," was the answer.

Our men were becoming restless. Vastly superior in numbers, they surrounded the little band of natives, with only a single wall between. A private threw his cap over the parapet and rushed after it. Twenty men followed. Half of them fell almost immediately, and no advantage was gained. Another attempt was made with a similar result. This was on the third day of the siege. At four in the afternoon of the same day the Maoris, in a compact body, emerged from the "pah" on its south side, and without firing a shot, or making any noise whatever, made for the near scrub. "They were in a solid column," says an eye-witness, "the women, the children, the great chiefs in the centre; and they marched out as cool and steady as if they had been going to church." They passed through a double line of the 40th, and the cry was raised, "The Maoris are out!" They were pursued for some miles, and many of them fell. General Cameron, in his report to the War Office, said, "I cannot in justice refrain from paying a tribute to the heroic courage and devotion of this band of natives, who without water and with but little food for more than two days, and deprived of all hope of succour, held out so long against a vastly superior force, and at last, disdaining to surrender, silently and deliberately abandoned their position under a terrific fire from our troops." During the three days of the siege they subsisted entirely on raw potatoes, not having even a drop of water. Among the other Maori

dead found within the "pah," there was one who had been shot between the eyes. His leg was broken, and had been tied up with a tent-peg and a piece of flax, so that he might more conveniently continue the fighting which cost him his life. There was also discovered a beautiful native girl, severely wounded in the arm. Almost immediately a corporal, susceptible and impetuous as soldiers are, proposed marriage to her. She was taken care of by a missionary's family, and soon recovered; but whether the corporal married her, the writer has been unable to discover. So ended what was practically the last operation of the Waikato campaign. Those of the enemy who were not either killed or captured were dispersed, and they rallied no more.

Across country from Waikato, the harbour and town of Tauranga are situated on the east coast. The natives there were in sympathy with the insurgents, and had sent them reinforcements and provisions. It was thought advisable, therefore, that the war should be carried thither. The Maoris, probably not more than two hundred in all, entrenched themselves at Pukehinahina, near Tauranga. This entrenchment is generally known as the Gate Pah, because it was built on a narrow ridge of land that sloped to swamps on either side, and formed a sort of passage between European and Maori territory. The force which mustered in front of the "pah" on the morning of the 28th of April, 1864, was as follows:—1,695 men, of whom about eighty were officers, one 110-pounder Armstrong gun, two 40-pounders, two 6-pounders, two 24-pounder howitzers, two 8-inch mortars, and six Coehorn mortars. With this astonishing array, we succeeded in being signally and shamefully defeated.

On the evening of the 28th the 732 men of the 68th Regiment were conveyed through the dismal rainy darkness to the rear of the "pah," while a feigned attack was being made in front. At daybreak on the 29th fire was opened. For the first two hours excellent practice was made at a red flag cunningly placed a hundred yards behind the "pah," and three men of the 68th were wounded. The ruse was finally detected, and every effort made to compensate for the waste of ammunition. A rain of shot and shell poured incessantly into and around the "pah." There, almost absolute silence was maintained, and scarcely a shot was fired. By four in the afternoon—that is to say, after eight hours' cannonading—a practicable breach was made. A rocket was fired. The 68th, obedient to the signal, drew closer up behind. Three hundred men, four abreast, advanced to the attack. Three hundred more followed as a reserve. An entrance was easily effected, and a fierce encounter followed. The retreat of the Maoris was effectually barred by the 68th, and, brought to bay, they fought desperately at close quarters with their guns and tomahawks. Nearly all our officers fell, and the loss among the rank and file was very great. Suddenly the remnant turned and fled, crying, "There's thousands of them!" Captain Hamilton came up with the reserve, and endeavoured to stay the backward rush of panic-stricken creatures: but as he stood on a traverse inside the fort, cheering on his men, he was shot dead, and the rout became complete. As the soldiers were thus flying, a Maori mounted the parapet and shouted after them, "O pakeha, our trenches are blocked with your dead!" Nothing more was done that day. The hearts of all were sore. The best and bravest of the little army were lying dead or wounded within the "pah." During the night the

Maoris, after their usual fashion, left the "pah" in small parties, and carried off many of their dead and wounded. One of them, hearing an English officer, who was seriously wounded, asking for water, took a calabash, and passing through the English lines at the risk of his life, brought some water from the neighbouring swamp. Next morning the troops took possession of the "pah," and it was found that the bodies of the slain had been neither robbed nor disfigured, and that beside each of the

INTERIOR OF THE GATE PAH AFTER THE CONFLICT.

wounded a water-vessel had been placed. The loss was twenty-seven killed and sixty-six wounded.

Two months later the Te Ranga "pah," three miles farther inland, was successfully stormed, the loss of the Maoris being considerably over a hundred, and that of the English, eight killed and thirty-nine wounded. Here, too, in spite of their defeat, the Maoris showed their usual courage. One of them, transfixed with a bayonet, caught hold of his assailant's rifle and tried to tomahawk him. He would inevitably have done so had not a second bayonet interrupted the process. Another was brought in a prisoner, calmly smoking his pipe. When his blanket was removed, he was found

to have nine bullet and bayonet wounds in his trunk and thighs. By the capture of Te Ranga, nearly all the leading men of the district were killed or disabled, and the Tauranga campaign came to an end.

While the northern campaigns were proceeding, mischief was brewing in Taranaki.

THE ATTACK ON THE ORAKAO PAH.

A slight skirmish came off now and again, but altogether the fighting was desultory and indecisive. Troops were posted in various parts of the district under Colonel Warre, but the number was so small that any attempt to coerce the rebels into submission, or to suppress them entirely, as was being done in Waikato, would have been hopeless. There was nothing to do but wait.

The Hau Hau religion sprang up in Taranaki about this time. Its origin is obscure. It cut the two races completely asunder. Up till now they were more or less agreed in matters of faith, but in Hau-Hauism the natives adopted a creed one of the leading principles of which was hostility to the Christianity of the missionaries.

The King movement was turning out all but a failure. Although we, too, suffered a good deal, the natives were, on the whole, having the worst of it everywhere. The objects of their ambition were daily receding from their view. Some new force was necessary to integrate and vitalise the scattered and all but lifeless members of the patriotic party, as it may be called. This force was supplied by the new faith. It spread like fire on a parched prairie, and its adherents were possessed by a wild and bloody enthusiasm. Not only did Hau-Hauism completely detach its votaries from the Europeans, but it diffused among them a unity of purpose, and a fresh impulse of ferocious courage. It may have been a scheme consciously planned in its primary details by some Maori patriot for patriotic purposes. More likely—judging from the avidity with which, and the area over which, it was accepted—it was a natural and unconscious growth of the Maori mind, finally apprehended and expressed by someone more sensitive than his fellows to the influence of ideas which were in the air.

The name of the new religion, and of its followers, was Pai Marire, of which the interpretation is "good and peaceful," a title to which the lie was given in every possible way. The Virgin Mary, Saint Peter, the angel Gabriel, and all the heavenly hosts were continually in their midst to protect them from their enemies. Christianity was false, and all Bibles were to be burnt. Sunday was not to be observed, but every day was to be alike sacred. That the Maoris might become a people numerous as the sand of the sea-shore, and that so they might drive the Europeans from the land, men and women were to live promiscuously together. By ejaculating the sound "hau" (from which they derived their name), and by making certain signs and passes not unlike those affected by mesmerists, they would deprive their enemies of strength. They also supposed themselves to be proof against the bullets of the English. Part of their worship consisted in singing strange chants while dancing round a pole, and yelling like madmen, till they fell upon the earth convulsed or exhausted. When the Europeans had been exterminated, angels from heaven would come and teach the Maoris all things. The priests professed to have supernatural powers, to be able to cause ships to run ashore, and to speak all languages. Te Ua, who lived on the Taranaki coast, was the founder and high priest; Hepanaia (Hepaniah) and Rangitauira, minor priests.

In April, 1864, the fanatics made their first descent on our troops. A hundred men, under Captain Lloyd, were foraging at Kaitake, near New Plymouth. While thus scattered, they were surprised and completely routed by a body of natives, who suddenly appeared on the scene over a neighbouring ridge. Seven were killed and nine wounded. Among the slain was Captain Lloyd. The rebels cut off the heads and drank the blood of those who fell, thus making a dangerous approach to a relapse into cannibalism. A few days afterwards Captain Lloyd's head was disinterred, and submitted to some curing process. It was then perched on a long pole and carried about from place to place, and became the medium of communication with heaven. When it had been borne all over the island, the reign of the "pakeha" was to be over.

In the same month our soldiers had another experience of the "good and peaceful" Hau Haus at Sentry Hill, a redoubt six miles north of New Plymouth, garrisoned by

seventy-five men. One moonlight night a dark figure was seen to advance towards the entrenchment. He was singing some grotesque fanatical hymn, and wildly waving his arms. Convinced, evidently, of the powerlessness of powder and shot to hurt him, he came right up to the parapet, and sat on the edge of the ditch. A small party of men sallied out to capture him, but he started up on their approach, and threw a stone, which hit one of them on the throat. He then took to his heels, followed by a volley of bullets. None of these took effect, for he sat down on a stone and continued his queer wailing chant. At a second volley, however, the man got the better of the fanatic, and he soon was out of sight.

As a sequel to this, 300 Maoris, more or less, advanced slowly in the direction of the fort a few days afterwards. In the distance they could be heard singing, but as they drew nearer they began to utter their watchword of "hau hau" in loud defiant yells. In front of them, shouting and flinging about his arms, strode he of the moonlight night, still whole and alive. When the cavalcade, marching in "fours," arrived within 150 yards of the redoubt, it halted, as if doubtful about the next move. Our men soon helped them to a conclusion Up to the present they had been concealed, but on the word being given they emerged from their shelter and fired several volleys on the hesitating mass in front. Soon it wavered, went right about, fled, and left thirty-four dead and wounded on the field. The leader, supposed to be the priest Hepanaia, was among the slain, and the new faith at its very outset stood refuted in one of its principal articles.

After this the head was carried into the country in the upper reaches of the Wanganui river, and an attack on Wanganui was projected. As already related in the account of Wanganui, the friendly natives met the Hau Hans on an island in the river and drove them back with very great loss. Two or three redoubts were then thrown up and occupied by our native allies, in order that any further raid that might be attempted on the settlement might be checked at its very source. Hostilities were then in abeyance for six months.

For something like five years the road along the coast between Wanganui and Taranaki had been blocked by the natives, who threatened death to all who should attempt to traverse it. In order to open it up, it was resolved to undertake what is known as the Wanganui campaign. The first move was made in January, 1865. General Cameron, arrived with scanty laurels from the north, was in command, and had 7,000 men at his disposal. Little was done. The principal events were the battle of Nukumaru, and the capture of the Werereoa "pah." The former was one of those rare occasions in which the Maoris met the English in the fair and open field. Not only did they begin the attack, but they sustained it with their usual courage and a surprising amount of tactical skill. At one time they got within 150 yards of the General's tent, but finally were repulsed. At Werereoa the enemy were strongly entrenched on a hill a few miles on the north side of the road. Before traffic could be secure, it was, of course, necessary that the "pah" should be taken. The General informed the Governor, Sir George Grey, that, in his opinion, it could not be taken without a considerable reinforcement. The Governor, himself no mean tactician, was

of opinion that it could be taken with such troops as the General had. There was much correspondence about the matter, and the upshot was that Sir George Grey himself, with a scratch force of Colonial troops and friendly natives, captured the place by stratagem, and took fifty prisoners, without the shedding of blood on the English side. The half-heartedness with which the campaign was conducted is to be explained by the fact that the General was not sure that the war was a just one. Part of the road lay

ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

through the Waitotara block, which was indisputably the property of the Queen; but which the natives claimed for themselves, and through which they were determined our troops should not pass. On the 28th of January the General wrote to the Governor: "Since I have been in this part of the world I have made inquiries about the purchase of Waitotara, and have reason to believe that it is a more iniquitous job than the Waitara block." A bitter war of correspondence was carried on for some time. There were several points of difference between the two men, and though the letters were unofficial they now form the substance of several Blue Books. The General resigned his command, and on the approach of winter left for Auckland, on his way home. About this time, also, instructions for the withdrawal of five regiments were received from the Imperial Government. Henceforward the fighting was done by the Colonial forces with more successful results. After General Cameron's departure, Colonel Weare advanced along the coast from the east, and Colonel Warre from the west. Before long a meeting was effected, and so, without further bloodshed, the purpose of the

campaign was accomplished. There was fighting, too, up the Wanganui river between the friendly and hostile natives, the latter being worsted and scattered. Peace was then proclaimed, although no one asked for it. The Hau Haus and Kingites—terms practically synonymous—still remained in arms against us, and bided their time.

WATERFALL ON THE WANGANUI.

In March of the same year a frightful atrocity committed by the natives was the occasion of a campaign on the east coast. Carl Sylvius Völkner, a Prussian, had come to New Zealand as a Lutheran missionary from a society in Hamburg. He afterwards joined the Church of England, and was stationed at Opotiki, on the Bay of Plenty, among the most barbarous of all the tribes. In the pursuit of his calling he was unselfish and gentle, yet fearless and determined. By the force of instruction and example he tamed the rude savages, and persuaded them to accept Christianity, and to fashion their ways of living as far as possible after a European model. His people, apparently, were much attached to him, for they built him a church and house, which

were palaces when compared with their own wretched huts. When the Waikato war broke out, many of the natives in the district sympathised with the insurgents, and a few of the more violent threatened to express their resentment to the "pakeha" by an outrage on Mr. Völkner. He removed to Auckland with his wife, but from time to time during the progress of the war visited the mission station. During one of his absences there arrived at Opotiki a party of Hau Haus bent on proselytising. One of the first to go over to them was the native catechist, who was the missionary's *locum tenens*. Their fiercest hatred and greatest cruelties the Hau Haus reserved for the missionaries, whom they regarded as designing men who had trapped them into a false religion for the sake of gain. When, therefore, on the 1st of March, 1865, Mr. Völkner, with the Rev. T. Grace, arrived at Opotiki in the schooner *Eclipse*, he and his companion were seized and locked up. Towards the Jews the Hau Haus had no enmity —their religion had in it a large element of Judaism—they regarded the Jews almost as co-religionists and far-off cousins; and each Pai Marire priest was called a Tiu, which is simply the result of the Maori attempt to articulate "Jew." Captain Levy, of the *Eclipse*, being a member of the favoured race, was left unmolested. Next morning the natives went to the house in which the two ministers were imprisoned, and after going through some mysterious rites in front of the door they called upon Mr. Völkner to come forth. He was carried off, and told that he was to be put to death. The pleasant memories of his work among them, his kind and winning ways, his smiling and fearless countenance, were powerless to touch the hearts of those who were in the grasp of an absorbing and relentless fanaticism. The melancholy procession soon arrived at a willow-tree, on which was fixed a block and tackle taken from the schooner, and Mr. Völkner was stripped of his coat and waistcoat. He asked for time to pray. This being granted, he uttered that sublimest of prayers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He then shook hands with his murderers, and, the rope being placed round his neck, he was hoisted up on the tree and jerked up and down two or three times till life was extinct. While this was being done, he was also shot through the body by Kereopa, the Hau Hau leader. His head was cut off; the natives standing round came eagerly forward to taste the blood and to smear their faces with it.

After the murder, Mr. Grace, who all the while had been in great anxiety as to his own fate, was formally tried by the tribe on a charge of disseminating false doctrines, but no decision was come to. Although still detained a prisoner, he was allowed to wander about the shore, and a fortnight later was rescued by Captain Levy, who transferred him to one of Her Majesty's ships just arrived in the offing.

In May, Wiremu Tamihana, as if wishing to show that he had no sympathy with the Hau Haus in their horrible excesses, and hopeless of persuading his impracticable countrymen to take more peaceful measures for the redress of their grievances, forwarded to General Carey a document he was willing to sign. "We consent," it ran, "that the laws of the Queen be the laws for the King, to be a protection for us all for ever and ever. This is the sign of my making peace, my coming into the presence

of my fighting friend, General Carey." With heads uncovered, he and other chiefs afterwards signed this, and shook hands with the General.

An expedition was organised to punish the murderers of Völkner. There was not much fighting. The Pua "pah" was taken in the usual way—by occupation after the Hau Haus had fled. In November the troops returned to Wanganui. In that district there had been several murders, and the natives showed a disposition to renew hostilities. Accordingly, a campaign in which there were several engagements was conducted by General Chute, and in January, 1866, peace was mutually consented to, and was to be eternally preserved on the banks of the Wanganui. Some irregular fighting was also carried on in Poverty Bay, and the northern part of Hawke's Bay, between the Hau Haus on the one side and the friendly Maoris and a few Europeans on the other. It exhausted itself in the first months of 1866. A guerilla warfare on a small scale was carried on in various parts of the island up till the latter end of 1868.

Only one more series of incidents remains to be mentioned. Te Kooti, a clever and unscrupulous Maori, was arrested on suspicion of having evil designs, and was banished, with others of his kind, to the Chatham Islands in 1866. In 1868, with the help of two hundred fellow-prisoners, he seized the schooner *Rifleman*, and the whole convict colony, with Te Kooti in command, made its way to Whareongonga, in Poverty Bay. At Gisborne, in November, thirty-three Europeans and thirty-seven friendly natives were massacred. After the cessation of hostilities on the west coast, the native question resolved itself into the suppression of Te Kooti. The settlers in the east were in a state of great alarm. Vigorous efforts were made, and much money spent. Te Kooti was driven from point to point, making all through a gallant and desperate resistance. He successfully eluded capture. By 1871, when the last expedition set out against him, his followers had greatly dwindled, and he himself was driven into the King Country, where, an old man, he still lives. To prevent further bloodshed and expense, the Government desisted from their pursuit of him, and he has not since given any trouble.

Thus, in 1871, ended the great racial struggle which had begun with the inception of British rule. Between 1860 and 1871, 470 Europeans were killed, and 766 wounded; 223 friendly natives were killed, and a proportionate number wounded; 1,785 hostile natives were killed, an unknown number wounded, and about 1,500 taken prisoners. The total number killed was thus 2,488.

HORA-HORA, WITH HINEMORA.

FROM NAPIER TO AUCKLAND BY COACH.

A Bad Start—Tussock-grass and Weeping-Willow—Crossing and Re-crossing—Adventurous Jehus—Kiwauka Cutting and Te Rangmapapa Passes—Puhui—Titiokaura Pass—A Trying Trot—Te Harato and Te Burra-Burra Ranges—Down Mount Terangakuma—Tarawera—Taupo—On the Crest of Ranonga—Tauhua—Ateamuri—Hora-Hora—Ohinemutu.

THE coach-road between Napier and Auckland passes through the most entirely pleasing and most thoroughly characteristic tract of country in New Zealand. One would not care to say that at any point it did actually surpass the grandeur of some of the scenes about the West Coast sounds or on the Hokitika road; but it presents us with almost every aspect of New Zealand scenery, and is more continuously beautiful from start to finish than any other long route in the colonies. Wordy descriptions must fall very far short of giving an adequate impression of this drive, on which it would be possible to take each turn in the road as a point for a new picture. In a short article it is only possible to indicate the general picturesque features, hoping that they may help to induce some at home to make a visit to our antipodean England who otherwise would not have tempted the fourteen thousand miles of intervening sea.

It would be unfair, however, not to state that the actual start, the first few miles, is distinctly dull; it is like a poor preface to a good book. Leaving Napier by the Spit Bridge—a quarter of a mile of ugly white woodwork—we traverse a narrow neck of unreclaimed shingle, which divides the water of the harbour bay from the open sea. The stony soil is saturated with sea-salt, and is desolately barren. At the further end of this isthmus is situated the township of Petane, or, as it is pronounced, Pātenny. The writer is not responsible for the antiphonetic spelling of this and many other colonial names of places. At this point the country begins to unfold before us its splendours of hill and valley. We cross a small hill by the Petane

Cutting, which somewhat resembles Porter's Pass in the south, but is on a much smaller scale, and is also very much more beautiful than Porter's Pass, with its dreary expanse of sombre tussock-grass country. Here the grass is green English or "artificial" grass, and grows thick and strong in the land of its adoption. From the summit of the cutting the view is rimmed in by the sea beyond the broken coast-line. From the foot of the northern slope the road passes over a pleasant green plain, picturesquely farmed and planted out with English trees and gums from Australia and Tasmania. The favourite weeping-willow is of course here in large

HUKA FALLS, TAUPO.

numbers, and, on inquiry, I found that it is valued here for two purposes. It is the quickest of growers, and is cultivated about the homesteads and in the fields with the object of obtaining shelter from the open sun *quam celerrime;* its other use is as food for the cattle, who in the very dry summer weather are liable to suffer from the complaint known as "the staggers," from dieting exclusively on the parched herbage of the plains. The white farm-buildings add an element of rural charm to the spot; indeed, one fancies that here in future years will be a very pleasant renewal of the farm-land scenery of our own agricultural counties. In the spring the grass is said to be very green, and even in the late autumn the Esk River keeps a fresh belt of vivid green along its banks, where the sheep and cattle graze.

Beyond these pastures the road still follows the course of this river, the Esk or Petane, losing sight of it sometimes behind the rising hills, but always coming back, crossing and recrossing its shallow fords forty-five times in all before parting company. And very beautiful indeed are many of these fords; the banks of the stream fringed with all manner of lush, rank growth under the drooping foliage of the trees, tall sword-blades of the flax-plant with its clusters of black seeds, the brown heads of the raupo, like the European bulrush, mingled with white plumes of toi-grass, and everywhere palm-trees and green, feathery stars of fern; the stainless water flickering with pleasant murmurs over its grey stones, and tumbling out of sight with a burst of rippling laughter far down into the deep hiding-places of the gully, where musk and ash and fern-tree make an impenetrable shade.

In wet seasons of the year these fords are often impassable. Not long ago a coach was overturned in trying to effect a passage, and four of the horses drowned. Fortunately there was only one passenger, and he was saved by his mackintosh spreading out over the water and buoying him up, like poor Ophelia. The whitened bones of one of the horses still lie in sight on the opposite beach of the river to the coach-road. In addition to the forty-five crossings of the Petane, we had to seven times cross its tributary the Kiwauka before reaching the hills and the passes, the part of the journey where the amazing ups and downs and precipitous zigzaggings of the road make the driver's task so really marvellous a feat. I have seen nothing like it outside the hippodromes and circuses of London and Paris. So frequent are the steep interchanges of ascent and descent that, unless the coach made up in going down for time lost in going up, the stages could never be accomplished in a conscionable number of hours. Consequently, though the roads would seem to have gone unrepaired since they were first made, some thirty or more years ago, and though the shelving edge overhangs the precipice, and the road bends back upon its own direction at sharp angles where straight ahead the empty air goes down direct for from five hundred to a thousand feet, they put their horses to a flying trot over and through everything—roots, fallen branches, stones, and broken ruts—skirting eternity at every turn; and the combined jolt, jostle, twist, and jar is, to use an expression I have somewhere seen, "enough to dislocate the supple tongue of Satan."

The first of these passes is the Kiwauka Cutting; next to that comes Te Rangmapapa, from the top of which a dim line of sea is still visible, and the bluff headland just beyond Napier. A multitude of small wave-like hills lie close around, covered with a thick growth of close, short brake-fern: while the higher hills beyond are robed darkly in a mantle of forest foliage. This landscape will always be very memorable to the present writer, who drove over the pass on one of those soft, hazy autumn days when the land is overspread with a faint transparent blueness, which blended the unsubstantial confines of the earth and sky. At the foot of Te Rangmapapa is the village of Puhui, a small settlement of Europeans and Maoris, with a lake and a little stream running through the valley and brightening the narrow fields of maize and potato. Here the horses are changed. It is a pleasant spot indeed. Looking back across the plot of neglected garden which adjoins the stables, with its

tangle of weeds and flowers, towards the hills behind the cottages, I felt that I had seen nothing in the colonies which came so near to what we in England think of when we speak of picturesque scenery. It is a pleasing contrast to the untamed romantic country which closes Puhui in on every hand.

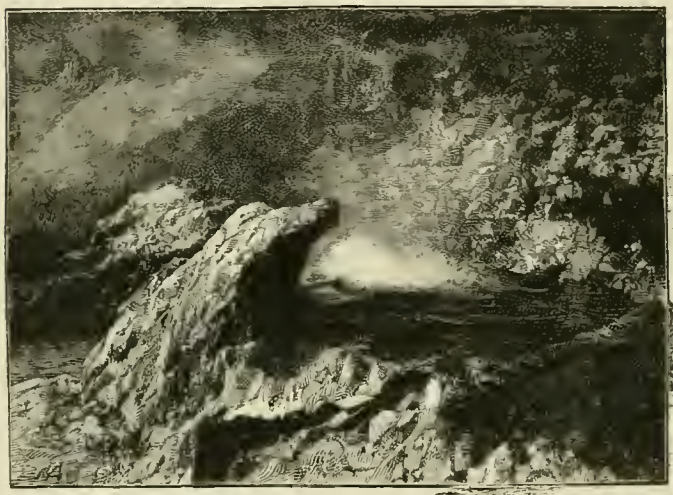
From Puhui the road at once mounts up the Titiokaura Pass, remarkable for its terrific descent on the northern side by the Mohaka Cutting into the gorge of the Mohaka River. I must confess that the trot down this broken slope was rather trying to a "new chum." There is, indeed, some danger here, though evidently less than appears. Our driver's father had been killed in driving down, dragged over the gully by a timid young horse not thoroughly broken in to the road; but "Fred" drove us down without the discernible tremor of a single nerve.

The character of the scenery here, and for some miles further along the top of the Te Harato range, is quite unique; the entire hills from summit to base are uniformly clothed with a thick growth of short brake-fern, relieved here and there by a solitary palm. The effect of this wide expanse of unvaried deep-green country would be very hard to describe—indeed, the colour was unlike any other green which I have at any time noticed in Nature, unless it is upon the under-side of the wing of the green hairstreak butterfly, a comparison probably too far removed from common observation to be of much value to most readers.

These hills are also interesting from their associations with the Maori War. On the highest point of Te Harato are still to be seen, upon a rising ground to one side of the road, the remains of a large hut, curiously constructed of entire logs, in which the "European" soldiers had their headquarters, when, without the protection of the military, it was unsafe for white men to pass along the main roads of the island. There is a Maori village or "pah" here now, and the women sit in bright groups outside their "wharres," or huts, and will answer with cheery greetings if properly accosted—"Denaqui" (good day), or "Kapai waicena." The little plots of cultivated land showed that their staple food is potato; but we also passed a couple of mounted Maoris, with the divided spoils of a wild pig strapped across their saddles. These pigs are a great boon to the wild people of New Zealand; they are not aboriginal, but are descendants of English swine brought out by Cook at the end of the last century, and have chosen a free precarious life upon the ranges in preference to wallowing in ignoble luxury among the meal-troughs of the domestic sty.

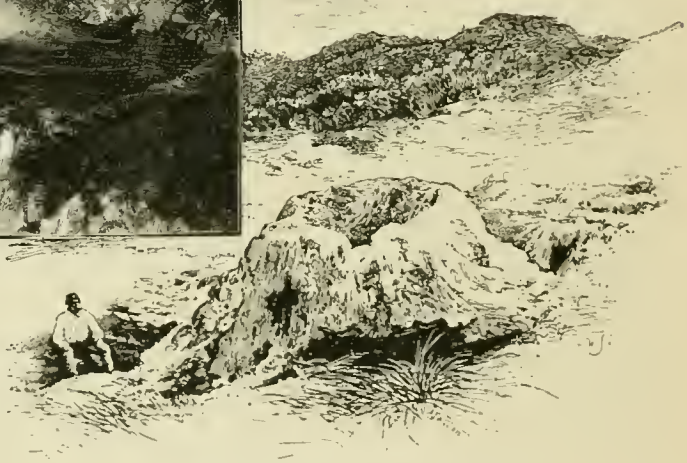
From Te Harato we pass on to the Te Burra-Burra Range, where we re-enter the forest, and the descent from which by the zigzag cutting down the slope of Mount Terangakuma is the finest passage in the whole excursion, and also the most ticklish bit for the driver and horses. The scenery here is not surpassed in the Otira Gorge, of which so many travellers have written eloquently. As a coach-road, the descent of the Otira is comparatively a smooth, easy trot. It would be useless to attempt giving any right impression of the wild romantic scene which stretches out below Terangakuma by a mere enumeration of the details of its features; but I do believe that nowhere in the world does Nature make a more delightful display of her charms of hill and vale.

A few miles further along we reach the end of our first day's drive at Tarawera—not the famous volcano, but a small township with an "hotel" and a few cottages. On the second day we get as far as Taupo, where we look across the wide lake to the King Country. This part of the journey is not less really interesting, though the character of the scenery varies less frequently. At the outset the country is quite similar to that of the previous evening: up and down by winding tracks along the sides of the hills, with exquisitely beautiful glimpses down into the deep-wooded gorge, where the Waipunga or Stony-water River just faintly breaks the silence



THE LITTLE CROW'S NEST, NEAR LAKE TAUPO.

"Of that solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men."



THE CROW'S NEST, NEAR TAUPO.

There is a charm, too, which never fades from these ancient woodlands—that tireless charm which we are apt to think belongs only to the changeless ocean—changeless, but ever fresh with an eternal youth. The modern poets err who send their melancholy spirits to brood in forest solitudes; the more genial instinct of the earlier minstrels sang more truly,

"'Tis merrie, 'tis merrie, in sweet green-woode."

After a few hours we come out upon the crest of the last and highest of the ranges—Ranonga. The view down from its summit into the Waipunga Gorge is the most stupendously precipitous thing among the coach-roads of New Zealand, and therefore probably in the world. The hills are about three thousand feet high, covered with fern and palm upon their sides, and crowned with a bushy crown of mighty forest-trees. Far below, the river falls over the edge of a shelving terrace in a silvery veil of broken water, and beyond, now opening on the view, stretch the long levels of the Kaingarua Plains. Here, then, we have every feature of New Zealand scenery—creek, gorge, forest, hill, precipice, and plain—in one wide expanse of wild country.

Another breakneck swoop down the rough, precipitous road, one more struggle through a stony creek, and we enter the level country. The dust here is phenomenal. The soil is a soft, crumbly pumice-stone, the *débris* of some eruption in bygone years; it is ground to white powder on the tracks, and rises from under the horses' feet in a smothering cloud, like white smoke. After several hours of comparatively monotonous travelling under these conditions, it is very pleasant to sight the cool blue water-line of Taupo, and know that there we shall end our dusty canter for the day.

We must not unduly load a single article in a work relating to so wide an area

ON THE WAIKATO RIVER

as the present. Taupo must remain a name only, so far as the present writer's narrative is concerned; but it would be wrong not to mention in passing the "wonders" of the Geyser Valley of Wairakei, especially as the Huka Falls of the Waikato are seen upon the way—one of the grandest scenes in these colonies. About seven miles from Taupo the River Kiriohinekai has cut a valley for the passage of its waters, and scattered along the slopes are a number of very extraordinary volcanic phenomena, in the shape of boiling springs of mud or water, steam-holes, geysers, ponds of hot mineral waters, and the like. The finest of these are Tuhnatahi, or the Champagne Pool; the Great Wairakei Geyser; Nga Mahanga, or the Twins; Terekereke, or the Steam-Hammer Pool; and, a few miles away from the others, Pirorirori, a large lake of hot water, of dull-blue colour, emitting a sulphurous vapour, and enclosed by high

cliffs of white and red alum. There are many others, but a full description of this strange, uncanny region would fill a chapter by itself.

To return to our coach-drive, there was more dust to be looked for on the plains which lie between Taupo and Ohinemutu. But happily there had been rain by night, and the dust was just weighted with the moisture, and did not rise. I now saw, in the fresh slanting light of the morning, that these vast plains were not dull and tedious to the eye, but were full of a rich and peculiar beauty of their own. The plains of North and of South Island are as unlike as their hills. The plain-country in the south is an unadorned waste, clothed with one monotonous covering of faded tussock-grass, and swept by the eternal winds which in this land seem never to take their rest as elsewhere. So monotonous are these sombre levels, that a flock of sheep gives one the same startled feeling of pleasure that a rainbow does on a day of grey cloud and drizzle in the old country. So, too, the hills, though not without a certain sublimity about their majestic forms, and catching sometimes a transient beauty not their own from the mellow light of the rising or setting sun, repeat too wearisomely the same type, barren of all but the grey tussock which grows upon their lower spurs, forbidding, bleak, and silent, having no sheltering gullies within their riven sides, no embowered creeks, cool and musical with the songs of birds and murmurings of insects and hidden waters. Desolate, strange presences, wonderful to see and then pass on; one would not linger among them willingly. In North Island, on the other hand, though we do not find the mellow lustre which clothes our English plains when June is passing through the meadows with golden sandals on her feet, trailing embroidery of living flowers along the straggling hawthorn hedges, yet there is great beauty in the dark expanse of purple manuka scrub, relieved with seams and patches of fresher colour, marking where the watercourses more or less overflow the oozy soil, and where all kinds of tall, rank grass and flax and bullrush maces grow. Beautiful, too, it is to watch here, as one may do at sea, how exquisitely the lights and shadows come and go, and pause and pass away, towards the blank hillsides and up the gullies and across the plain, answering to the moving clouds with pleasant interchange of mood.

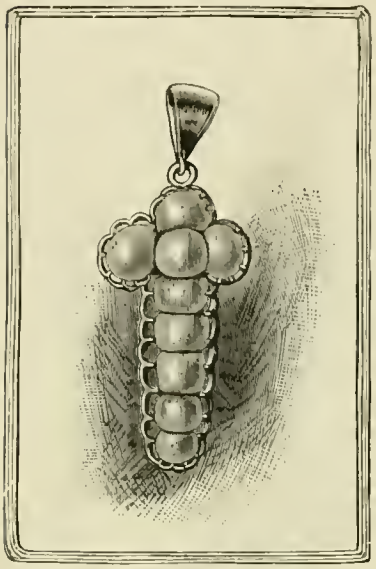
But the plain does not reach the whole way unbroken to Ohinemutu. There is the Pass of Tanhua to cross, with a distant blue landscape visible between the spurs of the gorge below. And after Tanhua beyond a small stretch of grassy level, we come to Ateamuri, a remarkable isolated hill rising abruptly some 650 feet from the plain, with steep cliffs on every side. The River Waikato flows by Ateamuri, with its beautiful pure, blue water, and beaches of smooth white rock, and overhanging granite cliffs covered with fern and toi-grass and palm—one of the most delightful spots in the Antipodes. Then some twenty miles or so beyond Ateamuri we pass a remarkable range of wooded precipices, under the shelter of which for several miles the Maoris have here and there built their "wharres": this place is Hora-Hora. The configuration of the long miles of inland cliff is very remarkable. But by this time we are getting somewhat impatient, our long journey is near its end, and we soon sight the blue line of Lake Rotorua, by which stands the town of Ohinemutu. There

remains, indeed, the last portion of this long drive, but though it is still beautiful, it does not call for further descriptions; the Oxford Bush is in every way just like the Seventy Miles Bush further south, of which an account is given in Vol. III., pp. 208–209; while the plains of the Waikato Valley closely resemble those of Kaingarua.

ATEAMURI.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: THE NORTH-WEST AND KIMBERLEY.

Cossack—The Pearling Industry—Roebourne—The Southern Cross Pearl—Mr. Forrest's Exploring Expedition—A Boom—Derby—Wyndham—A Test of Civilisation—The Discovery of Gold—Want of Forethought—Reefing and Alluvial Mining—The Future of Kimberley—A Vexatious Impost.



THE GREAT SOUTHERN CROSS PEARL.

COSSACK, the chief port of the north-west of Western Australia, and the seat of the pearling industry, is 1,200 miles from Perth, and is known also as Port Walcott, and, from the number of Chinese employed there, as Tientsin. Eight miles from the port lies the inland town of Roebourne, the capital of the North-West, a town of a couple of hundred inhabitants, and the centre of the large trade of the district—which may fairly claim to be one of the most successful pastoral districts in Western Australia. The climate is in all respects different from that of the rest of the colony, the district lying within the tropics, but being wonderfully cool notwithstanding. Although too dry for agriculture, the country is magnificently grassed, and as great attention is paid to the storing of water, and also to artesian well-sinking, it affords abundant facilities for stock-raising. Some of the sheep stations in this district are very large, having as many as from 50,000 to 80,000 sheep each, and the homesteads, though rough in appearance, are very homelike. The population of Cossack consists of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty inhabitants, most of whom are connected with the pearling trade.

While the fishing at Shark's Bay is conducted by dredging, at Cossack and higher up the pearls and shells are obtained by diving. Most of the divers are aboriginals of the colony, the others being natives of the Malayan Archipelago. Chinese also are employed on the boats, but not for diving, the Celestial exhibiting a feline antipathy to water. Both at Cossack and at Roebourne the buildings are chiefly of wood, but in the latter town the Government Residency, the bank, the Anglican church, and a few of the houses are built of stone. The town and port have been practically rebuilt on more than one occasion. Every year the coast is visited by the heavy gales known as "willy-willys," which cause extensive damage not only to the shipping but to the houses. In March of 1872 nearly every house in Roebourne was blown to the ground, and a large number of ships were destroyed. Ten years later a similar disaster befell the town, occasioning serious loss of property both on land and on sea, but, as in the former case, comparatively few accidents occurred, although the lives of the inhabitants were in direst jeopardy.

Roebourne is connected with the capital by telegraph, which is to be extended to

Derby in the Kimberley district, and ultimately, when the success of the gold-fields becomes assured, it will pass through them right on to Cambridge Gulf. There is, besides, direct steam communication with the south, every month, by the Adelaide Steamship Company, and the vessels of Messrs. Trinder, Anderson, and Co., and C. Bethell and Co., touch here on their way from London *viâ* Singapore. Owing to the large quantities of wool for export which are grown in the Gascoyne and North-

COSSACK.

West districts, supplemented as they are by the produce of the pearl and pearl shell fisheries, the shipping trade is very considerable.

It was in this district that that beautiful *lusus naturæ*, the Great Southern Cross Pearl, was found in the year 1884. It consists of nine pearls joined together in the form of a cross; in which shape it was found by a man named Clarke. It is said that the finder and the first purchaser of it buried it for some time, superstitiously regarding it as a heavenly miracle. It was, however, ultimately taken up from its burial-place and sold for £200, since which time it has frequently changed hands, and is now valued at £10,000. At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition it attracted a good deal of notice;

it is probably the only natural pearl cross ever found. Although there is not the same romantic legend connected with it as with the wonderful Golden Butterfly upon which Besant and Rice based their novel of that name, it reminds one of that strange talisman of the simple-hearted Gilead P. Beck.

The inland country at the North-West is, as a glance at the map will show, well watered by rivers, the principal of which are the Cane, the Robe, the Fortescue, the Yule, and the De Grey. They pass through the extensive runs of the station owners, and the region is an excellent one for pasture.

In the year 1879 an expedition headed by Mr. Alex. Forrest set out to explore the territory lying to the north and north-east of the De Grey River. It struck across country as far as the transcontinental telegraph line, beginning at Beagle Bay; the line of route from this point touching at King Sound, and passing through the country watered by the Fitzroy, the Ord, the Glenelg, the Prince Regent, and other rivers. The course of the Fitzroy, as far as the junction of the Margaret, lies through a well-grassed valley, while the Margaret runs along equally rich pastoral plains. The whole of the country explored was found to be more or less fitted for depasturing stock, there being millions of acres equal in fertility to the best pastoral lands of North Queensland. The result of this discovery was that in the course of a few months the lands were thrown open for occupation, and from the southern districts of the colony, and also from the eastern colonies, applications poured into the Crown Lands Office for leases in the new district. Extensive runs were taken up, and both Western and Eastern Australian capital was embarked in forming large sheep stations, which, thanks to the liberal land laws, and to the enterprise and perseverance of the pioneer settlers, have become flourishing and successful properties. The greater part of the pastoral settlements are on the Fitzroy, Meda, Fraser, and Ord Rivers. On the eastern shore of King Sound is located the town-site of Derby—at one time the capital of the district, but since the division of Kimberley into West and East it has ranked as the capital of West Kimberley only. Although the place is of such recent settlement, the efforts of the inhabitants to impart something of the appearance of a town to it have been successful. Streets have been laid out, and stores, public-houses, and private houses have been erected, chiefly of corrugated iron and of wood. With the exception of the Government Residency, the buildings are very low-roofed, and altogether it cannot be denied that Derby has a rough appearance, and conveys an impression, which is not far wrong, that few of the inhabitants regard the district as any other than a temporary home, to be occupied only until one has made his "pile."

The capital of East Kimberley, or Cambridge Gulf, is called Wyndham. A traveller who has recently come down says that a main street has been formed, and that with galvanised iron and weather-board "edifices" which have been erected, it presents the appearance of a flourishing town. As special signs of advanced civilisation he instances three barmaids, who in appearance and general get up would not have disgraced the bar of the Grand Hotel in Sydney, the Princess's in Melbourne, or the Theatre Royal in Adelaide. But for the hard work which living in a new settlement entails, it

MOUNT ST. JOHN, FROM PERMANENT BROOK, KIMBERLEY.

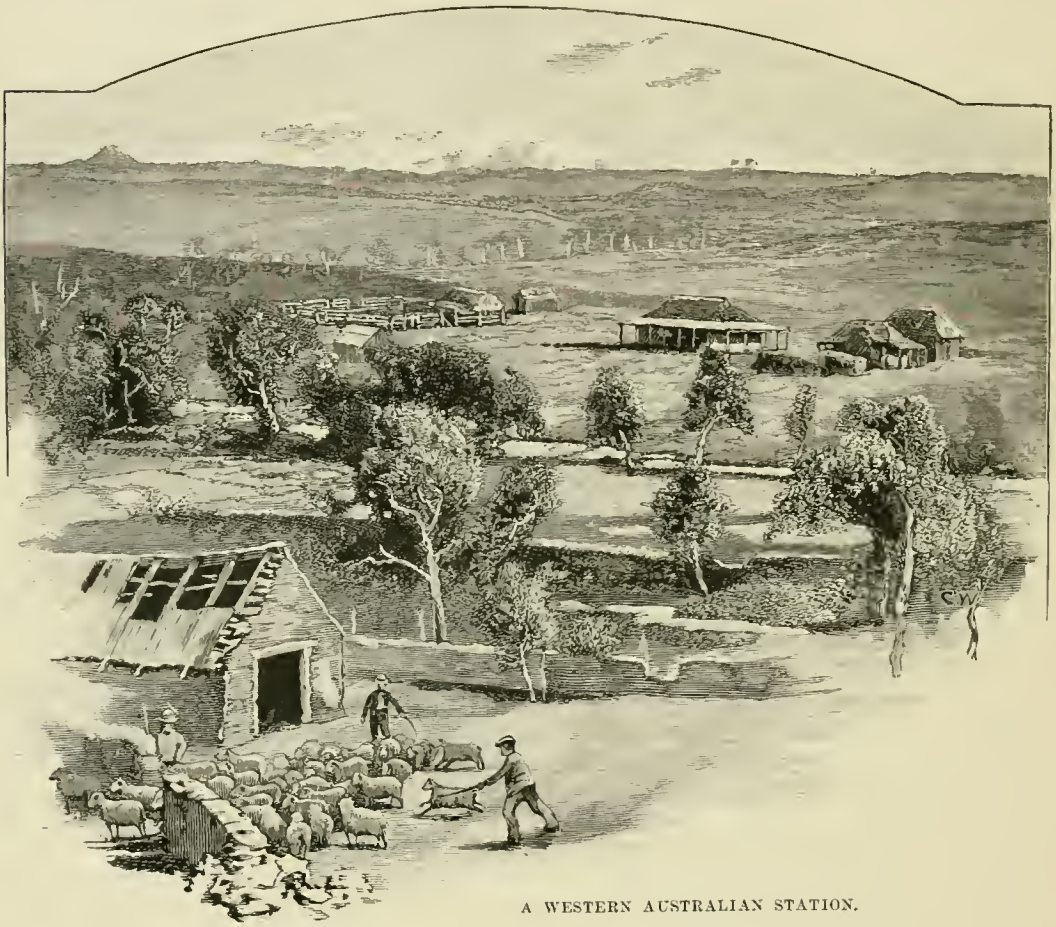
is probable that the traveller would have also seen that latest excrescence of civilisation, the "dude," conversing with the fair Hebes, and extracting nutriment from the handle of his cane.

Great as was the notice which the Kimberley district attracted by reason of suitability for pastoral settlement, it has since the latter part of 1885 won still more favourable attention on account of the gold discoveries. Ever since Sir Roderick Murchison wrote "Siluria" it had been believed that gold existed in large quantities in that region; but the first discovery may be traced to Mr. Fenton Hill, the second in command of the exploring expedition headed by Mr. Alexander Forrest, the discoverer of the Kimberley. From his observations of the country, Mr. Hill predicted that gold would be found there; and when, subsequently, a survey-party was sent up, it was accompanied by Mr. E. T. Hardman, the Government geologist. That gentleman confirmed the report of Mr. Hill, stating that the auriferous country was traversed by the Margaret, Mary, Elvire, Panton, and Ord Rivers, and comprised an area of at least 2,000 square miles; but he considered it probable that it extended over a much greater area. The formation, he stated, is principally lower Silurian slate and schist of various kinds, intersected by an enormous number of quartz reefs. The quartz constituting those reefs, which are of a very promising character, is of a dull yellow and grey colour, containing various oxides of iron, together with casts and crystals of iron pyrites, and also minute specks of gold. Mr. Hardman also found encouraging indications of alluvial deposits in the river valleys and flats of this region, and came to the conclusion that there were large quantities of gold in the quartziferous rocks, and in the drifts immediately overlying them. The country, he stated, was well watered by numerous rivers, creeks, and gullies, which even in the driest season of the year were never wholly without water. There would be no difficulty in conserving water anywhere in sufficient quantities for all mining purposes.

This favourable report induced two or three practical prospectors to proceed to the district. Following the course indicated by Mr. Hardman, they were rewarded by finding gold, and, but for their running short of supplies, would have remained there until they had obtained a large quantity. Assisted by the Government with horses, provisions, &c., they made a second trip, and, after some weeks, news was received of their having obtained a large quantity of the precious metal. Accounts of their discoveries were published in the local and intercolonial papers, and immediately a rush set in from the other colonies, and for a time the public mind was excited by the reports of large quantities being obtained by washing. Unfortunately, the rush occurred at the wrong time of the year, just at the fag-end of the wet season. Mr. Hardman's significant remark anent the conservation of water during the dry season of the year possessed no importance for most of the new-comers, who, if in the excitement of the rush they spared any thought to the water supply, must have imagined it to be inexhaustible. The newspapers were not silent concerning their folly. Again and again they pointed out the absolute necessity of waiting till the rains set in and filled all the rivers and creeks, thus providing water not only for mining purposes, but also for man and beast on the three hundred miles it would be necessary to

traverse before the fields were reached. But the warnings were unheeded, and the consequence was that in hundreds of cases blank disappointment was the only reward of toil and hardship.

From the 1,500 men who, it was reported, were on the fields, the number dwindled down to 500, some of whom were earning literally nothing, the others bread and cheese. Many decided to leave the country at the first opportunity; but there were



A WESTERN AUSTRALIAN STATION.

others who were sanguine as to future results when the wet season should again set in. In December, 1886, some magnificent rains fell, the Fitzroy came down a banker, the small streams began to flow again, and altogether the accounts received were most favourable.

It is, however, probable that reefing will prove the best paying gold industry. Alluvial mining is carried out under such difficulties as to render it improbable that the pick-and-shovel men can meet with such astonishing success as was attained by men of this class in Victoria. It is but right, however, to admit that the industry is in its infancy, and that the experience of the next few years may present an entirely

different aspect of the case. On the other hand, quartz-crushing promises a splendid future. Despite the fact that the machinery employed in extracting the gold has been of the most modest description, being nothing more than a large iron mortar and bar, the yield was of a promising nature, and has so impressed capitalists with what might be done if proper machinery were employed, that a limited liability company is in course of formation for the purpose of working some of the apparently richest with the requisite apparatus. It is by experiments of this nature conducted during the next few years that Kimberley will stand or fall as a gold-producing district. And, taking Mr. Hardman's opinion, backed by the subsequent opinions of practical miners—men whose knowledge of the other colonies enables them to speak with authority upon the subject, there is every reason to hope that the youngest but one of the gold-bearing districts of the Australias will prove to be rich in auriferous deposits, and that while it may not turn out an El Dorado for the poor man, to men of capital it will prove a source of wealth.

It seems only fair to add that even at the present time the colony does not get the credit of being as rich in auriferous possessions as it probably is. By the mining regulations promulgated in 1886, a royalty of 2s. 6d. per ounce is levied upon all unmanufactured gold sent out of the colony, and it is believed in some quarters that, to evade the duty, large quantities of the precious metal are smuggled out of the colony. If this is really the case, it is urgently desirable that the tax should be discontinued until the gold-mining industry is firmly established, so that miners may be encouraged to make public the full extent of their takings. To hamper them at the present time with a restriction which adds but little to the public treasury, and does not attain its primary object of ensuring the keeping of a full and accurate record of the results of their labours, seems a suicidal policy.

EDUCATION IN AUSTRALASIA.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION: The State School—Localisation and Centralisation—The Compulsory Principle—The Religious Question—Method of Payment—General Results—No Teachers needed from the Old Country. SECONDARY EDUCATION: State Grammar Schools—Sydney Grammar School—Christ's College, Tasmania—Endowment in Victoria—Private Enterprise, and How it Works—Sports—Comparison with the English and the Scotch Type—Girls' Schools. THE UNIVERSITIES: Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide Universities—Are More Needed in Australia?—The University of New Zealand—Degrees—Denominational Colleges.

MANY as are the books that have been written on Australia, a popular account of this subject is somewhat hard to find. There is information enough scattered through many works, Blue Books, Parliamentary papers, short accounts of individual schools, University calendars, and similar publications, but this information may with advantage be reduced in bulk and brought into a focus within the compass of a chapter. Education can fairly be considered under three heads—Popular, Secondary, and University. All of these are well represented throughout Australasia. A population of a little more than three millions has over 7,000 schools and four Universities to attend to its mental wants.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

For this, provision is made by what is known as the "State School." This is the term most generally employed throughout the Colonies, though in New South Wales the name is Public School, a term somewhat resented by those who, knowing what is connoted by that name in England, desire to acclimatise the article. The name State School is a testimony to the truth that popular education in the Colonies is not left to private enterprise, to Church or sect, nor even to district or locality. In each Colony there is an Education Department, a Minister of Education or of Public Instruction, and an Education Act, probably amended every few years by some later Education Act. In England, schools are under local management, with State inspection, followed by subsidy. If the Church provides sufficient school accommodation, the State is satisfied; if the Church or other religious bodies cannot overtake the needs of a district, the State insists on the formation of a School Board, which receives power to make a rate. Everywhere throughout England the principle is that the locality—town, district, parish, or union of parishes—should have the responsibility of providing a school or schools, whilst the State has a Department whose business it is to see that sufficient schools are provided, and that their teaching is satisfactory. The engine that this Department uses for forcing its views on a recalcitrant locality is the subsidy, which is regulated by the educational success of the school. As a rule, legislation in Australia follows the lead of that in England, as far as circumstances permit. The reason for the difference in this case is evident.

Throughout Australasia, fewer and lighter burdens are thrown upon the rates than in Great Britain, because the settlement of the country differs widely in its various parts. In the large towns, like Melbourne and Sydney, a rate produces as much in proportion as in English towns. But there are large tracts of country without a settler

to the square mile. If, for the purpose of opening up, roads are required through such country, the burden would fall very heavily upon the struggling occupiers if they were unassisted by the State. In the National Budget large sums are entered as subsidies to local governments, grants in aid of rates; and expenses that are rate-borne in England are tax-borne in Australia. Almost every critic of the State Schools in Victoria is, however, of opinion that the local element is not sufficiently introduced into school management. In Victoria, education is most centralised, but the same complaint is heard in other Colonies.

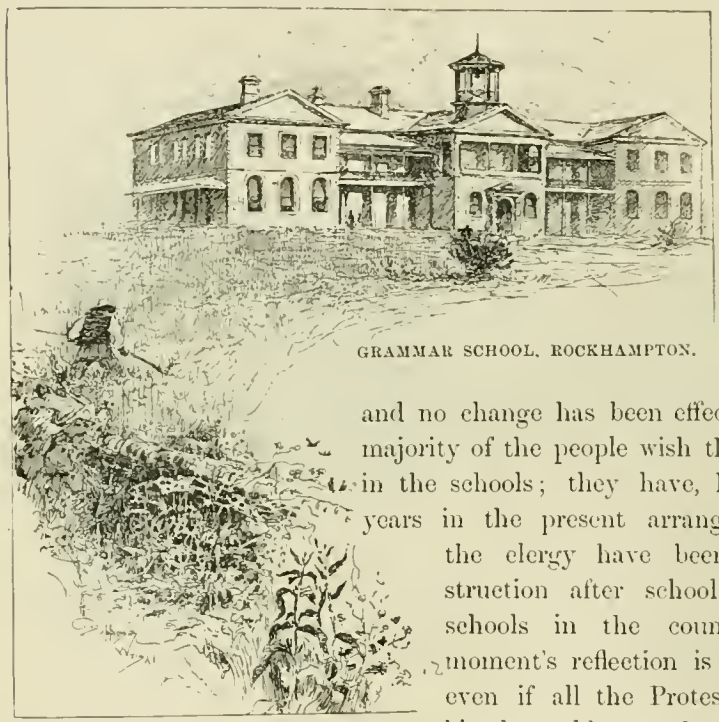
It must not be thought that the system of State Schools is exactly the same in

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, MELBOURNE.

the seven Australasian Colonies. In one respect, however, they are all alike; in all, education is compulsory. But the religious difficulty and the financial question are met in different ways. The boast in Victoria is that education is "free, secular, and compulsory." It is free also in New Zealand and Queensland. It is secular in New Zealand and Tasmania.

It need hardly be said that in the Colonies in which religious instruction is imparted in the schools, it is undenominational and strictly protected by a conscience clause. Western Australia, geographically the largest, but in population the smallest of the seven, is the only Colony in which any assistance is given to denominational schools. The religious question, as connected with the Education Act, is constantly discussed, especially in the Colony of Victoria. A great many excellent people are shocked at the entire banishment of religion from the field of elementary education. The answer to these is to

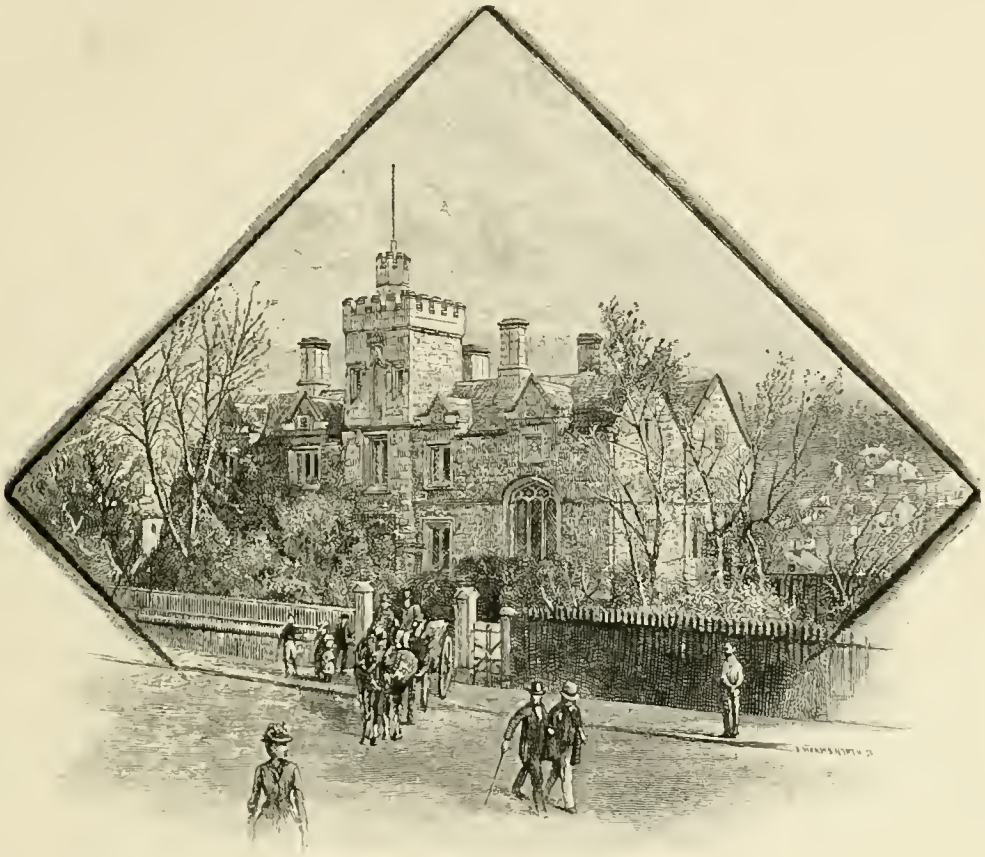
be found in the differences between sects of Christians, and the fact that many of them deliberately preferred that no instruction should be given, rather than that it should be given under the auspices of a different Church. The Roman Catholic Church has, at great expense to itself, maintained a distinct system of schools, which receive no assistance whatever from the State, and are not inspected. There are many who think that this is very hard upon the Roman Catholics, who pay taxes, and in this respect derive no advantage from their payments, but have to pay over again if they desire schools in accordance with their consciences. When the present Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Moorhouse) was Bishop of Melbourne, he proposed that a subsidy should be given to the Catholic schools after inspection, and that for other schools the example of the London School Board should be followed, and undenominational religious teaching be given by the regular teachers. This proposal was made more than ten years ago, and no change has been effected. It is often said that the majority of the people wish that the Bible should be taught in the schools; they have, however, acquiesced for many years in the present arrangements. In the large towns the clergy have been able to give religious instruction after school hours; but the number of schools in the country is so large that, as a moment's reflection is sufficient to show, the clergy, even if all the Protestant denominations were combined, could not by any possibility overtake the work. Even in the towns the attempt has only been partially successful.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ROCKHAMPTON.

In method of payment, there is a difference between the Colonies. In three—Victoria, New Zealand, and Queensland—the instruction is entirely free, though in these there are certain extra subjects for which a fee is paid. In the other four Colonies, fees are paid for the children, though in all the Colonies a remission is made in cases of poverty, but claims on this score are rare. The amount of the school-fee is small: for instance, in New South Wales the law enacts that the weekly fee shall not exceed threepence per child, and that if more than four children attend from one family, it shall not exceed one shilling. The argument for free education is that the parent pays through the taxes, and when answer is made that the bachelor is taxed for the education of other people's children, it is seen that there is very little pity felt for bachelors. Proposals have even been put forward in the Legislature to tax them directly. Still less pity would be felt for the rich man who might plead that he is sending his

children to an expensive school, and all the while paying through the taxes for his neighbours. In many parts the State School is the only school within reach; and in such a case, all, or almost all, children attend the same school, as was formerly the practice in Scotland. In a democracy, this is not considered a disadvantage; and if anyone fears contamination for his children as to language or



HUTCHINS SCHOOL, HOBART.

habits, he must provide himself with a private tutor, or send his children to a boarding-school.

The greatest drawback to the Victorian or free school system is, of course, the expense to the national exchequer. In times of prosperity the burden may not be felt, but good times cannot be expected to last always, and the Victorian Education Act is far more likely to break down through its expensiveness than from hostility to its principles. Another trouble is that not only is the population increasing, it is also shifting. Hence it comes about that the Education Departments have in some places small schools well housed, whilst in another a "rush" gives them a number of children unprovided with a school. In New South Wales there is a wise provision for sparsely-inhabited districts. Teachers travel from place to place, and gather groups of children round them as they

move from house to house. This instruction must, however, at the best, have a tendency to be spasmodic.

A great deal of interest is taken in the question of compulsion as applied to education. On that head Australia has no lessons to teach the Mother Country. In all the Colonies the law makes education compulsory; but, through the circumstances of the country, in many cases the law cannot be enforced, for there are many districts in which the population is widely scattered. There is, however, a general belief in the advantages of education, and there are probably not many instances where the parent wishes to break the law. Truant-inspectors are appointed, who bring before the police-court parents who will not send their children to school. In a land where labour is dear, the temptation to keep them at home is sometimes strong; but, if there be no State School within a reasonable distance of the parents' residence, the law exempts the children from compulsory attendance.

Over-centralisation is a common cry in Victoria, and a similar complaint is made, though not so vehemently, in other Colonies, except New Zealand. Certainly, the Victorian Education Department is a remarkable instance of the thoroughness with which the principle of central administration can be carried out. All over the Colony there are Boards of Advice, but they have very little power. Every appointment of a teacher is made in Melbourne, and all expenditure beyond a few pounds must be sanctioned there. In New Zealand, on the other hand, a contrary practice prevails, much more power being placed in the hands of local School Boards, who are consulted even in the appointment of teachers. Probably it would be better if the Victorian and New Zealand systems could draw nearer together. More power should certainly be given to local Boards in Victoria; but the district over which a local Board has power should be large, and the specially local influence in each individual township should not be permitted to be paramount.

What makes many men hesitate about touching the present system of State Schools in Victoria, or making any changes as to it, is that the teaching in them is so excellent. The Colony is proud of its State Schools. I have known many boys educated in them, and invariably they have shown marks of good teaching. As you travel over the length and breadth of the land, there is no more pleasant sight than the frequent State School—standing almost as the pioneer of civilisation—and happy children trooping to or from school. There is one school to every five hundred of the population. For the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held in London in 1886, a hand-book was prepared, which contained a map with a red spot for every State School in the Colony. The extreme north-west, known as the Mallee Country, is empty; the mountainous region in the east is almost uninhabited, and therefore unspotted; but over all the rest of the country the schools are visibly present. New South Wales, with a much larger territory, has about three hundred more schools than Victoria, and New Zealand altogether about half as many as New South Wales. In the other Colonies the numbers are very much smaller. South Australia and Queensland have each less than a quarter of those in New South Wales, whilst Tasmania and Western Australia have many fewer. But the reason of these differences is only to be sought in the difference of the population. In all

parts of the Australasian Colonies adequate provision is made for elementary education.

There is one question, however, that remains to be answered—Is there need of teachers, and is elementary education in the Colonies a work that calls for recruits from home? The answer is that the market is already well stocked, and that the Colonies provide and train their own teachers. No one is now admitted into the service of the Education Departments without passing through the course locally provided. The notice-board may be put up, "Full;" there is no room for outsiders.

SECONDARY EDUCATION.

This has not been so much the care of the State as primary, and yet it has not been wholly neglected. In all civilised countries of late years the State has recognised as its duty either the provision of the indispensable elements in education—a training in what has been called "the three R's," or some guarantee that these are placed within reach of the poorest. It is argued that those who are not the poorest are better able to provide for themselves, and that whilst elementary instruction may be regarded as a necessary, higher education may fairly be treated as a luxury of life. The countries of Europe vary considerably in their practice with respect to State aid to higher schools. In some, as in Germany and France, these higher schools are directly under the management of the State. In some, as in England, their establishment has been left wholly to the efforts of individuals or bodies of individuals, generally acting in the interests of a religious denomination, whilst the State has only interfered where there was reason to believe that educational endowments were being misused. But it was not always so. Throughout England there are a great many grammar schools bearing the name of King Edward VI. These were established by the State—out of funds, it is true, confiscated from the Church at the Reformation: but it may be added that no other funds then confiscated were so well applied. In most of the Australian Colonies the State has given help, but there has been the greatest variety in their method of dealing with the question. In some Colonies the German system has been adopted in its entirety. The State has established grammar schools, and still maintains them with an endowment. In other Colonies the State has given land, or land and an initial sum, to religious bodies, and has then washed its hands of the matter. Elsewhere, the provision of higher education has been left entirely to the Churches. There have been no large private benefactions for secondary education—no William of Wykeham, no Laurence Sheriffe, no Sir William Fettes. Perhaps the day for them is not yet; but some large private benefactions have been given to other educational institutions—to the Universities, to the University Colleges, to the Working Man's College.

For size and efficiency combined, the Sydney Grammar School stands highest in the Colonies. The State paid its prime cost, and continues to give a large annual endowment. The education imparted is excellent, and one probable reason for this is that the masters are better paid than at other Colonial schools. The school is entirely secular, and almost entirely a day-school. A remarkable element in connection with it

is the cadet corps, which has for years done good work, and been a backbone for discipline and good-fellowship.

Outside of Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, there are schools in the chief towns, but not provided by the State. Of these the most famous, and one of the oldest in Australia, is the King's School, Parramatta, which belongs to the Church of England, and is the most successful boarding-school in the Colony. A few years ago the Education Department in New South Wales began to establish superior schools for the better Public (or State) School boys and girls. The school in Sydney has been a great success, but similar success did not attend the high schools in the smaller towns, and after a while they "ceased to be."

In Queensland the grammar schools have all been the creation of the State, requiring certain preliminary local efforts. In this Colony what has been called the "ladder" system of helping on clever boys, by means of exhibitions, from State School to higher school, and from that to University, is more deeply rooted than in any Colony. The grammar schools are annually fed with the cleverest and most industrious boys from all the State Schools in the Colony. Many of these in turn distinguish themselves at the southern Universities. Of the Queensland grammar schools—which, by the way, are all strictly secular—that in Brisbane is the best. Like the grammar school in Sydney, it is an admirable day-school, though smaller, as Brisbane is a smaller town. In each case the head-master is an Oxford man.

In South Australia the grammar schools are denominational, and all in the capital city. The Church of England owns St. Peter's, and the Wesleyans Prince Alfred's College. The former was established by Bishop Short, of Adelaide an old Westminster man. The financial troubles of the Colony have rather clouded the present of the school, for when squatters are hard-pressed, they cannot afford to send their sons to school; but St. Peter's has a fine future before it. It has an endowment in reversion, that must fall to it before many years.

Tasmania also has three or four good secondary schools. The climate is cooler than that of the other Colonies, and on this account some hold that it is more suitable for the bringing up of the young. Readers of Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold may remember that the last letter in it, addressed to Dr. Arnold's widow, was written by the head-master of Christ's College, Van Diemen's Land. The idea of Christ's College was to imitate one of the great English schools. Situated in a country place, in a fresh healthy air, it might have had a successful career if communication with the other Colonies had been as easy in 1842 as in 1889, and if there had been a sufficient population within easy reach. But Christ's College was started forty years too soon, and the result was that the school was closed before a financial trouble, from which its estates have only recently emerged with a balance. Horton College, in the centre of Tasmania, is a country school, belonging to the Wesleyan denomination, largely supplied with boys from the other Colonies. The town of Hobart is well furnished with secondary schools in the High School and the Hutchins School, the latter originally a memorial to Archdeacon Hutchins.

In Victoria many years ago, in 1853 and 1855, the State gave lands, and building

grants to the value of £40,000, to the four leading religious denominations—viz., the Church of England, the Presbyterians, the Roman Catholics, and the Wesleyans—in the following proportions:—Church of England, £20,784; Roman Catholics, £10,002; Presbyterians, £6,445; Wesleyans, £2,769. To these sums private subscriptions were added, and five schools were the result—the Church of England Grammar School, Melbourne; the Church of England Grammar School, Geelong; St. Patrick's College; the Scotch College; and the Wesley College. It may be remarked that whilst the Church of England adopted

WESLEY COLLEGE, MELBOURNE.

the good old English title of "grammar school," all the other denominations seized upon the more high-sounding title, which has only during the last fifty years been regarded as synonymous with "higher school." Of late years St. Patrick's College has divided its forces: the day boys have been taught in the old college, whilst the boarders have been removed to a new college in the pleasant suburb of Kew, called by the name of the eminent missionary St. Francis Xavier.

In most Colonies the private elementary school is non-existent. What chance could it possibly have against schools maintained by Government with a practically bottomless purse? In these Colonies the only rival to the State School is the Roman Catholic

school, which is maintained on religious grounds; but the dame-school, the small inefficient school taught by someone who has failed at every other trade, is dead. The sphere of private enterprise in education has therefore been reduced, and is now confined to secondary education. There need be no hesitation in stating the result—that many of the secondary schools are shockingly bad. There is no inspection, either sanitary or educational. The State does not even require that the teacher should himself be taught. He lives by pleasing; his judge is the parent—generally the mother. Even in the large schools that have denominations behind them, where it might be expected that the master would be free from parental interference, strange tales of interference could be told. No doubt there are many excellent private schools in Australia, and some that seem to enjoy a certain degree of permanence. Several masters of such schools have made fortunes, but quite as often through the "unearned increment" of land as through any scholastic success. On the other hand, there have been cases of good men who have failed to succeed because of their sturdy independence. The controversy between public and private schools is an old one, but during the last forty years the experience of England has been declaring in favour of the former. No doubt from Dr. Arnold's time onwards public schools have been improving. They are not so rough as they used to be. Their methods of teaching are more in accordance with scientific knowledge. Experience shows us that in the larger school it is possible to obtain better masters, greater permanence of management, mellower experience, more honourable traditions; just as water and air are found purer and sweeter in large masses than in small. It is found that whereas in the small private school there may be excellent teaching, there is no permanence. It depends on an individual's will whether the school shall continue or not. The masters of public schools have usually large and independent power left in their hands, but within certain well-defined limits. They go, but the school continues; and even whilst they remain in office, wise masters will always recognise that they must not ruthlessly violate traditions or offend public opinion. A council or governing body is behind and above them.

Australia has a great reputation for cricket, and generally for proficiency in sports. Yet an Australian school is hardly ever so good at games as an English school. Many boys leave the school premises immediately lessons are at an end. Perhaps they have a long distance to travel. Day-school compared with day-school, probably the Australian could hold its own; but there are few school elevens so efficient as those of the large English schools. A promising boy cricketer often would rather play with a suburban club than with his school eleven; and a similar remark is true of football. The wonder is that under the circumstances the school games are so good.

In a great many Australasian towns, the school is rather to be compared to a Scotch High School than to an English Public School. Scotchmen form a large element in the population, and they are a clannish people. It is natural that they should bring their traditions with them, and, some would add, the tawse also. Scotch High Schools are day-schools. As far as the teaching is concerned, there is also a difference in the grouping. On the Scotch system, a school is classified for every subject: a boy may be in a high class in one subject and a low class in another. On the English system,

classification depends rather on an aggregate of subjects. The contrast between the two types is seen most clearly in two schools not very far apart on the map, and only twelve hours apart by the train. The place to see the English and Scotch colonists side by side is in the southern island of New Zealand. The High School, Dunedin, may be taken as a worthy representative of a Scotch school, though its present head-master came from London, and not from the "Land o' Cakes." Competent judges say that in the Dunedin High School the education is excellent. Christ's College Grammar School, at Christchurch, is exactly on the English type. Colonists sometimes like to call it a New Zealand Eton. It is rather the nucleus of a New Zealand Marlborough on a much smaller scale.

Hitherto we have been speaking of the Grammar School for boys in its various types. The subject must not, however, be dismissed without a few words on the secondary education of girls. Melbourne has two admirable Ladies' Colleges, in which girls have all the advantages that in the Grammar Schools are bestowed on their brothers; indeed, one might say greater advantages—or, more truly, that the girls make better use of them, for in any case of competition between the sexes—as, for instance, exhibitions at the University—the ladies more than hold their own. As compared with the new High Schools for Girls in England, there is this difference: in Melbourne the Ladies' Colleges are managed, and in many respects taught, by men. Many would regard this as a curious invasion of woman's sphere at a time when women are accused of being anxious to invade that of man. In Adelaide there is an admirable school for girls. It is under State management, and is known as the Advanced School for Girls. It enjoys a wonderfully vigorous intellectual life, which has been preserved under various head-mistresses. Dunedin has a good High School for Girls. Both there and in Adelaide, as well as in Melbourne, the testimony is that in competition the girls beat the boys. Some say the reason is that they are not distracted by athletic sports; others that they are more in earnest, those who submit themselves for the higher education being only a selected few out of the whole body of school-girls. In the other Australasian Colonies, as a rule, girls' schools are of a more old-fashioned type.

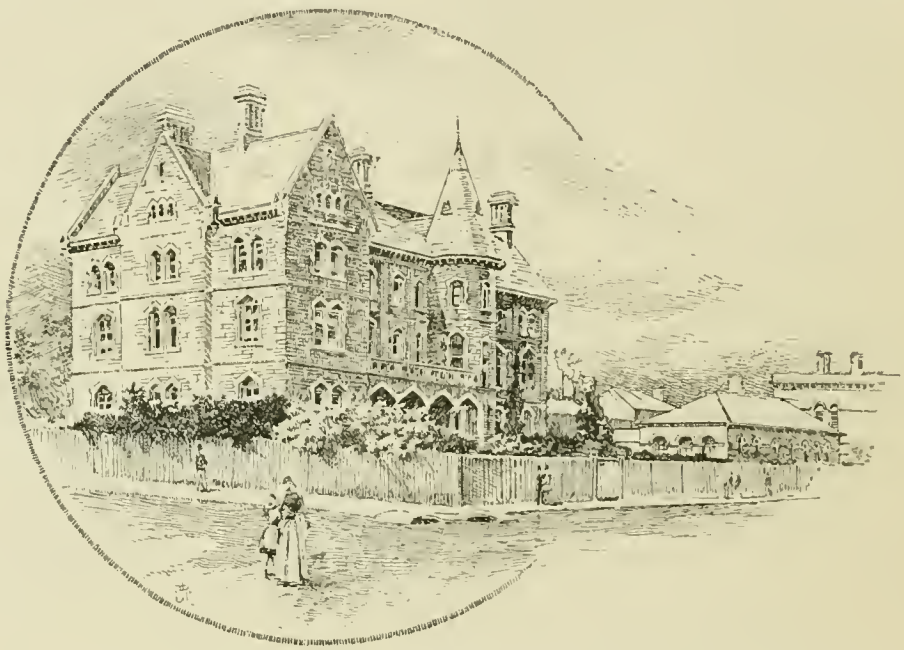
The answer to the question whether there is scope for more and immigrant teachers differs from the answer given as to elementary education. A man with an English degree and good credentials will always after a short interval be able to obtain employment in school-teaching. It cannot be said that the pay for assistant-masters is good, nor is their position assured. For a man with a little capital, and the indispensable qualities of push, energy, and self-confidence, the most paying thing to do is to open a private school in a suburb, after buying a house and ground.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

The first of the three Australian Universities in order of time was that of Sydney. In the great hall of that University—a really magnificent building, worthy of any college in Oxford or Cambridge, and, happily enough, from the nature of the material, not suffering from any air of newness—stands a statue of William Charles Wentworth, known as the Australian Patriot. Twice already in these volumes, if not oftener, has reference been made to him, and it now falls to us to record that to him, a Cambridge

man, the foundation of Sydney University is due. In the month of October, 1849, he presented a petition to the Legislative Council and moved for a Committee, on which various men sat who have reached Colonial eminence, and one who attained higher fame, in the person of Mr. Robert Lowe, an English statesman whose name has been lost and identity disguised under the title of Lord Sherbrooke.

"The system of sending the Colonial youth to be educated in an English University," said Mr. Wentworth, "was one which could not be persevered in. The temptations which surrounded the young man thus situated were so great and so difficult to be guarded against that they had led to a miserable shipwreck of the hopes



PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE, EAST MELBOURNE.

of many a family." In spite of the success of the Colonial Universities, wealthy squatters and merchants still often send their sons to Oxford and to Cambridge; and we have all heard of cases of success at the English Universities, both in the class lists and on the river. At the University of Edinburgh the Australasian students number over a hundred, and have a club of their own.

The Sydney University Act received the Governor's assent on October 1, 1850. But in the next few years events in Colonial history were to march rapidly. Nine months later came the separation of the Colony of Victoria from New South Wales; but about half-way between these two dates falls one of more importance, the discovery of gold. In four years the population of the new Colony was destined to be multiplied nearly fourfold. When the Sydney University was founded, the population of the whole of New South Wales (including the Port Phillip district, which afterwards became Victoria) was 235,000; and it was a brave act of so small a handful of people,

1. PRINCE ALFRED'S COLLEGE, ADELAIDE. 2. ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, ADELAIDE.
3. ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY. 4. DUNEDIN UNIVERSITY.

showing great confidence in the future of the Colony. As gold had not yet been discovered, it is a little difficult to conjecture what made Mr. Wentworth hold that "the country was on the eve of a great change. It would speedily become, if not a Kingdom, at all events a State. The children who were growing up around them would be the rulers and senators of that State. It was their duty to spare no means to fit them for these high offices." Much of this looks like impending separation from Great Britain. The great change came through the gold discoveries, which, according to a phrase of Mr. Wentworth's in a different connection, "precipitated a Colony into a Nation."

By the Act of Separation, some 75,000 of the population were taken away, and when, two years later, the University of Melbourne was established, the southern Colony numbered 200,000, and was rapidly growing larger. Later Queensland also was separated from New South Wales. Yet thirty-five years afterwards, about a generation, each of the two Colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, possessed over a million inhabitants.

Though the Melbourne University owes a great deal to the fostering care of Sir Redmond Barry, its first chancellor, it was not until the institution was established that his name occurs in its history. The credit for the idea of founding a University in Melbourne is due either to the Governor or to his Ministers. The leading spirit in the Ministry was Mr. Stawell, afterwards Sir William Foster Stawell. The particular Minister who took charge of the Bill in the Council was Mr. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, who after his return to England entered Parliament and attained to Cabinet rank. The first Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Perry, told the writer of this paper that he was consulted by Mr. Childers "upon several points of the scheme, the arrangements for affiliated colleges, the constitution of the governing body, and the designation of the head." A writer of a History of Australia, who exhibits a most extraordinary animus against Mr. Childers, declares that the idea proceeded from the Governor, Mr. Latrobe. It must be remembered that it was before the days of constitutional government, when a Governor had much more to do with the initiation of measures than he has now. This particular historian had good opportunities for knowing, and he tells us that Mr. Latrobe often spoke to him about the University with great interest. At this distance of time it is quite impossible to say with whom the enterprise originated. Great ideas were in the air. In November, 1852, the proposal to establish a University was brought before the Legislative Council of Victoria, and the Act of Incorporation received the Governor's assent on the 22nd of January, 1853.

The Universities of Sydney and Melbourne are alike in having been founded by Acts of a Legislative Council in Colonies which were soon to have Parliamentary Governments: alike in being founded in Colonies with a very small population, by prescient statesmen who foresaw the probable rapid increase, and, on patriotic grounds, desired that residents should have facilities for the education of their children: alike in owing their origin to State liberality, and not to private endowment. The day of endowments was, however, sure to come. Sydney has already the enormous Challis bequest of nearly £200,000. The largest gift to the Melbourne University is that of Sir Samuel Wilson, which was expended in building the Wilson Hall for examinations

and great public functions; but large sums have also been bequeathed for scholarships and prizes.

The University of Adelaide was founded at a much later date than its two sisters of Sydney and Melbourne. Its date is 1875, and the foundation is due to private endowment. Two leading colonists, Sir W. W. Hughes and Sir Thomas Elder, gave each a sum of £20,000 for the endowment of chairs. The Colonial Parliament then met these gifts with an annual grant, and passed an Act calling the University into being. There are some who think that the foundation of the University was premature, and certainly the number of undergraduates proceeding to a degree is not large: but the University does a great deal of good work other than teaching and examining for degrees. For instance, a great many who are not undergraduates attend the lectures, and much work is done analogous to what is known in England as the University Extension movement.

Will the other Colonies establish Universities? Until they have a larger population such an act is somewhat to be deprecated. Now and then a rumour comes of such an intention; now that Queensland, and now that Tasmania, means to have a University of its own. Even in Western Australia a contractor once asserted that if he gained a certain railway contract he would establish a University in Perth—a city of 12,000 inhabitants. It is fortunate that he changed his mind, for he gained his contract. The population of the whole Colony is not larger than that of one of the populous suburbs of Melbourne, and how can it be expected that such a number could feed a University? The distance between the Colonies is being diminished every day by facilities in travel, and it would seem better to strengthen the Universities that exist than to create new. In this matter Australia suffers from the existence of different Colonies. With respect to several institutions, there would be concentration instead of diffusion if there were but a single Government. A proposal to federate the Universities has been put forward, somewhat on the principle of the old Queen's University in Ireland. Different teaching-centres might then be founded in each Colony, but with a common standard of examination, and, practically, degrees of uniform value. The Universities, however, are not likely to carry out the proposal. They dread any interference with their liberty, and are, perhaps, not entirely free from the common inter-Colonial jealousy.

In New Zealand this change has already been accomplished. New Zealand has passed through the provincial stage, but some years ago it abolished its provincial Governments in favour of a single national Government. The same change was effected in the University world. There is now one University of New Zealand, which confers degrees. There are three teaching-colleges—at Auckland, at Christchurch, and at Dunedin. The governing body of the University has representatives from each of these, and itinerates from one to another, doing the greater part of its work in a fixed session each year that lasts some days. The examinations for University degrees are held in England; the papers are prepared by examiners in England, and the answers sent home to them. This course has its advantages in removing the whole examination from the reach of local jealousies, but it has the great disadvantage of long delay.

And now to turn from the history of the Universities to their work. All degrees

recognised in English Universities can be and are conferred in the Colonial Universities, with the single exception of that of Bachelor or Doctor of Divinity. As all the Australasian Universities are on a purely secular basis, it is natural that Divinity degrees should not be obtainable. The list is most copious in Melbourne, and consists of B.A. and M.A.; LL.B., LL.M., and LL.D.; Mus.B. and Mus.D.; Sc.B. and Sc.D. (of which last two pairs the remark must be made that as yet the only admissions have been *ad eundem gradum*); Ch.B. (*sc.* Bachelor of Surgery) and Ch.M.; M.B. and M.D.; B.C.E. and M.C.E. (*sc.* Bachelor and Master of Civil Engineering)—a total of fifteen degrees, each with its own academic dress. Provision for teaching music is still incomplete, the appointment of a Professor of Music being only about to be made; but in all the other cases teaching is provided as well as examination. The courses of study are numerous, and great latitude is allowed to a student in selecting his courses; so that someone learned in the law of permutations has placed the number of ways of taking an Arts degree at a very high figure indeed. The system adopted is that of annual examinations. A candidate for a B.A. degree has to pass three of these in four subjects at each, and, at present, excellence in any one subject does not atone for deficiency in another. Moreover, there are certain compulsory subjects, such as Latin and Greek, which may be taken at any part of the course. It is believed that the standard for passing is quite as high as in any British University. A young University, not having prestige whereon to rely, is obliged, one may say, to maintain a high degree; at the same time, the greatest admirers of our Colonial Universities would be ready to allow that honours are by no means so difficult to obtain as at home.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, SYDNEY.

The Australasian Universities are not properly to be compared with Oxford and Cambridge, which, indeed, are *sui generis*, and have no exact parallel anywhere. The Scotch Universities, which are non-residential, suggest a fairer comparison. An Edinburgh student told a friend in after-days that during his student life he had never spoken to any other student, and that the only communication he had ever received was when, during lecture, a note was passed to him enclosing sixpence, and requesting him to have his hair cut. This is probably an extreme case, even amongst those who "cultivated the Muse on a little oatmeal." But of this non-residential type, with certain exceptions to be mentioned, are the Australasian Universities. In New Zealand there are no colleges of residence, nor in Adelaide. In Sydney and in Melbourne the founders of the Universities wished for them, and in both places hit upon the same

expedient, the latter probably copying the former. As the Universities were to be secular, a common teaching-centre for all secular subjects, it was thought advisable that colleges of residence should belong to religious denominations. In Sydney there are three colleges—an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, and a Presbyterian College. These received their land from the State, with help towards the building fund, and an annual endowment of £500 for the salary of the principal.

In Melbourne, when the University was founded, land, as we have already had occasion to say, was set apart for each of the four principal denominations—Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan. If these religious bodies had been in a position to build at once, they would probably have secured the same advantages as the colleges in Sydney; but time passed, and the mind of the people changed with respect to State assistance of religion, and so far from having their efforts met, they ran a risk that, as they had not used it, the college land might be resumed by the State. The land lay idle for twenty years; then the Church of England began with the humble beginnings of Trinity College, a warden's house. In January, 1876, a warden was appointed with great academical reputation, with untiring energy, and

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE, SYDNEY.

filled with belief in the college system. In thirteen years the acorn has become an oak. Trinity College grew larger, and was very successful. Then the Presbyterians began arrangements for their college, and the Hon. Francis Ormond came forward and built the large and stately college that is called after his name. In the Jubilee year, 1887, the Wesleyan Methodists made a commencement of Queen's College. There is no doubt that these colleges have supplied a want in the Melbourne University. They are not expensive, and they have added to the teaching of the University just the one element that was lacking—the common life. The colleges are very successful

in the examinations, nor are they behindhand in winning honours. Debating societies and similar adjuncts to University life flourish lustily. The boat-race is an annual event of importance; the colleges compete against each other in cricket, in football, and in tennis. There exists a strong rivalry between the colleges, not always untainted with bitterness; but this is a small price to pay for the vigour and enthusiasm that they have infused into the University.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SYDNEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THESE volumes are intended to present to the reader a full and popular account of the Australasian Colonies, together with a faithful pictorial representation of the same. In order to secure truth to Nature, artists specially commissioned by the Publishers travelled through the colonies, taking sketches and preparing illustrations. Others of the pictures, especially those of buildings, are engraved from photographs by local artists. In these cases due acknowledgment is made.

In the treatment of subjects, every effort has been used to introduce the greatest possible variety, so that all the different features of the many-sided life in the colonies might be described and portrayed. With a view to increasing and maintaining this diversity of interest, regular topographical arrangement has been avoided. Readers of a work like this are hardly expected to read steadily on from beginning to end, or to study it as if it were a scientific treatise. The aim of the Editor and of the Publishers has been to supply something for every class of readers, and for readers of every variety of taste. The book is a collection of articles on different Australasian subjects, by many different writers. Sometimes a subject is confined within the bounds of a single colony; often it is not; and frequently descriptions of the life apply alike to all the colonies.

It is hoped that this work will be of interest to all its readers, and of use to some. Those who have been connected with its preparation have striven for a double object—to make Australasia better known to those who live at a distance, and to enable each colony to know its neighbours better. Of late years it is true that a greatly-increased interest in the Australasian colonies has been shown in the Mother Country. To increase this interest, and the knowledge that will surely foster it, many attempts have been made by the supply of information, especially at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; yet there is no doubt that still a very profound ignorance prevails in England with respect to her children in the Southern Seas. A member of the House of Commons has computed the population of Australasia at one hundred millions! A high official in a London Government Office not long ago addressed a letter to "Melbourne, New South Wales, South Australia"! Similar instances of grotesque mistakes could easily be multiplied. The only excuse for this ignorance is that the growth and development of these colonies has been extraordinarily rapid.

Some lines of this Preface have been written by me whilst sitting as an officer of the University of Melbourne, superintending an examination in the Wilson Hall. More than a hundred undergraduates, some of them ladies, are sitting before me, working at examination papers. It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast to a corroboree of

aborigines, such as men now living have often witnessed on this very spot. At the end of August in last year I was present at a brilliant gathering in the nobler hall of the sister University at Sydney, held for the purpose of inaugurating an Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science. We were told that it was less than sixty years since the British Association was founded with a smaller roll of members than the Australasian. These facts connected with mental development are more striking than the material fact that during that year land was sold in the chief street in Melbourne at more than £2,000 a foot frontage; and be it remembered that the jubilee of the foundation of Melbourne is the jubilee of the Queen's accession. On the first day of the same month of August, there was a still more remarkable and manifold larger gathering in the Great Hall of the Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition, representing the triumphs of commerce as well as the triumphs of science. It is only one hundred years since the first handful of Englishmen landed on these shores. Exceeding rash would have been thought the man who had then predicted the coming growth of the Australasian colonies. Now a man may safely predict great things of the future. The great towns are growing rapidly, and are fostering the elements of higher life as well as of mere existence; throughout the colonies the population is increasing rapidly; wealth is accumulating; the national revenue is growing. Australasia is now enjoying such peace, making such progress, reaping such a harvest of prosperity, that it would probably be difficult to find upon the earth a happier or more prosperous three millions of people.

EDWARD E. MORRIS.

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